

Yours truly

John Campbell.

THE

LIFE, TIMES,

AND

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES,

OF THE

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

BY

ROBERT PHILIP,

Author of the Lives of Whitefield, Bunyan, and Dr. Milne, of China, &c. &c. &c.

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.



LATTAKOO.

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THIS

ALMOST AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL,

IS INSCRIBED TO

HIS WIDOW AND FLOCK IN KINGSLAND;

TO

DR. PHILIP, AND THE AFRICAN CHURCHES OF THE

London Missionary Society,

AND

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,

BY THEIR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

[illegible] Chapel,
1841.

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PREFACE.

THIS work, with all its responsibilities, was unexpectedly thrown upon the author. He was writing the life of Dr. Vanderkemp, when Mr. Campbell died. That work he had to lay aside, and thus to risk, if not to sacrifice it also, in order to meet the wishes of personal friends. And yet he never laboured with more pleasure. He felt that Mr. Campbell's memory and materials deserved his best services, and that the church needed such a life at this crisis in the history of missions. He could not hesitate, therefore, to pursue his task at all hazards. He could not doubt the eventual success of a work so rich in incident,—so original in form,— so enchanting in spirit, as that which John Campbell had sketched,—could it only be brought out in a manner not unworthy of the subject.

The author speaks thus freely of the work, because it is substantially from Mr. Campbell's own graphic pen. It would, indeed, have been compiled as a pure auto-biography, but for the explanations and illustrations which the Scottish part of the narrative required; and even these were often derived from his own lips. Not, however, that he is responsible for all the opinions of men or events, which the volume contains. He would have softened some points, and been silent on

others, although he would not have disowned the *spirit* of either.

The work was composed, also, under the vivid realization of the fact, that his little books for the young had laid hold upon many hearts, who wish to know as much as possible about his own youth, and his early life. To gratify this curiosity, a complete picture of him has been attempted. In like manner, the leading incidents of his travels, which he himself had marked out as parts of his personal history, have been carefully although briefly told in his own words, because the volumes have been long out of print, except as abridgments, and because a *new* generation has grown up since they came out. His life presents, therefore, a complete outline of all his chief enterprises in Africa, in order that none of his history may be lost, nor superseded by subsequent travellers or missionaries from South Africa. He deserves to be remembered, whoever may follow him there; and as his Travels cannot be republished now, it was public as well as personal duty to preserve sketches of them, where they will last as long as his example has any influence on home or foreign missions.

It will gratify his friends to know that this work will soon appear in Germany as well as in America, and most likely in France also, because it is known there to be almost an auto-biography. On this account, it is not unlikely to be translated, in part at least, into some of the African languages, as a mark of respect to Mr. Campbell's memory.

The following letter to Mrs. Campbell, from Dr. Philip, although certainly never intended for publication, as certainly deserves it. At the hazard, therefore,

of being blamed by his best friend, the author cannot withhold this tribute of grateful affection. It was his chief warrant for most of the views he has given of Mr. Campbell's character:—

"*Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, 23rd Sept.*, 1840.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have lately heard by a letter, through the medium of your relation Mrs. Bumsted, of the loss you have sustained by the removal of Mr. Campbell. By his *translation*,—for I can scarcely consider the change he has undergone under any other aspect.—You must have had many to sympathise with you; but your greatest consolation under this bereavement must arise from the thought of him in glory, and the hope of being soon united to him in that state of perfect blessedness.

"When your beloved husband used to be employed in those errands of mercy, which frequently took him from home, you used to support your mind under his absence by anticipating his return; and you may now look with more certainty to your re-union in heaven than ever you could in former times look for his return to Shacklewell from one of his long journeys, or even from the meetings of the different societies in London, at which he used to be so regular an attendant.

"I like the view Bunyan gives us of his faith when he says, (or words to that effect) 'I sometimes feel as if I saw Christ in the manger, in the temple engaged teaching the multitudes, working miracles, in the house of Mary and Martha, in the garden, on the cross, rising from the tomb, appearing to his disciples, ascending to heaven, sitting at the right hand of God. Under such impressions, distance and death are annihilated, and we follow our dear departed friends to heaven, and never cease to have fellowship and communion with them. We do wrong in allowing our thoughts to dwell on the grave, or on the mouldering form. Jesus has said, 'He that believeth on me shall never see death;' that is, he shall have his mind so full of the glory of heaven, that in the article of death he shall leave the body as a prisoner would leave the place of his confinement, without clinging to his own chains, or mourning over the condition of his fellow-prisoners who may have been liberated a few hours before him, and whom he is assured he shall soon meet again in a state of liberty and perfect enjoyment.'

"I lately followed to the grave the remains of a beloved daughter: but while I sympathise with her bereaved husband, and with her children, and with the cause of God, to which her continuance here might have been aiding, I cannot think of her but as in heaven, and I feel that I

have as much fellowship with her now as I had while she was upon earth. That is a delightful passage of Scripture, 'We are *come* to mount Zion' —not, we *shall* come to that state, but we are already come to it. The only, or the chief difference lies between faith and vision; and our entrance upon it now by faith gives us the blessed assurance that it will not be long before the former will be swallowed up in the latter!

"In my letter to Mrs. Bumsted, in reply to hers giving me an account of Mr. Campbell's removal, I made a promise that I should write to you soon, and furnish you with some of my recollections of Mr. Campbell in Africa.

"With the object of our visit to this country in 1819 you are well acquainted. Owing to causes that we cannot now enumerate, we found our Missions in the most wretched state imaginable, and the difficulties we had to encounter in the discharge of the duties assigned us were often of a very perplexing character; and yet, after discussing the various points in abeyance, in no one instance was there ever any difference of opinion between us.

"This agreement of sentiment was favourable to our undertaking, and a source of great comfort to both our minds, as it enabled us to proceed with efficiency towards the accomplishment of our object, according to the measure of the means in our possession; and the manner in which he was accustomed to look at the *right* side of every subject; his unshaken reliance on the providence of God; the peculiar colouring that his fancy gave to every object around him; his rich store of anecdotes, and the appropriateness with which he often introduced them; and the habitual joyousness of his heart, which was often full to overflowing amidst the wild scenery of the country, gave a charm to his society, that beguiled the tedium of our journey, and seemed to make the very desert and the barren mountains to smile around us. Had we been confined for days and nights together in any part of the country by heavy rains, and had we spent the night without hearing any other sound except that of the heavy drops pattering upon the canvas tents of our wagons, we no sooner heard Mr. Campbell's voice in the morning than all was cheerfulness. Even to this day I never visit the scenes through which we passed together in our travels without experiencing the most pleasing associations; and when depressed in spirit, the thought, how would Mr. Campbell have looked or spoken in such circumstances, never fails to revive me! My recollections of him form a book which I have impressed on the tablets of my heart, which I never tire of reading, and which I never read without pleasure and profit. I never reflect upon his faith, his devotional spirit, his integrity, his guileless simplicity, his elevation

above the world, and his entire devotedness to God, and to the cause of benevolence, without gaining from the recollection a higher measure of that grace which dwelt so richly in him! There was one feature of his character which I never heard noticed by any one, which furnished a fine illustration of the power of the religion of Christ in elevating the mind above the infirmities arising from a particular state of the body. From the account he has given of his travels in Africa, it has been supposed that he was constitutionally courageous; but that is not the fact; he was naturally the most timid man I ever knew. I have seen him, on a sudden alarm of danger, as if he could have crept into any hole to which he could have found access; but the moment he could look up to God, all that timidity left him, and no one could suppose from his appearance that he had ever known what fear was.

"The disinterestedness of his mind was equal to his moral courage, and in all money transactions in which he had to do with others, he set an example that it would be well for all Christians to follow, in the application of funds committted to them for benevolent or religious purposes, and in the ordinary affairs of life. On one occasion, before we left London in 1818, he had 60*l.* put into his hands anonymously, and it was doubtful, from the manner in which the note accompanying it was worded, whether it was intended as a gift to himself, or to be expended for charitable purposes in Africa; and although he was then 60*l.* behind, as he expressed it, a circumstance that was to him the occasion of considerable uneasiness; with this doubt upon his mind he would not appropriate a shilling of it to his own use, but gave it away in Africa to objects of general benevolence in connexion with this Mission.

"Such was his carefulness of public money, and the exactness with which he kept his accounts, that I have heard him several times mention as a matter of surprise that on returning to England after his first visit to Africa, there was *one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny* that he could never account for; and he used to add with great gravity, which it was impossible to listen to without a smile, 'and I cannot, sir, to this day account for that nineteenpence halfpenny!'

"While he derived all his knowledge of the character and will of God, his consolations and his hopes, from the Scriptures, the works of God were to him a source of the most exquisite delight, and these objects which are regarded by many pious persons as hostile to spirituality of mind, nourished his piety, and sustained it in a uniform and delightful temperature, unattainable by those who, to see God with the eye of the mind, think it necessary to shut their bodily eyes that they may not see the works of his hands, or the agency he employs in the government of

the world. Nature was to him the temple of Deity, in whose presence he dwelt a delighted worshipper, accepted in Christ, and under the influence of that 'love which casteth out fear.' Enduring, as seeing him who is invisible, reconciling the world to himself in Christ; he saw in the Creator, the Governor and Judge of the human race, his God and Father, and the views of the Supreme Being, which appear to the mind of the mere philosopher, served only to give additional intensity to the admiration and gratitude which dwelt in his heart, and which was always breaking forth on the most ordinary occasions. This was not only the case when nature appeared to us under its most magnificent forms, and when he was ready to exclaim, 'What a glorious world this is, after all that has happened in it!' but the same turn of mind was visible when his attention was awakened by the most minute objects which came under his observation, and his adoration began to kindle where that of others for the most part terminates. Having remarked every thing novel in an insect or a mineral, or a flower; after having carefully examined it, he would end his remarks by saying, 'See how *much* of God is in that insect,' or 'in that blade of grass!' A pause would ensue, and so easy was his ascent to the throne of God, it seemed to cost him no effort. The things which brought down other minds to the earth only seemed to give elevation to his; and depositing his offering on the altar before which the spirits of the just made perfect worship; without straining his faculties to embrace infinity, and descending as naturally from heaven as he rose to it, his return to earth was without regret, and like that of an angel of light on an errand of mercy.

"His life had always been an active one. I never knew a man who had about him more of the *habit* of doing good, or had more delight in it. He used to relate an anecdote of the late John Townsend with a feeling that indicated how much he sympathised with the benevolence of that excellent person and minister of Christ.

"Finding him on Tuesday morning, shortly before his last illness, leaning on the balustrade of the staircase that led to the breakfast-room of the Tract Society, and unable to proceed from a difficulty of breathing, Mr. C. remarked, 'Mr. Townsend, is this you? Why should you come in this state of body to our meetings? You have now attended them for a long time, and you should now leave that work to younger men." The reply of Mr. Townsend was worthy of his character. Looking round upon his friend, with a countenance brightened and elevated by the sentence or thought that was struggling for utterance, his words were, 'O Johnny, Johnny man, it is hard to give up working in the service of *such* a Master!'

"His humility, and the absence of any thing like pretension, brought him much love. He had such realizing views of the Divine presence that he never compared himself with other men; and he seemed to have no motive in what he said or wrote, but what proceeded from the desire of doing good.

"What is generally understood by the term *book-making* he did not understand, and so fearful was he lest he should be taken for what he was not, that I have known him reject improvements suggested to him on works preparing for the press, on the ground that, by publishing in his own name what was not his own, he would be deceiving the world. This feeling he sometimes carried to excess; but it was not without its advantages, and particularly in his books written for the young, which have had an extensive circulation; and have, to my certain knowledge, done much good to many who have spoken to me of the benefit they derived from his early publications in their younger days. He knew the extent and limits of his own mind, and with an amiable candour used to make a joke of his own attempts to work in any other field than that which Providence had designed for him. 'I can manage,' he used to say, 'one idea, but there is such a thing as generalization; that is, I believe, putting two ideas together, and from the two finding a *third*, that I never could make any thing of.'

"Among his constitutional excellences, he had a considerable share of what is called humour, and a keen perception of the ludicrous in character, which, under the sanctifying influence that pervaded his mind, threw great life into his conversation, and discovered a considerable knowledge of men and things.

"Conversing one evening in our tent, after a long day's journey, on the worthlessness of a great proportion of our books of travels, as to any information they give with respect to man as a moral, intellectual, and social being, he related the following anecdote of a sailor who had been round the world with Captain Cook, and who, after being repeatedly pressed to give some account of the countries he had visited, consented to comply with the request on the following conditions, viz., that the inquirers would appoint a certain hour to hear what he had to say, and that after receiving all the information he had to give them, they would never ask him any more questions on the subject. The sailor was then in the service of his uncle, and next day, at the hour appointed, all his fellow-workmen, and Mr. Campbell, who was then a boy, with his expectation excited to the highest pitch, came to hear the promised narrative. The company being prepared to listen to the tale of wonders that was about to be unfolded, the voyager again required them to

renew their pledge, and this being done, he gave them all the information he had to communicate in the following sentence:—'I have been round the world, and all I can say I have seen, amounts to no more than this,—that wherever I have been I have seen the heavens over my head, and the earth and water beneath my feet.'

"He was known to all his friends as a man of peace, and he was one in whom the word of wisdom dwelt richly. I have often been struck with the manner in which he would reprove or put an end to a foolish conversation, by a remark or an appropriate anecdote, which often cut very deep, but at which no one could take offence, from the Christian spirit in which it was done. I could add many striking anecdotes illustrative of this and of other features of his character that came under my own observation; but I have already scribbled more than I intended when I took the pen into my hand, and I feel so little satisfied with what I have done, that I would not now forward it to you, were it not that I feel that you will expect something of the kind from me.

"Praying that our New-Covenant Jehovah may comfort you by his gracious presence, and supply all your need for time and eternity, according to his riches and glory, by Christ Jesus,

"I am, my dear Friend,

"Yours very truly in the Lord,

"JOHN PHILIP."



THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF THE

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION.

THERE are two spots in Scotland, Killin, and Luss, deeply interesting to every pious highlander, whether at home or abroad; for from them "sounded out the Word of the Lord" first, in the Gaelic language. At Killin, a small village in Bredalbinshire, the New Testament was translated by the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Stewart; and at Luss, the Old Testament by his son, Dr. Stewart. These distinguished men felt a deep interest in Mr. Campbell when he was an orphan boy. His father was born at Killin, and grew up under the ministry of Mr. Stewart, and in habits of intimacy with Dr. Stewart; and although their example did not make him a scholar, it determined him to struggle out of obscurity. He left them to their Celtic studies, and went to Edinburgh, "to get forward in the world," by business. There, in course of time, he found a good wife; and, by industry, became a respectable grocer in the Cowgate. His success did not efface his recollections of his old friends at Killin. Mr. Stewart and his son were always welcome guests when they came to Edinburgh

to attend the annual session of the General Assembly. This home did not, however, remain long open to them. Their worthy host died when his youngest son, the subject of this memoir, was only two years old. In a letter to the widow, Mr. Stewart says :—" I sympathize much with you. His death has deprived me of a steady friend. He was a pleasant companion for the *soul*, by his many excellent qualities. Your children are the seed of the righteous, and their Heavenly Father will provide for them, and make them your comfort yet."

This is all that is known of Mr. Campbell's father. Of his mother, who also died when he was only six years old, he says :—" She was evidently directed by God to commit her children (three sons) to the care of faithful tutors, who aimed to prepare them for both worlds ;" their father having acquired by industry, sufficient property to enable her to secure for them a good education. Thus, as one native of Killin gave to the Highlands of Scotland the first Gaelic version of the Bible; another native of that village gave to South Africa, although unconsciously, her first Missionary traveller; and to Wilberforce his working Scotch coadjutor; and to John Newton his chief Scotch correspondent. This fact will be interesting in Africa, some day. It is so at Lattakoo already. Some there know that Mr. Campbell's father was born at the foot of the lofty Benlawers, on the banks of Loch Tay ; " one of the loveliest lakes," as he often said, " I ever saw ; extending fifteen miles, and guarded on each side by a row of huge mountains, wooded to the very summit with beautiful trees. The margin of the lake is studded with small villages, which look across at each other ; and the tops of the mountains can be seen even from the streets of Edinburgh, although eighty miles off." Mr. Camp-

bell had this scene of his father-land before him wherever he travelled; and brought the mountains and vallies of Africa, as well as of Europe, alike into comparison with it. The villages along Loch Tay were his models when he selected sites, and drew plans for missionary settlements in Africa; for he filled his soul with the scene. It may almost be said, that Mr. Campbell was born a traveller, and that curiosity about Africa was his first strong feeling: for even before his mother died, and whilst he was not six years old, he often stole away from her side to see what was "beyond" the streets of Edinburgh. On one of these trips with his playfellows, he found an old beggar-woman sitting on the Roslin roadside, horrifying the passers-by with the tale of her captivity amongst the African *Niggers*, as she called them. "It made a powerful impression upon me," he says, "and I ran home to get some bread for her. But she preferred pence; and, I think, did not even thank me, but decamped to another spot. I do not suppose now, that her story was true; but I never forgot it." This incident he always called his "first glimpse of Africa."

As it will be seen from this volume, that Mr. Campbell's travels in Africa led to great results, and laid the foundation of still greater, the reader will not be sorry that I induced him to explain the formation of his taste for travelling, in his own way.

"I never intended to leave behind me the outlines of my life, or even materials from which one might be compiled. I do not recollect of such a thought being for a minute entertained in my mind; which has surprised me ever since I have collected into a kind of focus a number of past occurrences.

"The first time the matter was brought under my

review, was when, on a visit to Edinburgh three or four years ago, a judicious friend, and a companion of my youthful years, most seriously advised me to leave behind me a history of my life, as I had been a witness of all the circumstances which led to a *new era* in the kingdom of Christ in that country. Several other old friends urged me to the same purpose during that visit.

"About a year after my return to London, several London ministers urged upon me the same point; merely, I thought, from their seeing some straggling papers of mine in the Evangelical Magazine.

"The matter began to wear a very formidable aspect; for I had no written memorials of former occurrences. No doubt I had referred to many of them in letters I had written to friends during a long series of years; but I had no copies of those letters, and perhaps many of them were torn to pieces as waste paper. So I was left to recover the whole by mere dint of memory. I mentioned this to brother Philip, who had much experimental knowledge on the subject. He advised me to commence my narrative; and told me I should be surprised how one fact would lead to the accurate recollection of another. I began, and found it exactly as he had said. Many parts of the narrative refer to facts that happened more than forty years ago, and I am confident that they are more accurately recorded than if they had happened only a month ago. I remember the late Mr. Newton, describing his memory, said:—'The other day at dinner I could not recollect one thing I had done that day. I said to Mrs. Cruikshank, 'Give me your help: do you remember any thing I have done to-day?' 'Oh yes,' said she, 'it is only about an hour since you were preaching in St. Mary, Woolnoth.' 'Now,' said Mr. Newton, 'what

a wonderful thing is memory; for if there be any *particular* passage in the whole Bible I wish to recollect, it comes to me directly!'"

It was thus he was induced to try the experiment of remembering "the days of old." It was, however, the life of Dr. Milne which brought *home* to him the conviction, that he could live his early days over again at his desk. "Eh, sirs," he said, after reading it, "it just made me, too, young again; for as I recollected well the best of the people, and the bonniest of the places, around Huntly, I found that I could remember 'auld lang synes' at Edinbro' and Killin, even more vividly." The following sketches will prove this. So much, however, had his memory failed in one respect, when he wrote them, that he sent me duplicates of some of the papers, without being at all aware of the fact until he looked over them again; for I did not deem it proper to inform him of the repetitions they contained. When he discovered these repetitions, he placed in the bundle a note, written with a tremulous hand, "Some stories are twice told, owing to absence of memory." Nothing brought *home* to him so fully as this, the decay of nature; for he had had a very powerful memory from his youth. I have seen volumes of sermons which he wrote whilst a mere lad, after hearing Dr. Colquhoun of Leith, Dr. Erskine of Edinburgh, and Dr. Wright of Stirling; for he took no notes whilst hearing them.

"The first journey I ever had," he says, "was from Edinburgh to Leith, which was rather more than two miles. The scenes of that journey which were most deeply impressed on my mind were, what I supposed when in the stage coach, the running of the houses in the street passed us, and afterwards the trees running in

the same manner. I could not be more convinced of the truth of any thing than I was that the houses and trees passed us, and not we them; and my proof was, that the process went on while I sat in my mother's lap. As for the horses dragging us, I never thought of them, as I did not see them. I have no recollection what impression was made on my mind by the first sight of ships, or of the sea, which happened during that memorable trip.

"Well do I remember the first journey I took by myself, without a guide; which was from my mother's house in the middle of the city to my uncle's, who lived about a mile distant, in the suburbs. When I got into the meadow, and had trees on both hands, what wonderfully amused me was, the supposition, that the sun actually travelled along with me. There was a row of trees on my right, and the mid-day sun immediately behind them, to the south. I no sooner came opposite to a tree than there stood the sun immediately behind it. I ran forward with all my might to the next tree, and the next again; in both cases the sun stood immediately behind. I then wondered if the sun would be so accommodating as also to go *back* with me. To try it, I ran back past three or four trees; back went the sun apparently as fast as I ran, which filled me with astonishment! I had no more doubt but it did this to accommodate me, than that two times two make four; for as I thought, I saw it done. I entered my uncle's house with great spirit; who, on finding I had come alone, praised me as a clever boy, and rewarded me with a slice of gingerbread, to which his *praise* added honey.

"My next journey was with my two brothers, who were both my elders. It was on a Candlemas-day,

Feb. 2, which was a holiday, and a fine sunshiny day. We resolved to have an exploring trip to the country. We must have set off about ten A.M. Our movement was very slow; for it appeared a long time before we reached the first village, which was Libberton-dams. I remember there was a brook between us and an open garden, at the end of which there was a clump of trees, under which a man was digging the ground. It being just after the winter, we stood admiring the scene, saying, 'How pleasant it is to see that man digging under the branches of the trees, and to hear the noise of the brook passing under us.' After long admiring the pleasantness of this country scene, we passed through the village and came to a turn in the road from whence we could not see the village we had left, nor any more houses before; only a long piece of road without a creature moving upon it. On this we made a dead halt, and stood looking towards this seemingly unfrequented road; none of us had courage to propose advancing, we all thought it prudent to make a retrograde motion. We felt as timid as if we had got into an enemy's country, or where we were exposed to the attacks of savages. After our consultation, we unanimously thought we were far enough from home, and that it would be safest to return immediately, which we did. When we again came in sight of Edinburgh castle our courage revived, and we proceeded comfortably. At the furthest point to which we proceeded we were not above two miles from our home. On another occasion, when only three years old, I wandered with a play-fellow towards Salisbury Crags, along a narrow road which had no footpath at the sides, and where cattle and carts were always passing. But there we stood admiring the cliffs, and a

man 700 feet above us: never once remembering that we knew not our way back; when suddenly a hand dragged me across the road. It was my mother's. I knew not that I had done wrong, or given her uneasiness; as I intended nothing of the kind." He thus began to acquire a taste for travelling; which, as we shall soon see, grew with his growth.

On his mother's death, he and his brothers, Colin and Alexander, went as boarders into the house of their uncle, Mr. Bowers of Edinburgh; "a pious and judicious Christian," he says, "who was an elder or deacon of the Relief Church," during the ministry of the Rev. James Baine, the eloquent vindicator of Mr. Whitefield's memory, when the miscreant Foote introduced the comedy of "the Minor" at the Edinburgh theatre. Mr. Campbell thus fell into good hands, when he became an orphan, so far as religion was concerned. He was not so fortunate, however, as to education at first, when he was sent to the High School, the Eton of Scotland. Nicoll, the well-known boon companion of Burns—of whom the poet sung,

> "Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
> An' Rab and Allan cam to pree,"

had just been admitted one of the masters, and young Campbell was one of his pupils for a time; as were also Walter Scott, and the Haldanes. Nicoll was indeed a good scholar, but a bad teacher; being exceedingly passionate, and without experience. He had, besides, bad habits, copied, it is said, from Burns. It is nearer the truth to say, that Willie spoiled Rab, than that Rab spoiled Willie. But however this may be, Dr. Adam, the rector of the High School, soon rid the institution

of malt-brewing Willie Nicoll, who then became a *grinder* to the University graduates, until fever cut him off in the prime of life. I have read somewhere that he became remarkably penitent. Who were Mr. Campbell's subsequent tutors, or what progress he made in the classics, at the High School, I cannot ascertain. If I may judge, however, from the scholarship of his elder brothers, Colin and Alexander, or from the acquirements of many of his contemporaries, he was not half-taught at first. Still, his classical knowledge was soon lost in business, and never much revived by study after he became a minister. And when he became a Missionary traveller, Low Dutch was dearer to him than lofty Hebrew, and the African dialects than Attic Greek. I deem it no reflection upon either his talents or taste to say, that, whilst I knew him, he was more intent on understanding the *cluck* of the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Caffres, than on quoting the climaxes of Cicero or Demosthenes. And, who does not feel that both Parr and Porson would have been better employed in giving a grammatical form to African or Polynesian languages, than in unravelling crabbed Greek, or even in unveiling the retired beauties of classic poetry? The classics did good service to the Reformation of Europe, certainly, but the scholarship which *terminates* in them now, will do little for the evangelization of the world, and be no fame when weighed in the balances of the Millennium. Morrison and Carey, Milne and Marshman, Nott, Moffatt, and Williams, will then be held the Porsons and Valpys of their times, and associated with both the Elzevirs and Luthers of the Reformation.

But young Campbell's journeys had more to do with his future tastes and habits, than the discipline or the

erudition of the High School. He knew this, and was wont to tell with no small glee that his uncle thought him an unpromising scholar, because he was fonder of rambling about the Salisbury Crags, or of building turf huts, like the Africans, in the garden. Good Mr. Bowers used to tell him, with a solemn shake of the head, "Eh, John, John, there will nae learning go into you, nor come out of you, man." The old man was not far wrong in his guess about his truant nephew; but he did not foresee that something better than all the learning which a boy intended for a jeweller could get, would both go into him, and come out of him, from the sympathies he was forming with suffering humanity and fine scenery.

His recollections of his school-fellows, and of the scenery around, Edinburgh, will be best told by the following letter to Sir Walter Scott, which, although out of place here, as to time, supplies facts which belong to this chapter, as well as illustrates the position of Mr. Campbell in society whilst a youth, and his subsequent access to persons of rank in Edinburgh.

"I think it will be natural for you to ask, in reading some of the many letters that must be written to you, What right has this man to address a letter to me? To make the way clear for admission to mine, I shall state circumstances which have encouraged me to expect a hearing.

"1. I am an old schoolfellow of yours. I was in Nicoll's class at the same time that you were, at the High School. Though I have never seen you or your brother since leaving that initiatory seminary, yet, were I painter of portraits, I am confident I could draw a correct likeness of you both.

"2. I sat under the invaluable ministry of Dr. Erskine, in the pew of George Grindlay, leather merchant, West Bow, which was only a few seats from your father's pew, and saw you regularly attending there; and I can trace the effects of it in various of your publications, from the *pat-ness* with which you quote many scripture phrases. When I meet with them, I say, 'There is the fruit of Dr. Erskine's labours!'

"3. I was intimate with relations of yours—the Miss Scotts, at one time resident at Laswade, who used to lodge at our house, back of the meadows, when they came to visit your father.

"4. I have had the pleasure of frequently conversing with your father especially about the time that Tom Paine was poisoning the minds of our countrymen, in convincing them that they were miserable; a thing of which they were ignorant till he made the discovery to them. Hundreds of publications did your father purchase and send to different parts of the country, to convince the people that Tom Paine was in the wrong.

"But you ask, Pray who are you? I am John Campbell, of whom I dare say you have never heard. I have gone twice out to Southern Africa for a society here. The first time ascended up 1000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope; the second time, I went 1300; and have been twenty-four years minister of Kingsland chapel, near London.

"I do not say, Forgive me for the length of the introduction; for it has surely taken me more trouble to write than you to read. Now, my dear Sir, the object that I have in view in addressing you is your own and the public benefit. You have got prodigious talents, and also the ear of the public to an extent few have ever had. These talents, of course, you have from the God of heaven; and must know it, from the advantages you had in your youthful days. I think you might use them to better purposes than I have observed you to do. You might interweave with your publications more of the important truths of the gospel, of which you are not ignorant, and in a way likely to be useful. I suppose you will say, That would blast my publications among the higher circles. You are, I think, mistaken if you think so. There are more serious thoughts about eternity among many of the great now than perhaps even Sir Walter Scott is aware of; and more of wholesome Bible-truth is current among the higher circles in the present day than many are aware. I know from indubitable information, that most serious inquiries are made regarding these infinitely important concerns, among very prominent characters in the political circles. Men of eminence are not so brutish as they used to be, to put off thoughts of an unending state till they get into it; which you will allow must be the perfection of ignorance and folly. I trust that in the retirement and stillness of Abbotsford you think more seriously, my dear Sir, than you make known to all the world. Your constant allusion to, or making use of Scripsure terms, has led me to hope so. You have got, sir, to the pinnacle of fame in this passing world; which I dare say you feel to be a *poor* thing unable to cure either a head or a heart-ache. I think, could you turn

fine talents more to the honour of God and the immortal interests of mankind, you would not only *amuse* but benefit the world.

"If my hints are considered intrusions, I hope you will forgive me on the score of good intentions. They cannot do you any harm. I stand up for you as a quondam schoolfellow. Though I have been long from Auld Reekie, with all her faults, I love no place in the world with the same kind of affection. To come in sight of Arthur's Seat would make me leap a yard high at any time. I cannot tell you the reverence with which I looked to Blackford Hill, when last in Edinburgh, where I used when a boy on Saturday afternoons to seek for birds' nests. Sir, you know well that you look to no spot in the world, 'with the same eyes,' as we say in the North, as where you spent your boyhood."

The answer to this letter, if any was returned, I have not found.

He proceeds thus: "My first long journey from home was to the village of Pennycuik, about eight miles distant. Such was the interest I took in it, that the night before I set off, I could sleep none, and every hour seemed to have no end. However, daylight at length came, which afforded me as much pleasure as the return of evening to the hardwrought labourer. With joy I jumped out of bed, awoke the female servant who was to be my companion in travel, and wondered at the number of things she had to do before she could start. The marriage of an acquaintance was the object of our journey, which was to be on foot. When every thing was adjusted, we set off in charming spirits; and the loveliness of the morning increased them. Every thing around as we proceeded was beheld with deep interest; appearing to my boyish eyes as novel as if I had been travelling among the hills and dales of the moon. When I beheld Pentland hills at my side, which I had only seen from afar before, I leaped and clapped my hands with joy, thinking what wonderful things I should have to relate on my return to home.

"On passing through the village of Straiton, and seeing a straight road for two miles before me, with a black moor on both sides, I considered it a perilous part of our journey; and kept pretty close to the servant; for not another human being was to be seen. This was a position I had never been placed in before; and glad was I on reaching Auchindenny briggs, (or bridges,) where there were a few houses, and children at play in front of them, a lovely river, and many trees clad in lively green, which, after passing amidst dull black moors, appeared like a paradise; though fatigued, it exhilarated our animal spirits, yet I began to think Pennycuik was a very remote region; for to all my inquiries, whether it was near such a tree, which we saw at a distance, or such a hill, the answer was uniformly, No! which made me sometimes fall down upon the grass, expressing a doubt if there was such a place as the village of Pennycuick. At last, we came in sight of the church-steeple, behind a rising ground; intelligence as interesting to me then, as if now I were to come in sight of Jerusalem.

"Next day, the marriage took place somewhere at a distance; after which, the young couple, with numerous friends on horseback, came with great speed into the village, where almost the whole of the villagers were turned out to witness their public entrance. A barn had been cleared out for the company to dine in; temporary tables were erected, on which abundance of provisions were placed. Scotch broth, with the addition of raisins in it, I remember, was in great request, because raisins are not used except on such great occasions. When a plateful was handed to me, of course I first looked to see how many raisins were in it; and I believe that I

was not the only one in the company who directed their attention to that point. When the dinner was finished, one and sixpence was collected from each person who had partaken of it; the profit from which was designed to assist the new pair to furnish their house, a common custom in the days of 'auld lang syne.' All who were willing to pay for the dinner were made most welcome to join the party. A dance commenced immediately after the removal of the dinner. A table, on which stood a large vessel like a tub full of whiskey-punch, was placed at the end of the barn; the guardians of which were the parish minister, and three or four elderly relations of the married people. These supplied every dancer with a glass of punch when they chose to apply, whether male or female. The fiddler, also, was not forgotten. All was novelty to me, for it was the first and last penny, or paying, wedding that I ever witnessed; for they only even then took place in the country. It quite suited my boyish taste; for, like others, I was fond of stir and bustle.

"I was delighted with the village, which contained five or six hundred inhabitants, and surrounded with paper-mills and fine scenery. One of the mills belonged to Watkins, the king's printer for Scotland, whose name to this day is to be found on many of the Scotch bibles; but though he printed many bibles, he neither believed nor conformed to their contents. Some time before my youthful visit to Pennycuik, he had a large party, from Edinburgh, dining with him on a Lord's-day. In time of dinner, there happened to be a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; in the midst of which, he and another of the company, merely as a bravado, went out to take a walk in the wood, but a flash of lightning

killed him on the spot, while his companion was not in the least injured. The people said that his body was so affected, that it seemed as if it had been changed into cotton, so that they could not feel a bone in him. When I heard the relation, I felt so horrified, as if all my hair stood erect.

"I recollect nothing about leaving the place, and my return home; but I remember being proud, among my companions, of being such a traveller."

"Having had a taste of the pleasures of travelling, in my first journey, I longed for another opportunity of enjoying a repetition of those pleasures. There was a scarcity of one thing needful to gratify such a desire, viz., money, which prevented the gratification till I became a lad. My brothers and I had often heard the city of Perth and the surrounding scenery greatly extolled for richness and beauty; and that when the ancient Romans came in sight of it, the whole army called out, 'Behold the Tiber!' with rapturous delight. This was enough to engage the hearts of us young grammarians; so we resolved to visit that ancient city, as soon as a sufficient sum could be collected to defray the expenses of such a gigantic trip. We had also heard or read of the ancient city of St. Andrews, having once been the metropolis of Scotland; and that the ruins of its ancient castles, palaces, colleges, and cathedrals, were very wonderful antiquities. We found from examining the map, that to visit both places would be a journey of at least a hundred miles! What an undertaking! enough to frighten an Anacharsis Clootz! On consulting older people, we found that it could not be effected by two of us on horseback for less than thirty shillings, without including horse hire! This was a serious fact

in the estimation of striplings. However, in process of time, the money was collected; and two of us set off upon small Galloway horses about five o'clock on a fine summer morning. While passing along some of the streets of Edinburgh, I looked at them as for the last time, as if our intended journey had been a most perilous one; neither laughing nor joking was going on between us; my brother was as silent as I was, but both of us had too much pride to confess we were afraid; so we kept to ourselves the agitation of our minds. Before we lost sight of our native city, we were frequently looking back to it; but on losing sight of it, we proceeded with greater speed, and reached the Queen's ferry to breakfast; at which every thing tasted better than usual, from being extremely hungry; I think we could have then relished the flesh of an elephant. We commenced our first voyage on salt water at ten o'clock, which was finished in half an hour, by being safely landed at the North ferry; a coast which I had viewed when four, five, and six years of age, as a foreign land, and wondered what kind of people lived in it. This gave interest to my first stepping ashore, at the termination of my first sea voyage.

"Immediately, we mounted our horses and went forward fifteen miles to Kinross, where we dined on Lochleven trouts, which are exactly the colour of salmon. With interest we viewed the little island in the midst of the loch, where Mary, queen of Scots, had been imprisoned some time. To have seen this historic island, we thought was a feather in our cap. Having viewed the town and its environs, we commenced our last stage to Perth, which, we were told, was other fifteen miles. On reaching the spot where the Romans came in sight of

it, which was turning the brow of a hill, we halted and gazed on the prospect with great delight. Next to the view from the Calton hill, Edinburgh, or from Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope; I think, even now, after having frequently seen it, that this is one of the first I have seen in all my peregrinations for richness, variety, and extent. In those youthful days, I laboured under one very great defect, I had not a mind to admire such things as the production of God, and a display of his wisdom, power, goodness, benevolence; I only viewed them as pretty parts of Scotland.

"On reaching Perth we felt so excessively fatigued, that we had no spirit to admire any thing. We felt ashamed to venture into a fine inn, and also were afraid of the expense; wherefore we walked slowly along a street, examining every sign, and coming to a second-rate house, having painted in front of it, 'Good entertainment for men and horses,' though we did not consider ourselves men, we resolved to try to obtain lodging there. After disputing a while what we should say to the people, and which of us should be *spokesman*, we ventured forward, and were taken in, and our horses taken to their stable. Next morning we commenced our rambles over this distant city, of which we had read and heard so much. We chiefly admired two meadows, one on each side of the town, for the public to walk in. We were greatly diverted at the names by which they were called, viz., the South and North Inch. We asked a man why they called this extensive piece of ground an *inch?* He smiled, and walked off, saying he could not tell. Being a native of the place, the question must have been a novelty to him; for having from a child always heard them so called, he had never thought why,

any more than why some of his acquaintance were called Jack, Tom, or Willy. However, calling a large piece of ground an *inch*, lowered the wisdom of the citizens of Perth in the estimation of us wiseacres. We thought Edinburgh people never could commit such a blunder. We did not know then, that inch meant meadow.

"Our journey had hitherto been chiefly to the north, but now it was to be chiefly to the east; for next day we set off in search of the ancient city of St. Andrews, the way to which was as unknown to us as the region around Palmyra in the desert. We were very troublesome to travellers, for all we met, or who passed us, must stop and describe the way first to Cupar, and then to St. Andrews. As all counties in Britain have provincial words of their own, we were greatly diverted by hearing many words in the directions they gave us which we had never heard before, which reminded us that we were *far* from home. It became very dark a few miles before reaching St. Andrews, which rather alarmed us, and made us walk our horses, lest we should tumble into a ditch. At length some lights appeared before us; to these we directed our course, and found we were come to the long-desired city, and pleased we were to find ourselves once more seated in an inn.

"Next morning we visited the far-famed ruins, which we viewed with deep interest. Sometimes we pointed to a particular stone in one of the ancient walls, remarking that a living man must have put that there;—what a number of years he must have been dead;—how little he thought when fixing it there, that people would be speaking of what he was then doing, hundreds of years after he was dead and gone. Taking some bones up which were strewed about, we viewed them with rever-

ence, for we thought that possibly they might have belonged to some of the martyrs who were slain there, at the instigation of savage priests, because they would not submit to the religion of the pope.

"The town appeared to us remarkably dull; a person moving on the street appeared almost as a curiosity; but what attracted us most was the German Ocean, on the margin of which the town stands; and as neither of us had ever seen the ocean before, we considered the standing at its side an *honourable* position. We made no inquiries respecting the state of the university, or the ministers that occupied the churches and meetings, or what was doing for the eternal welfare of old or young, as they did not come within the object of our journey, which was only to gratify curiosity.

"Our survey of the town was soon over, for we left it by about ten o'clock in the morning, to cross the country to Largo, on the side of the Forth. There being no mile-stones, people measured distances according to their own fancies. After leaving the town two or three miles, we began to inquire how far we were from Largo; for some miles that we travelled we were getting, according to their calculations, farther and farther from it; after which we only inquired if we were on the right way. We arrived at Largo, fed our horses, travelled along the coast, under a plentiful fall of rain, till we reached Kinghorn, near the ferry by which boats cross to Leith; but the wind was so high that the boatmen would not venture over, until some gentlemen, anxious to get over, applied to the magistrates to compel them to go; one of whom came out, and, after considering the weather, he pronounced that the ferry was passable; wherefore at ten o'clock at night we went

on board, and arrived at Leith in a clumsy boat about midnight. After paying the passage for ourselves and horses, we were glad there was not a toll-bar between Leith and home, for we had not so much as one penny left. At one o'clock in the morning we reached home pennyless and almost famishing. Thus ended my second long journey, the fatigue and disagreeableness of which did not destroy my taste for travelling."

Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of Perthshire, in his "Chronicles of Canongate," helped, no doubt, to revive Mr. Campbell's recollections of the scenery. It was the first tour of both on horseback, and neither ever forgot it.

"My third journey was double the distance of the former, being to Killin, in the West Highlands, about eighty miles from home, where I had an uncle living, and where my father was born.

"My eldest brother Colin and I, after many months talking about it, resolved, when the fine weather and long days of summer arrived, we should take a pedestrian journey to Killin. Such days came, and our resolution remained the same. A day was fixed, and on it we departed, with staff in hand. Umbrellas had been but lately invented, and it was thought ridiculous for any to use them except *medical* men. A great coat and a wax-cloth covering for the hat, fully equipt a gentleman for the heaviest rains; and a cloak with a large hood equipt the ladies.

"Though we did not start early, we walked twenty-four miles, and halted for the night, and next day reached Stirling to dinner, which is thirty-five miles from Edinburgh. After securing lodging at the inn, which was a second-rate one, we called upon a worthy

old man who was well known to our friends at home: he had been the greater part of his life an excise officer, but was then on the superannuated list, and was well known in Stirling by the designation of 'the praying gauger.' The name was very appropriate; for I heard an intimate friend of his say some years afterwards, that he believed Duncan Clark had not remained three hours in bed, for the last forty years, without rising to pray; and I heard him say, that he had hardly ever heard a sermon, but he could pick out something good from it.

"Next morning, we left Stirling early, and crossed Stirling Bridge, over the river Forth; in the middle of which there was a row of stones that went across it, marking the division between the highlands and lowlands. Each of us put a foot on each side of the row, calling out, 'I have one foot in the lowlands, and the other in the highlands of Scotland,' which to us was one of the most interesting occurrences in the journey. Having heard that many battles and skirmishes had been fought there during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, we examined all the ground in the vicinity, making our own remarks, about where the generals might have stood, and which would have been the safest place in battle. We marched forward to Down. Being tired, and having heard that the air was so pure in the highlands that whiskey might be drunk like river water, we ventured upon a full glass each, of their strong whiskey, which put us into such high spirits that we ran a race together for a mile. It made us generous also, for I remember we gave some halfpence to a boy who was attending a cow that was feeding on the side of the road, though he was asking nothing from us. There were no temperance societies then, or perhaps we should

not have ventured to drink such a quantity of fiery spirit; but we had not done such a thing on the preceding part of the journey, nor did we repeat it. Before we got to Callender, which was said to be eight miles farther, all our fine spirits had evaporated, and we entered it languid and very hungry.

"I think there was only one very so and so public-house; nothing that deserved the name of an inn; for it could only provide for us a highland dinner, which is uniformly ham and eggs. Little did I think then, that a school-fellow of mine, Sir Walter Scott, was to effect such a change in that remote, little known village; for the scenery of 'the Lady of the Lake' is in the immediate neighbourhood. When Buonaparte shut us out from the continent by a wall more difficult to climb over than the great wall of China, families in England, taking a journey, selected that lake to be their object; consequently, every day brought many of them to Callender, and soon a considerable inn was erected; so that when I visited it twenty years after my first visit, I found I could procure any thing I could have obtained in the best inns in the south. They told me then, that often they had thirty families from different parts of England and Scotland, and sometimes foreigners, visiting Callender, in one day. All this change was produced by the head and pen of Sir Walter Scott, who was a young *unknown* at my former visit; but now, when I write this, his lamp has gone out, and his dust is mingling with the dust of a thousand generations.

"Almost immediately on leaving Callender we entered what might be called the *gate* of the highlands; leaving behind all level land; having stupendous mountains on each side of the vale, whose tops are dis-

tinctly seen from Edinburgh, though upwards of fifty miles distant. Human beings now became very scarce; indeed, I do not recollect meeting any till we arrived, about sunset, at Loch-earn-head, where we halted for the night, and felt truly comfortable by rest and refreshment.

"Next morning, we left the inn early, and for some miles, ascended what I called a *street of hills,* having a row of huge hills on each side, on some of which the winter snow still remained in spite of a powerful sun. On coming to an opening on the right, we descended another *mountain street* till we came to the head of Loch Tay, where we found the village of Killin, and breakfasted, in high spirits, at a good inn, called the Street House. Having sent a messenger to inform our uncle of our arrival, he came immediately. On our way to see his family, he took us to the minister's house, and introduced us to old Mr. Stewart, and his son Mr. Peter, who were the ministers of the parish. They informed us, that when our parents were alive, they were accustomed to lodge with them when they went up to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and they were glad to have the opportunity of expressing gratitude for their kindness, by lodging their children: on which, they invited us to take up our abode with them. Old Mr. Stewart was the translator of the New Testament into the Gaelic language; and his son, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Luss, translated the Old Testament into the same language.

"Next day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, while standing on the bridge of Locha with our uncle, I proposed to my brother to walk to the top of Benlawers, at the foot of which we were standing. My uncle said

we could not be back before midnight; that we ought to have gone at five o'clock in the morning. That top, said he, that you think so near, is seen from the streets of the new town of Edinburgh. So deceptive is distance on a huge mountain. I really thought I could have climbed to its summit in half-an-hour. I then tried to mount up a hill behind the Manse, which appeared much lower; but when with toil I had climbed to what had appeared to be the top of it, I found another equally high above it; with considerable exertion I reached it also; but another beyond it appearing equally elevated, I gave up the struggle, rested, and then descended. They told me that in the driest part of the season many of the people go near the top of that hill to dig moss into *peats*, or square pieces of turf for their winter fuel; that they go up on the Monday morning, and do not return until the afternoon of Saturday, that they may spend the Lord's day at home. This may give some idea of the great bulk and height of highland mountains. They might dig there for 500 years, and the quantity removed would never be missed. What power must that be which produced thousands of such mountains from nothing! I am lost in thought; I cannot conceive it; all I can say is, It is infinite! What a friend to have must the possessor of that power be! but, oh! what an enemy! Happy they who can say, THIS GOD IS OUR GOD!

"The view from the hill behind the Manse was most enchanting to us youngsters: a lake before us, fifteen miles in extent, guarded, on both sides, by a chain of mountains, the lower parts of which were ornamented with the delicate natural birch, which grows spontaneously, truly astonished us who had seen so little of

God's world. The scenery perfectly suited our natural tastes, and the family with whom we lodged did every thing in their power to make the visit pleasant to us, and would hardly allow us to speak of going away.

"The day of departure at length came; we took leave of the family the evening before, intending to set off at five o'clock next morning. On rising, we found a table covered with every thing we liked for a morning lunch. Our faces were now turned homeward, which encouraged us to proceed briskly on to Lochearn-head, where we had a second breakfast, because nothing more could be procured for fourteen miles. Soon after setting off, we saw the mountains, as they say of Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, putting on their *night-caps*, or being covered with clouds; from whence a powerful rain began to pour down upon us, which rendered travelling rather unpleasant. We came up with a man who was leading a horse with a load on his back, and with him we travelled forward. We inquired if he thought the rain would continue all the day; for we happily found he could speak English. He said, if it did not become fair about one o'clock, it would continue the whole day; but he hoped the clouds would break about that time. I never forgot his remark, and have seen the justness of it verified a hundred times since. When we had cleared what I before called the *gate* to the highlands, and approached Callander, the clouds began to separate, and it became a lovely afternoon, so that we actually reached Stirling to tea, which was a walk of about forty miles that day; but, remember, we were going *home*, and you, I dare say, know that even horses go faster to home than when moving from it. Next day by rising early, and not loitering on the way, we accomplished our thirty-

four miles' walk to Edinburgh, I think in good time for tea. Thus ended my third journey." And thus he grew up, fond of journeying: for Mr. Campbell, although any thing but a man of a roving or unsettled turn, was all through life fond of travelling, though not for its own sake. He often said, "But for the *glory* of Christ, I would never stir from London." How he spent his time at this period, whilst at home with his uncle, will appear from the following graphic sketch, written in his 74th year. "We regularly attended Mr. Baine's ministry on the Lord's day, and the following was the manner in which every sabbath evening was spent at home.

"Immediately after tea, the whole family were assembled in uncle's room, viz., we three brothers, the female servant, and an apprentice. Each was asked to tell the texts and what they remembered of the sermons they had heard during the day; then a third part of the questions in the Shorter Catechism were asked, to which we repeated the answers in rotation. He then took one of the questions as it came in course, from which, off hand, he asked us a number of questions, for the trial of our knowledge and informing our judgments. The service was concluded by singing two verses of a psalm, and uncle offering a most pious prayer for a blessing on the evening exercises. From the variety that we attended to, we did not weary in the service; indeed, I do not recollect one of us ever yawning during it. This way of keeping the sabbath deeply impressed us with its sanctity. Had I heard a boy whistle, or a man laugh loud, or overheard the sound of an instrument of music from a house, I was actually shocked. We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord's-day, except when going to worship.

Some might conclude from all this that we must have been a gloomy, morose family, but the fact was the reverse. Uncle was a cheerful man, possessed peace of mind, and the prospect of a happy eternity! He was a long time ill before he died, and for weeks before he expired his agony was almost intolerable, his moanings were incessant night and day; for years after his death I never heard the mourning of a dove but I was reminded of him. I do not know what his disease was, but I recollect hearing people call it, 'A burning at the heart.'

"I remember an old disciple calling upon him a few days before his departure, when he got so animated that he was well heard in the next room. I remember he said, 'When I was a bachelor, and the men in the winter time used to come to the kitchen fire at twilight to warm themselves for half an hour before lighting candles, I used to retire to my room to hold a little intercourse with God; for twenty years I seized that half-hour's retirement with as much eagerness as ever a hungry man did his dish of victuals.' This seemed to have risen in his mind like Jacob's—'God met with me at Luz!'

"His intimate companions were truly the excellent of the earth, men of genuine piety, of prayer, and knowledge of the Scriptures, whose society was a great privilege to us youngsters. These men I have heard in prayer wrestling with God for the downfal of anti-Christian superstition, Mohammedan delusions, and the destruction of heathen darkness. I have often thought since, how wonderful it was that it never occurred to such worthy men to ask, What can the Christian church do to effect these great ends? acting as if they expected

that all was to be accomplished by some miraculous interposition of God without the use of means; as if they were only to stand still and see the salvation of God, like the dividing the Red Sea, which was done without the Israelites putting their hand to the work; but not so with the extension of the kingdom of God; the disciples must go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

"In the course of a few years after uncle's death, we all made a profession of faith in Jesus Christ by becoming members of a presbyterian Christian church, and by establishing regular worship in the family, morning and evening; each of the brothers taking his turn to officiate by rotation. On afterwards comparing notes together, we found that reflecting on the uniform, consistent, and upright conduct of our uncle, led each of us to think seriously about the salvation of his own soul." Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Campbell's venerable aunt, used to tell with great delight the history of his first offer to take his turn at family worship. His brothers were both from home one night, and when the hour of prayer came, he modestly said, 'Aunty, if you have no objection, I will take the Book, and make prayers.' Aunty was delighted with the proposal, and went to the kitchen to tell the servant—an eminently pious woman, who had been long in the family, and was very fond of John. But the good news was too much for the worthy domestic. She wept and laughed at the same time, saying, 'Eh, sirs, I winna *behaave* myself at worship; and that will be well seen. I'm so pleased, that I am sure to laugh out; and yet I canna absent myself.' Aunty said, 'For shame! I'll *ding* laughing out of you, if ye dinna behave youself. The lad must no' be put out by

your weakness.' This set all right, and he got well through the exercise. At this time Mr. Campbell was an apprentice to a goldsmith and jeweller in Edinburgh; and in this situation he acted out his principles. One part of his conduct is worthy of record. The players had borrowed from his master some jewel for a special purpose, and he was sent to the theatre to bring it home, when the play was over. He had never been in a theatre before; but he was so shocked by the levity and impiety he witnessed, that he resolved to pay for the trinket, if it was not returned next morning, rather than spend the evening in such a place. He found on calculating its value, that he could afford its price, by submitting to some privations; and accordingly he left the theatre, and went home to family worship. He was no loser. The trinket was forthcoming next morning; and thus both his pocket and conscience were saved. He never entered a theatre again.

"Colin, my eldest brother, became an ironmonger in business, possessed a public spirit, retained his piety, had an antiquarian taste of reading, being fond of perusing the Latin and Greek fathers. I remember being his amanuensis in translating Clement's epistles, and I think some of Cyril of Jerusalem's works. About the year 1786 he fell into a declining state of health, which increased till it carried him off, upwards of a year after. This led me to leave a situation which I had in the hardware and jewellery line, to carry on his business.

"My other brother (Alexander) was brought up to the law, and was gradually getting into business, when he also fell into a declining state. When his brother died, he was only able to attend his funeral in a sedan-chair, and he himself only lived three months after it. Till

within a month of his decease he continued to take his turn in family worship and in asking a blessing at meals. Every time he did so, we thought we observed an increase of spiritual-mindedness and holy unction. I remember one morning his saying with a smile, whilst looking earnestly at his wasted arms, which were literally skin and bone, 'I am now nearly in Job's situation. I have no flesh; only skin. Yet although after my skin, worms destroy this body, in my flesh I shall see God.' He died in great peace."

Mr. Campbell retained all through life a vivid recollection of his brothers, and preserved with great care their letters and diaries. All his family attachments, indeed, were very strong and steady. Had Mrs. Bowers been his mother, instead of being his aunt, he could hardly have loved her more, or consulted her comfort better. And well she deserved all this!

It has not been suspected from any thing that appears in these sketches of his boyhood, that he fell into any of the ungodliness of a great city and a public school: and he was never vicious; but, on several occasions, he joined in both the blasphemy and profaneness of some of his companions.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORMATION OF HIS RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES.

ALTHOUGH it was more from imitation and bravado, than from hatred to godliness, that Mr. Campbell stained his conscience in youth with profane oaths and curses, and that but seldom, still, he was at one time in great danger of becoming a profane swearer. When out upon rambles with his schoolfellows, without his brothers, and apart from those boys who visited at his uncle's, he occasionally rivalled the most impious. This was never suspected at home, and it never settled into a habit. But only such a home as he had could have prevented it. The evening prayers of his uncle were the antidote. And strange to say, he did not dislike them, even whilst falling in now and then with the daring impieties of his schoolfellows. In other respects, he was neither vicious nor unruly in youth; for, strict as the discipline of his uncle's house was, "the law of the house" neither provoked rebellion nor created prejudice against religion. And it may be fairly questioned whether any scriptural strictness, which is not stern, ever does so. Children are not naturally averse to sanctified sabbaths, nor to regular family worship, until they are allowed to form intimacies with playfellows and schoolfellows who see no piety at home. Then "the

law worketh wrath," because it clashes with the mutual plans and pledges of romping boys. But wherever care is taken to encourage proper intimacies, and to make all worship cheerful, the effect, in general, will be just what it was in Mr. Campbell's case. Every boy who hates the restraints of the sabbath, will be found to have had some improper companion during the week; except in the case of parents who overload the sabbath with religious services, in order to make up for the neglect of all religion on other days.

The death of Mr. Bowers, instead of lessening, increased the attention of his young nephews to divine things. "The uniform holiness of his life, and the triumph he expressed on his death-bed, made a powerful impression on all our minds," says Mr. Campbell; "so that we considered it high time to attend to our personal salvation.

"Whether I should be miserable or happy through a boundless eternity, began to appear a matter of immense moment to me; and I began to fear the worst. This created the most anxious solicitude, and roused me to make many prayers. In proportion to the number and length of my prayers, and the solemnity of my mind in them, did my hope towards God rise and fall. I felt within me a wandering wicked heart, and resolved to root it out. I applied myself to this work with the utmost diligence. Night and day did I watch its motions, but the more I watched it the more wicked did it seem to become. Many a serious look did I take of that promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 26, respecting a new heart and a new spirit. Could the contents of that promise have been procured by purchase, had I had the wealth of both the Indies, the whole should have been, as I

thought, readily parted for the new heart. But in all this I was evidently seeking for righteousness by the works of the law. I was attempting to do what nothing but the almighty arm of the Saviour could accomplish. But God had pity in the days of this ignorance, and did not cut me off as a cumberer of the ground. Bless the Lord, O my soul, hosanna in the highest!

"Before I had any taste for reading religious books, I laid out the most of my money in purchasing them. Among them was Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, where he attempts to lead a sinner from the lowest state of unthinking wretchedness, through a variety of stages, till he brings him to the perfection of bliss. By reading this book I set upon a regular plan for obtaining eternal life, and strove with all my might to acquire the sentiments and feelings recommended by the author; but I either was, or thought I was, completely deficient; consequently I never got farther on in the book than that chapter, where the author takes a solemn leave of the sinner who had not attained a certain degree in religion, and requests him to *return* again to the first chapter. I always considered myself the person alluded to, and consequently with fear and trembling obeyed the author's advice. The concern and anguish which brooded upon my mind in these seasons is indescribable. Like Noah's dove, I had nowhere to rest; but I did not, like it, take refuge in the New Testament ark, Jesus Christ."

This is the account Mr. Campbell gave of Doddridge's far-famed work, in 1802, when he was ordained at Kingsland Chapel. But, by that time, he had studied the Sandemanian Controversy, and had heard Doddridge classed with Hervey and Marshall, as one of the teachers

of a pious way to the bottomless pit. Now although Mr. Campbell never went into the extravagances of the Sandemanians of his own times, he knew many of them, and had corresponded with some of them; and thus could not deny every thing they said against "The Rise and Progress." Besides, he knew also wiser and better men, such as Dr. Erskine, who did not think Doddridge's process so scriptural as it is pious, nor so wise as it is well meant; and as his own experience proved this to himself, he spoke somewhat slightingly of the book, at his ordination. But he outlived this feeling. Not, however, that he afterwards approved of Doddridge's scheme. He knew the glorious Gospel too well, to put any such book into the hands of an awakened or inquiring sinner. He would no more have done that, than he would have sent him for counsel to the icy Walker, or the ironical Sandeman. He would, however, have sent both young and recent believers to learn from Doddridge the *progress* of religion in the soul, although not to try the *rise* of it by such a test; and he always preferred, and that unspeakably, a timid spirit, to the logical dexterity of both fiery and frigid theorists.

There ought to be a better mutual understanding amongst theologians, in regard to this popular work. It is widely circulated, and can never be displaced. It has done much good, and it may do incalculable good to the children of pious parents; for it grapples with their perversions of principle and conscience. Besides, what *less* than Doddridge calls for, would amount to a really Christian character before God? They are not believers, who are not trying to be such Christians as he depicts. Whilst, therefore, it ought to be confessed and proclaimed, that his book is any thing but what it should

be, as a guide to faith, it ought to be equally declared that, as a guide to holiness, it is every thing a human work could be. It can teach no man how to *become* a Christian by believing the Gospel; but it will mightily help them who believe, to obey the Gospel, and to walk humbly with God. Such were Mr. Campbell's final views on this subject.

The following account of the influence which Bunyan's peculiar experience had upon him, whilst he was trying to *manufacture* the raw material of his own experience into a plea for mercy and a ground of hope, will surprise no one. It was also one of my reasons for writing such a Life of Bunyan, as would tend to counteract the undue influence of his peculiarities, without either ridiculing them, or ascribing them to insanity or fanaticism: for I often talked with Mr. Campbell on this subject, whilst writing that work.

"About the same time, I read Bunyan's Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners. I erroneously imagined it requisite that I should experience all the temptations and feelings which that good man underwent, or I could not possibly be a genuine child of God. Imbibing these erroneous conceptions of the salvation of God, I was long kept in a most unhappy state. Had I but understood what our Lord meant by that invitation, Matt. xi. 28, &c., I might have sooner come to peace, viz., 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' But I was proudly striving to produce something *within* me, to entitle me to demand heaven as a matter of right. But God wisely and graciously would not give me what I sought after; but acted to me as Jesus did unto Peter, when he opposed his dying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things of God.'

"It could answer no important purpose to relate here all the various workings of my ignorant and unbelieving mind during this period of life, which I think continued for about two years.

"My relief from this state of bondage was gradually effected by God increasing my knowledge of the revelation he had made of redemption through his Son, by the reading it, and the preaching of it by some of his faithful ministers, and through my becoming acquainted with established Christians. I gradually perceived the suitableness of the Saviour's righteousness to answer all my exigencies, and in consequence I obtained, by degrees, considerable peace and hope. But I did not for years after perceive a crucified Saviour to be the *alone* ground of a sinner's hope before God. I did not see that hope in Christ alone, produced and maintained evidences of grace, but thought it necessary first to search for the *evidences*, and then to proceed to hope in the atoning blood of Jesus, as a person entitled on this ground to hope. Thus I placed a life of *sense* before a life of faith, instead of living by faith, in order to possess this sense or enjoyment. This gradually drew off my mind from looking unto Jesus, to pore continually on my own feelings. The consequence was extremely painful. When a good evidence appeared, then I was all joy; but the moment it disappeared, I was all sorrow. In the one case, I thought God greatly loved me; and in the other that He became my enemy: thus considering God to change with my inward feelings."

Many will see *themselves* in this picture. No one, however, will study it wisely, if he imagine that his views of God's complacency towards him will never vary with the changes of his own feelings and frame

towards God. Our views of His paternal complacency *ought* to vary with our own filial complacency, although not to the extent of regarding God as an enemy, nor ourselves as unbelievers, even when the spirit of adoption is at a very low ebb. Mr. Campbell's error lay in making "tokens for good," or lively frames, his *warrants* for hoping in Christ and trusting in God; for there was no error, nor mistake, in thinking that bad and dull frames of mind were displeasing to God. They are valid reasons for both shame and grief, although not at all for despair, nor even for suspense. Whilst, therefore, a penitent could hardly do worse than regulate his *hopes* by his feelings, a believer could hardly do better than regulate his *composure* by his spirit. No looking away from ourselves to Christ alone, should reconcile us to bad frames of mind. We are not, in fact, looking *out* of ourselves to Christ only, when we are content to be either cold or dull in religion. We shall never, indeed, find in ourselves grounds of hope before God; but neither shall we ever find or see in Christ, reasons for letting our hearts feel just as may happen. Whoever becomes blind or indifferent to the defects of his own character and spirit, by what he sees in the worthiness of the Lamb slain, is not looking to "the Lamb in the midst of the throne;" for "His eyes are as a flame of fire," to detect and rebuke "the things which are ready to die," and to alarm the lukewarm. The arrant effrontery of Sandemanianism, and the arrogant presumption of Antinomianism, in their equal *cant* about looking only to Christ, tell a melancholy tale,—namely, that neither is looking to "the Christ of God" at all, so far as either thinks *lightly* of sin or shortcoming. No man, as will be seen soon, looked more to Jesus as the Author and Finisher

of faith than Mr. Campbell, from the moment he saw Christ to be all and all in salvation; but it will be equally seen, that few men have kept their hearts with more diligence, or God's commandments with more care. He looked so much to Christ that he *overlooked* nothing in himself that was either wrong or irregular. Any one could tell that he had been much with Jesus, from his habitual efforts to be like Jesus, in delighting to do the will and seek the glory of his heavenly Father.

These preliminary explanations are wanted here, because Mr. Campbell's subsequent experience has no peculiarities whatever, after he understood the Gospel—except, indeed, it be a peculiarity, that he never afterwards walked in darkness, or had "no light," in walking with God. But I must not anticipate further.

Amongst the means of his partial relief from the spirit of bondage and fear, he mentions his acquaintance with some established Christians. One of these was a remarkable man. He introduces him thus:

"I never met with two persons exactly alike, whether Christians or not; shades of difference are perceptible, even where there is the nearest approach to resemblance. I have taken the pen to tell you a few things concerning a venerable man of God, the outlines of whose character differed from all I ever knew; and, perhaps you will be surprised to hear that he was a gauger, (or excise officer,) an employment as much despised, in those days, in the North, as that of the publicans, or tax-gatherers, by the Jews, in the days of our Lord. When his piety became generally known in the town where he lived, he had the honour of being distinguished by the appellation of, 'The Praying Gauger!' In reference to his being a man of prayer, perhaps you will be startled at a remark I heard made

by one of his most intimate and oldest acquaintance; 'That he believed Duncan Clark (for that was his name) had not for the last forty years slept two hours without engaging in prayer.' This was the nearest approach to literal obedience to the apostolic injunction, 'Pray without ceasing,' that I ever read or heard of. Was not such an one in downright earnest to obtain the blessings of salvation?

"He was the first person to whom I opened my case, when I was first greatly alarmed about the state of my soul before God. I wrote to him a very simple letter, which he first showed to some of his intimates for their opinion, and then wrote a cautious, brief answer, which he did not send off by post, but actually brought himself and delivered into my hands in Edinburgh. He explained his doing so by telling me that he had been at Dumfermeling sacrament, to which place he carried it; and while there, he thought that, being within fifteen miles of Edinburgh, he would just walk to it, and have a little conversation, as well as deliver the letter. He had walked more than twenty miles to the sacrament. He walked thus to save his money for the poor. He was accustomed to gather together the smallest crumbs on the table, opposite to where he sat, and to put them into his mouth, very probably in obedience to our Lord's orders, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost.'"

"I remember a friend asking Mr. Clark how old he was. He returned an answer like the following:—'I am 27,375 days,' and, taking out his watch, told also the number of hours and minutes. No doubt he did this as literally conforming to Psa. xc. 12, 'So teach us to number our *days*, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' He had a great reverence for those ancient

writers, who are frequently called fathers of the church, and often quoted them as such. I remember one day when he had done so frequently, Dr. Wright, another friend of mine, said to him, 'Mr. Clark, these fathers of yours prove nothing to me; I must appeal to the *grandfathers*, the apostles; a saying of theirs settles a point at once.' Duncan was the son of a clergyman, and had thus obtained his knowledge of the fathers. "I remember," says Mr. Campbell, "he told me he had called upon Dr. Macknight, to whom he had been long known as a Christian. He was also an acute critic. 'We talked,' said he, 'on various subjects, but my views did not please him. I therefore said, Doctor, do you know any subject upon which we are *agreed*; I should like to talk with you on that.' I heard him once say, that from the worst sermons he ever heard he could suck some honey out; and if any of them were scanty of the gospel, he took it as a rebuke to himself." This venerable man, who was one of the *Camhuslang* converts, and full of Whitfield's spirit, had much influence upon Mr. Campbell. They often conversed together until it was so late, or rather so early, that Mrs. Bowers was obliged to leave short candles upon the table. But even this precaution did not always send them to bed in proper time. Duncan Clark's maxim was, "I know not which world I shall wake in, and therefore I wish to be ready for both." His walking to save money for benevolent purposes, was another maxim which Mr. Campbell acted upon rigidly, whilst able to walk; and he had well nigh imitated him in remaining a bachelor; but Mr. Newton's advice, and his own good sense, taught him "a more excellent way" than Duncan's, although not soon.

Another remarkable character, whose proverbial *say-*

ings were "more precious than gold" to Mr. Campbell, was a schoolmaster in the highlands, named Dugald Buchanan. They never saw each other; but some of Dugald's old friends became Mr. Campbell's early friends, and brought the *spell* of the seraphic Celt upon his spirit, by quoting Kinloch-Ranach oracles. I have always ascribed his keen sense of the graphic and glowing sublimity of the Scriptures to Dugald Buchanan, rather than to Dr. Blair or Bishop Lowth. He knew their works well, but he knew the following criticisms long before. A gentleman invited Dugald to see a fine painting by one of the old masters. After examining it, Dugald invited the gentleman to see a much finer one in his cottage. The invitation was accepted; for no one could suspect Dugald of pretence or trifling, he was so modest as well as shrewd. Accordingly, he took down his Bible, and placed before the Laird that Apocalyptic vision,—"The angel which I saw stand upon the sea, and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that time should be no more." "Could any thing be more sublime?" Mr. Campbell was wont to ask with triumph.

Dugald spent a winter in Edinburgh once, whilst the Gaelic Scriptures were printing under his superintendence. Then he saw Shakspeare for the first time, and attended lectures in the University. A distinguished critic quoted to him the passage—

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Shall dissolve," &c. &c.

and asked, if there was any thing to equal that? "Yes," said Dugald, "I have an old Book at home, which con-

tains a sublime passage on the same subject. It runs thus, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was no place found for them,'" Rev. xviii. "Why, sir," said the critic, "that is in the Bible: but I must confess that I never saw its sublimity before."

These are not traditional reports of Dugald. The late venerable Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh, wrote a sketch of his character, in the preface to a work on the death of children; and I have seen a letter of the Doctor's, in which he said of one of my own teachers, John Leslie, of Huntly, "I have found no such man, since Dugald Buchanan died." This pours a flood of light, to me, upon his character, which enables me to shed some light upon the influence which the study of it had upon Mr. Campbell's habits of thinking, and especially upon his tact in seizing on and showing the beauties of the Scriptural language, as well as in illustrating them from the scenery and customs of Africa. His little work entitled "African Light," teems with specimens of the *cast* which Dugald's sayings gave to his mind: for although he had none of the Celt's mystic sublimity in his temperament, he had a quick eye, and a keen relish, for whatever was beautiful, ingenious, or remarkable, as that work abundantly proves. Unhappily, it was published in a form which could not draw the attention of scholars. It seemed a little book for young folks only. But it is worthy of a place by the side of Harmer's or Burder's Illustrations of sacred Phraseology: for although there is neither classical nor oriental learning in it, it is full of illustrations, which no learning, but that which is derived from the personal study of man

and nature, could furnish. It is just as true that even Calmet could not have written the "African Light," as that Campbell could not have written Calmet's Dictionary. This will be felt as well as seen, when we come to follow the African Missionary through the "howling wilderness." "God knew Africa well, and thought of it when he wrote the Bible," he often said.

It was not, however, Dugald's criticism which had the best, or most, influence upon Mr. Campbell. They were not the "sayings he prized more than gold." He obtained, whilst groping his way from legal bondage to the filial liberty of the gospel, some of the diaries of this remarkable man, and especially a copy of that process of self-examination by which Dugald ascertained his own sonship. This document he pondered deeply, and prayed over fervently; and although it embarrassed him quite as much as Doddridge had done, on some points of experience, it also encouraged him, by recognising desires and attempts to win souls, or to be useful to others, as marks of grace, and as fruits of faith. Dugald was a catechist as well as a schoolmaster, and so intent on doing good, that many wished to see him in the pulpit: but his zeal did not commend him to the presbytery of Dunkeld. It commended, however, both his experience and example to Mr. Campbell, and became one of the sparks which kindled his zeal for Sunday Schools, and his solicitude to engage the hearts of the young. But the best thing he learnt for himself from the Kinloch-Ranach oracles was, to regard meek submission to the Divine will, and practical concern for the Divine glory, as surer fruits of "the Spirit of adoption," than the occasional ecstasies of conscious sonship. He did not then, however, so learn the fact, that the

"Abba" of resignation is less equivocal than the "Abba" of rapture, as to settle the question, "If children," &c., Rom. viii. 17. He had a glimpse of the Truth, which maketh "free indeed;" but he did not understand that Christ gives power (or a warrant) to as many as receive Him to consider themselves the sons of God, John i. 12.

The *theological* cause of this suspense and suspicion, as to his own adoption, was, as it usually is, a crude notion of faith. He had literally no idea that the cordial belief of saving truth itself, was saving faith. He had no faith in the use of Faith itself, whilst it merely "set to its seal that God is true." Unless it was *appropriating* in its acts, as well as practical in its influence, he reckoned it only a polite form of unbelief.

This fact appears from what he calls his "weak juvenile journals;" for I never heard him refer to it, even in our most confidential intercourse. The fact is, our views of the simplicity of the plan of salvation by faith, were alike, when we became neighbours in Kingsland; and as we were equally averse to fault-finding in reference to the old divines, we never compared notes on the subject of our own early mistakes, lest we should be tempted to lay undue blame at the door of writers, who, if they led us in a roundabout way to the cross, led us nowhere else for the hope of salvation. He knew well that I had been as much bewildered as himself at one time, and would not pain me by reminding me of it, whilst I was writing my "Guides to the Perplexed and Doubting." It is not, however, my duty, now that he is gone, to pass by his mistakes in silence. The exposure of them may warn many. Besides, if, like my own, they are not creditable to his understanding, they are honourable

to his conscience, inasmuch as he preferred suspense to a superficial faith, and endured the spirit of bondage rather than indulge an equivocal hope; Bunyan's characteristic! When he was about twenty years of age, Nicholl's book against "The Appropriating Act of Faith" was put into his hands by a lady, who assured him that he would find more and clearer gospel in it than he had ever heard from either Dr. Coloquhon, of Leith, or Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh. This work I do not know: but judging from a long review of it which he wrote for the benefit of his fair counsellor, it seems to have been thoroughly Berean. He had, therefore, to contend at once against both bare belief and absolute assurance, whilst enforcing appropriation; no easy task, it will be allowed, so far as assurance had to be as much questioned as assent. But he was an admirer of Dugald Buchanan's *figures*, and thus found no difficulty in ridiculing assent, nor in qualifying assurance. What effect this process had upon the *Bereanness*, I do not know: but it

"Worse confounded"

the confusion of his own mind. In making out faith to be every thing that is good, he almost proved to himself that he had no faith, and thus was compelled to say more against assurance than the appropriating system warranted. He evidently felt this, although he did not confess it; and it had an unhappy influence upon his own mind. His hope having nothing to repose on but the varying probability that his faith might come to have a realizing *eye* and an appropriating *hand*, in course of time, his thoughts had thus no magnetic centre to fix or control them; and, as might be expected, their

vagrancy did not improve his devotional spirit, nor keep up much of that relish for divine things which he always made the grand test of his own faith. Accordingly, he soon had to "write bitter things against himself;" and not more bitter than true. Nor was this all.

The following specimens from his Diary will best illustrate this. In March 14th, 1785, after hearing a sermon on believers being heirs of salvation, he wrote thus: "This day I have been quite careless and thoughtless about my future welfare. I have now less time for reading than formerly. My heart is so hardened, that I cannot feel for my state; and yet to-day, I have been disputing against one who does not believe many parts of the Holy Scriptures."

March 17th.—"This is the day of preparation for the sacrament, and of humiliation for our national sins; but I can neither weep nor afflict my soul before the Lord. After hearing two sermons, Satan strove against self-examination as useless in my case: but at family prayer, I shed a few tears, on thinking of our sins as the cause of Christ's death. O, I bless God for them! O that he would enable me to do so oftener. The least I can do is to shed tears for the blessed Jesus, who sweat great drops of blood for sinners, that we might receive a crown of life."

March 20th.—"This day I approached the table of the Lord for the *first* time. But, O, I am in great doubts whether I communicated aright or not. I shed a few tears; but a hypocrite often goes this length. Oh that I may show by my future conduct, that I have been with Jesus on the mount."

April 1.—"Satan has had great power over me for ten or twelve days now. At night, I wonder how I

could have yielded so to him during the day. I am much exposed to worldly company, and so weak that I cannot resist them. But, O my soul, magnify the Lord, that he makes me have *any* desire after true happiness, and that ever I heard the joyful sound of salvation! Reading the lives of eminent men assists me greatly."

April 25th.—"I am now in such a decay of religion, that its causes must be looked into. Self-conceit is one cause. Speaking much about politics, and city-improvements, and news of all kinds, has hurt me much. So has random reading. Sleeping too long in the morning, and especially on Sabbath, has hurt me. Being too *shewy* in my dress, takes off my attention from heavenly things."

May 1st.—"Sabbath. I was so overcome with sleep, that I could hardly attend to an excellent sermon. In the evening, I tried to find out why the Lord had hid his face. The first cause was, allowing wicked thoughts to get the *start* of me, unresisted, in the morning; and to get too much *vent* on the way to church. I did not look for the assistance of the Holy Spirit, as I ought to have done. All this must be mended."

May 6th.—"The Lord is now justly hiding his face from me. What a mass of corruption is in me! What blasphemous thoughts rise in my mind! O, that the Lord would bring me out of this fearful pit! It is the valley of the shadow of death. O, for a glimpse of glory!"

May 8th.—"I have been as quite dead, my sins hang so heavy on my back. It is the opinion of Henry Dorney, that one deliberate and unfeigned desire for a perfect righteousness, is the fruit of that righteousness. O, that I may be savingly united to Christ's mystical

body! I cannot think a good thought, although this be Sabbath. How many are taking their own pleasure on the Lord's-day? It is lamentable to see this holy and blessed day so profaned. It is a wonder the world is allowed to *last*, considering its sins."

May 19th.—"Lord, break not the bruised reed. How can any man think to be saved by his works? He might as soon swim to America. Sheppard tells of a felon, who thought to escape the gallows by his gift at *whistling*. So, many think that their *gifts* will save them from hell. But if these bring them a little way out of Egypt, they will not lead them to Canaan. Rutherford says, 'God *send* me salvation.' I seek that."

May 21st.—"I am still declining. O, the *idle* talk that comes out of this mouth of mine! I cannot keep from madness and foolishness, when in profane company. O, the numberless wicked things which come into this head of mine! O for Jesu's righteousness applied to my despairing soul! My sins hang heavy upon me. In church I cannot hear. In family worship, my desires after Christ are dried up, and my views eclipsed. In my closet, Satan says the door is not *bolted*, and I had better not pray, for I shall be disturbed. Every thing seems to conspire against my poor soul! But there is comfort in Isa. lvii. 16, if I could take it. O heart, why art thou not melted on hearing these words?"

May 26th.—"I am still going down the stream. My heart is like the adamant rock. Love cannot melt it. O, the sinfulness of sin."

May 28th.—"Satan would fain triumph over my heart, but there is one mightier than he is, who can help in time of need; and that time is, when the sinner thinks all lost and undone. Trusting to duties, or set-

tling in them, is the chief cause of my deadness. If I am without Christ, I am without all. O, to cast my duties at the Redeemer's feet, begging him, if there be any thing worth his notice, to accept it."

June.—"Some are cursed with business, for they take the sabbath to transact it. As for the people of God, they never fall into gross sins, except left to themselves."

July.—"I am still going down the *brae*, by temptation. Luther says, one who has had experience of temptation is worth a thousand others. I can take little comfort from this. Something within me says, Christians resist with *all* their might; but as for me, I fall asleep. There is a strong, hot, but unequal war, in my heart. When I think I have some grace, I rest in it. Satan well knows my weak side, and what season to send his darts at."

August 2nd.—"This day I have had a very narrow escape for my life. I was coming through a narrow street, when a heavy slate fell just at my back. Had I been a moment later, I must have been killed. O, what ought to be my resolution? Surely, to labour to make my calling and election sure."

September 14th.—"This has been a dead week with me. I am yoked with company who cause spiritual decay. I have not been in such an insensible state, for nine months past. O, that I were free, and brought into the marvellous light of the children of God! I write down verses of the Bible, but they become dead to me, the moment I go into the world. These are *dark* days! This shows that without the Spirit accompany our best resolutions, they will never be carried into effect. It shows also how low a poor soul may be brought by the strength of corruption.

"I am sensible of the deformity of my state; but I cannot move one step out of it. In duty, my thoughts are atheistical and idolatrous, and thus my prayers are an abomination unto the Lord. On thinking of this, my mind runs thus,—How can I free *myself* from this state? What shall I do to be saved? These two questions show *what* covenant I am looking to. O that destructive thing, sin, which has ruined millions: it will ruin me to all eternity!"

So ended the first six months after his *first* Sacrament! These extracts, are fair specimens of his experience during every week, and almost every day, of that period. In his journal, however, these lamentations and confessions are mixed up with long processes of such self-scrutiny and scriptural testing, as no vicious man durst have ventured upon, week after week: and with still longer meditations on the grandeur and grace of the Sabbath, as made for man, and sacred to God.

Those who can sympathize with this unveiled picture of a human heart, will rather weep than wonder at it. It needs no explanation to those who know the plagues of their own heart; and to those who do not, it is, perhaps, inexplicable: for no heart writhes or rises thus against piety, until a high standard of vital godliness is habitually pressed upon its attention and affections. Mr. Campbell's heart would not have put forth all this hardness, had he not been trying to make it *very* good. Had he let it alone, or not challenged it by law and gospel, to be pure and spiritual, it would have been as good a heart as that of any man who is well pleased with himself. The evils of the heart do not all show themselves, nor any of them in their worst shape, until an effort is made to effect a per-

manent lodgment of all the graces of the Spirit in it. But, then, it can be "desperately wicked," as well as "deceitful above all things;" and that, not for the sake of preserving fleshly lusts only, but equally for the sake of worldly or mental lusts. Ambition to rise, or to shine, or to be *somebody*, in the world, can quarrel as much with both law and gospel, when thwarted, as any of the sensual passions. Literature also, as well as licentiousness, can harden the heart against godliness. Mr. Campbell was not vicious, nor can he be called literary, in his youth: but he was fond of company and dress; a dabbler in civic and national politics, at taverns; and a great talker on all subjects; and thus half *smothered* all his better principles, with the exception of his conscience; and even it was rendered *asthmatic* at times, by indulgence at table in *singing* parties.

All this, however, would be a very imperfect analysis of his case, were it to stop here. Even his imprudence in going to the Sacrament for the first time, whilst so unprepared for it, does not account satisfactorily for either the rapidity or the depth of his subsequent declension. I will not say that the *chief* cause lies deeper than either his imprudence or his vanity; but certainly one real cause of his "going down the brae" so often and so far, was, that he knew not the right way *up* the brae, and had not the *Alpin-stock*, which alone can enable a pilgrim to climb the "hill Difficulty." He was not aware that the staff of the promise belongs to the believer of "The Truth." Hence, he could only proceed, whilst he could appropriate Christ to himself; and as he could only venture on "the appropriating act of faith," when his faith was acting well

in every other duty, that act was, of course, a very rare one, and never lasted long. In a word, he had always been more occupied in watching and wondering whether he had saving faith, than in trying how heartily he could believe saving truth, in order to obey it, just because he believed it.

There is neither sneer nor sarcasm in these references to the old theory of appropriation. I have far more sympathy with it, and respect for it, than for the bold and frigid modern theory of heartless assent to the truth of the gospel. No man can believe the gospel, for his own salvation, unmoved or unmelted by the exercise. And although faith is not the belief that Christ is *ours*, the design of it is, that we may become his; for, whoever is not believing in order to be Christ's, and thus in order to be justified and saved, is certainly not believing the gospel for the purpose it was given. The only substantial difference I could ever see between the Berean theory of assurance, and that of the MARROW men, is, that the former is impudent, and the latter modest;—I wish I could say *humble*, as well as modest; but thorough humility would be thankful to appropriate, on God's warrant to the believers of His own record, to believe also that they are his children.

How Mr. Campbell became humble enough to take his comfort from what God says, is yet a far off point in his history. The experience we have just reviewed belongs to 1785; but not until 1795 did he "know the truth," so as to be made "free" by it; although the interval was not so dark as it was long, and never so dark, but that he was both trying, and thought by others, to be a true believer.

In 1786, his brother Alexander was in the last stage of a rapid consumption. This drew from him, of course, the most consolatory advice he could give to a dying brother. He had no comfort himself, except the settled conviction that there is "a needs be" for humbling trials, and that they will work together for good to them that love God. He very nearly hit the right mark, however, in trying to comfort Alexander. "O Sandy," he said, in a short letter, "strive to get your *warrant* to believe. In other words, get a sight, that believing the invitations of the gospel, will *not* be presumption. I have much more to say, but it is almost eleven o'clock at night, and I am in great haste." It was well for Sandy, that John had not time to say more; for he would soon have set him upon a process of striving for a warrant to believe, which neither a dying man, nor a healthy man, could have soon got through. Sandy, however, knew "a more excellent way" than John's usual process. He found peace in believing truth for holy purposes; and thus patiently awaited the will of God.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROGRESS OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

THIS will be even more a "Chapter of Accidents," than might be expected from the former chapter; for Mr. Campbell was more the creature of circumstances at this time, than has yet appeared. He was, however, as much the creature of good as of bad circumstances; and continued to do, at his worst and lowest stages of declension, what no vicious man durst have done,—to journalise daily, and at great length, his worst feelings and wildest fancies: and to consult good men on his case; and to correspond with wise men upon the subject of both personal religion and public spirit. His letters and diaries show, indeed, an amount of prayer, meditation, and self-communing, as well as of scriptural reading, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel in the privacy of any *tradesman*, since the times of the Commonwealth. He was also highly esteemed by many eminent Christians, and held the place of clerk in the session of Mr. Baines's church, and was beloved by the sick and dying poor, as a visitor, whilst, like Job, he "abhorred," and, like Ephraim, "bemoaned himself." In fact, he stood low with none, but with the more sedate of his young companions;

and even with them, only when his levity at the tea or supper table went beyond ordinary bounds.

It is only fair to state all this, and to add, that one reason of his dread and depression was, that, like the Psalmist, he was made to "possess the sins of his youth." Three of them were "ever before" him. The chief one was an act of impiety, which seems incredible, judging from his general character in boyhood. His own account of it is: "I and some others, in 1776, put such an awful affront upon God, that I am sometimes astonished, when I think of it, that we were not all sent to hell for our mockery; and it shows what reason I have to pray with David, 'Lord, remember not against me the sins of my youth.' One sabbath evening, whilst my uncle and aunt were out, we agreed somehow to pray time about; which we did twice or thrice, but always ending with bursts of laughter at our own imitations of praying men. It will shock you to read this, as it often does me to remember it. All who joined in this sin are not alive now. One of them died a few years after, not from trouble in his body, but in his judgment."—*Original Letter*, A.D. 1787.

Another sin was, that on one occasion, whilst at the High School, although no swearer in general, (for which he was often twitted at school,) he joined with one of his companions in a set game of swearing, whilst out on a bird-nesting ramble. They tried which of them could swear most and longest, and invent the newest oaths. Nothing equal to this kind had ever occurred before, nor did he ever swear so again, he says; but the horrid impiety of that one act, haunted his conscience like a ghost for years after, and often *glared* upon him when he was praying, and even in sleep.

The third fact I refer to, had the worst influence upon the tone of his mind. His brother Sandy and himself were acquainted with a clever but unprincipled lad, who had "the poison of asps under his lips," but the gloss and play of the serpent in his manners. They both loathed his principles, but they loved his company, for his wit and pleasantry. He could not entice them to vice, but he entangled them by plausible sophistries about the use of the passions. He could *cant*, as some of the clergy then philosophised, about "the harmony of the passions in human nature;" but they were not shrewd enough to answer him as an old Covenanter did one of the harmony-divines, "I never heard before that man had a *tuned* fiddle in his inside." In a word, although not vitiated by this socialist, their taste had the *bloom* rubbed off it, by his vile hands. Some of Sandy's diaries record this melancholy fact with bitter tears, and John refers to it with equal shame in some of his early papers and letters. Indeed, it evidently was this, and his convivial although not intemperate habits, which formed the chief millstone around the neck of his piety, when he "gave himself to the church." He himself did not suspect this then, because he stopped short of actual crime. In after years, however, he understood it better, as will be seen by his extraordinary letter to Mr. Newton, in 1795.

He had, however, in 1785, a judicious friend, who plied him, even at the height of his distress, with the pointed question, "Do not my words do good to him that walketh *uprightly?* saith the Lord." "Is there not some idol reigning in your heart, or raging in your imagination? Search. Depend upon it, you will find out something, which is the cause of your failure in

prayer. You say, that God will not draw nigh to you, although you draw nigh to him. I do not believe a word of this. The Scriptures speak very differently of God's character, I beg you will be cautious how you cast such reflections on God. You must be seeking something wrong, or for a wrong purpose. Perhaps, you expected me to tell you that your fears were groundless, and that you are a better man than you think yourself; but I love truth, and you also, too well to flatter you, or to speak in that strain. Lay not the blame of your distress on God. The cause of it is in yourself, whatever it may be."

This was plain dealing, and wise too, as far as it went; but, except that it was not resented nor forgotten, it seems to have had no influence at the time. It was, I suspect, connected with the ordinary injunctions to put forth the "appropriating act of faith," after this heart-searching process was gone through: for, although that prescription is not in the loose slip of paper just transcribed, it was the doctrine of the prescriber, as many of his counsels, now before me, testify; and on this rock Mr. Campbell's hopes always split, although it was to him neither "a rock of offence," nor "a stone of stumbling," but only a discouragement or hinderance. The advice was given by his venerable friend Duncan Clerk; and he, like all Mr. Campbell's counsellors, treated him as a real Christian, suffering from the hidings of God's countenance, or from the withdrawment of the Divine presence; not so much because of unbelief, as on account of some allowed sin or neglected duty. They charged him, indeed, with some legality; but they had no suspicions of his faith, except as it was unable to appropriate, because of some wrong temper or

habit. Its dead halt, when urged to take that "venturesome step," the act of appropriation, led some of them to conclude that there were weights at its heels which must be thrown away; but not to imagine that it was weak through ignorance, as well as from inconsistencies.

But if they did not judge wisely in every thing, still, it was a happy thing for him, in one sense, that they treated him as a real Christian. This kept him *acting* as one, even when he felt as if he had been an apostate or a hypocrite. It also saved him, at times, from reckless despair. The consideration that some of the very best Christians in Edinburgh did not think his case at all hopeless, nor his character equivocal, nor his fears unworthy of either their sympathy or prayers, kept his head above water, when his own judgment of his state would have overwhelmed him.

One of the best things he did in 1786, when the misgivings of his heart began to take the forms of anguish and secret despair, was, to open a weekly correspondence with a Mr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ritchie agreed, for mutual improvement in the divine life, to exchange letters on Christian experience, which should review the dealings of God with them from their youth upwards, and record their principal exercise, or most absorbing devotional meditation, during the week. One part of the agreement was, happily, that each should preserve a copy of his own letters. I thus possess one entire series, and have perfected, from them, Mr. Campbell's recollections of his early life, and they will now perfect the journals of his early experience.

When the venerable Duncan Clerk heard of this systematic letter-writing, he rather discouraged it, as likely

to engross too much time, and thus to trench upon other duties; not an unnecessary caution. He fell in with the plan, however, on condition that the letters should be short; but still insisting that "praying and repenting" were more wanting in Mr. Campbell's case. This he pressed so solemnly, that it led Mr. Campbell to pledge Mr. Ritchie, that they should rise "an hour earlier than they had been accustomed to do." He made also another condition, which, happily, they did not rigidly adhere to,—that they should conceal their names, lest their letters should fall into other hands. They occasionally forget this precaution; and had they not, I should have thrown Mr. Campbell's aside, as the papers of some one else, because, being copies, they did not seem, at first sight, to be written by him. Indeed, both parties seem to have written in a feigned hand. Nothing, therefore, but their occasional signatures could have induced me to read the pile of correspondence. Reading, however, soon rendered the evidence of signatures unnecessary, so far as Mr. Campbell's letters were concerned; for they contain portions of his history, and versions of his hopes and fears, which I had both heard from his own lips, and read in his journals. I mention these facts distinctly, because these letters embrace a period of his life which was almost a blank even to his intimate friends.

His first letter to Mr. Ritchie, in answer to a request for a special account of his experience at the time, begins thus:—"Dead, dead; dull, dull; great darkness, hard heart, no faith, no love, and little of spiritual discernment. Dismal broken outcries might fill the letter. You say, *if* we are the Lord's people. O that I durst take that honourable appellation! It went well down

with me; but your 'if!' O for previous appropriating faith! But, whatever faults you may know in me, I will take it as very kind if you will mention them faithfully. It may stir me up to reformation.

"Yet I cannot help telling you, that I had much *sweetness* all the afternoon I spent with (Dr.) Colquhoun. I was filled with wonder that the great God who upheld and governed the stars should look into my heart, perhaps to dwell, in some little degree, in such a sinful, trifling creature as myself. All the people in the shops around me are better looking than I am, yet have no experience of the condescending love of God! Were a man to choose in the shop, I should be the last he would take. Such condescension is a mystery to be solved only in heaven. But to stop here. I am just thinking that there will be no drowsy heads there, and no need of pen, ink, and paper.

"I am yours in the ——

"JOHN CAMPBELL.

"August 29, 1786."

In reply to this, Mr. Ritchie passed by all other complaints, and came at once to the subject of appropriation. "O how valuable, indeed, is appropriating faith! Adam in innocency could not say, '*My* Redeemer.' David could not always say this. He had to grapple with an evil heart and a tempting devil: then it is hard work indeed. But our unbelief dishonours God. O woeful unbelief! O precious faith! The other night I could scarce think of going to bed; nor did I sleep until between two and three in the morning, I had such sweetness in thinking of the amazing condescension of the love of God. I was made to feel that I had some love to God. The sweetness did not continue long. I

was much distressed on Monday lest any small experience I have had was not from saving, but from the *common* influence of the Spirit. I came up the Leith Walk behind you, much cast down; but at night I was much more comforted than I deserved or expected.

"You complain that, for some time, you have been deserted and straitened in devotion. You are distressed that you cannot pray in the strength of Christ. O that all who profess Christ were thus exercised! You remember (Dr.) Colquhoun's note,—that the Lord loves our prayers best when we are *worst* pleased with them."

All this, Mr. Campbell says, gave him such satisfaction that he could have spent the whole night in prayer, and was "exceeding sorry to rise from his knees, the exercise was so delightful." Such was his frame of mind soon after his first letter; but the absorbing delight subsided before another week closed. "The clouds of separation came up again," he says; "for I fell into conformity to the world, and was off my guard, and the Lord justly withdrew his comfortable presence."

It is delightful to see men thus watchful over the frame of their spirit, and intent upon enjoying "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" every day. He is not a wise man who would criticise this temper, nor a very spiritual man who could smile at it. It is, however, neither impiety nor imprudence to say, that it was not very wise to make "sweetness" in prayer such a test of special grace, as that the decay of the former warranted a suspicion that the latter was only common grace; especially as both friends professed to admire Dr. Colquhoun's maxim, that God is not best pleased when his people are most delighted in prayer. This is a delicate subject. Never, perhaps, was there less need

than now, to caution Christians against too high a standard of devotional feeling: our current standard is far too low. In general we are mere dwarfs, compared with the Puritans and Covenanters. The men of the olden times were so "mighty in prayer," that they are almost a mystery to us. Their devotional habits seem to us as unwieldy as the armour of the Crusaders. I blush, if not tremble, for myself and others, who have been long in the ways of God! Still, it would be unwise not to say here, that, for young converts to make their hopes or peace turn upon their "sweetness" in prayer, is both imprudent and unwarranted. "Groanings which cannot be uttered" are ascribed to the help of the Spirit by Paul, as well as the cry, "Abba, Father." There is also much truth in Dr. Colquhoun's maxim, if it be not applied to wilfully heartless prayers. It is not true, however, when we are not trying to *please* God, that God is at all pleased with our prayers. He does not, indeed, dislike all the prayers that we are ashamed of; but he does dislike all that are heartless, irreverent, and aimless. Neither the vapid nor the vague have his sympathy; although both the distracted and the groaning cries of his people are pitied, even as a mother pities the cries of her suffering child.

It is needful to bear in mind the twofold view of prayer, whilst reading this chapter. Mr. Campbell, and his friend too, made their hopes hinge more upon what seemed to be done *in* them by the Spirit, whilst they were on their knees, than on what was done *for* them by Christ, when he made peace on Calvary by the blood of the cross. Mr. Ritchie was less prone to this than Mr. Campbell; but still, the rejoicing of both in Christ Jesus, when they did rejoice in him, was not so much

in the manifestation of his grace and glory by the Gospel itself, as when he manifested himself to them in a way he does not to the world. The grace which shines in the truth was "no grace" to Mr. Campbell, except when it warmed, melted, and amazed him, as *distinguishing* grace to himself at the moment. Mr. Ritchie was more cautious, and sometimes "afraid to say of a sweet experience that it was from the Lord." Once, when he could not resist the conviction that the Lord had visited his soul, he related the manifestation with great modesty, and some hesitation. Not so did Mr. Campbell treat the matter. His friend's exercise had been ecstatic and entrancing; and he said, "I am glad you were *obliged* to acknowledge that exercise to have been from the Lord. This was but your reasonable service, in such a rebellious district of creation. John, I think your experience surpasses many." Mr. Campbell himself had had something of the kind at the same time; he therefore added, "O dear, it is a noble thing to have much love when we are young. The Lord says, he will not forget it. Now, John, if you and I be in Christ, there are two *empty* seats in heaven, which will stand empty till our earthly tabernacle be dissolved. Perhaps angels give place as the saints enter. If the promise of my stay in heaven was, till we could tell all the value and glory of Christ, it would not discourage me. It will take eternity to do that! 'Deed, John, the Lord is dandling you and me in his kind arms now; but, depend on it, we shall have to walk on the *causeway* yet. This is not the first time I have trembled to think of the dark days which are coming." They soon came. In his very next letter he says, "Dear John, my exercise now differs from yours. It is an absolute fact, that

I cannot think I have any interest in Christ, after all. You will wonder at this, but I cannot help it. Evidences of grace are almost all out of sight. The sins of my youth are brought to my mind, as yet unrepented of. Something within me, indeed, will not allow me *flatly* to deny all interest in Christ. But last sabbath morning I was in a most deplorable condition: sinful thoughts filled my mind, and I had no strength to resist them. I never remember to have been so far gone in backsliding since I took up with religion: I am quite gone out of the way. Thus I wrote then in my diary. O, when will godly sorrow come back again, with appropriating faith? O that I had such a hold of Christ as corruption has of me! O, hard heart, why not love Christ more? He is very sweet in all his offices to a believer. How we ought to pity and pray for such as are yet in the gall of bitterness! Surely it was not justifiable in you to be dissatisfied with the dispensations of Providence towards them. I do not think they are denied grace altogether. There may be more hope of them than of the self-righteous. Jonah's preaching would not have had the same effect in Capernaum it had in Nineveh." Thus he forgot himself for a moment in thinking of others,—a very common thing with him, even in his saddest letters and diaries. This was on October 24th. On November 9th he wrote thus: "I cannot say that I have got an *outgate* yet; I am still under clouds. I am often afraid that I recover from falls too soon. I cannot think it a right recovery when the blood of Christ has not been seen as shed for *our* sins in particular. O, I am in a drearisome state! Wicked men try all their dexterity to get me to become like one of themselves. They use all means, and if I yield in the least degree, they rejoice at

it as glad news, and proclaim it to their companions: but, like Pharaoh, they will find it no *chancy* work to meddle with them that are precious in Christ's sight. Christ may be at my side, although like the disciples on the way to Emmaus, I cannot see him now; therefore, O my soul, be not too much discouraged, so long as thou canst call upon God. This is a true sign that God is near."

In dealing with these complaints, Mr. Ritchie laid hold first of Mr. Campbell's acknowledgment, that something *within* him would not allow him to deny flatly all interest in Christ. "What is that something in your heart," he says, "which will not let you? O, be thankful for it, and grieved for your ingratitude to Him who implanted this grace." This would have been good advice, had it been given to a man who knew the *tenure* upon which an interest in Christ is obtained and held. But at this time Mr. Campbell did not know it. He believed in Christ for safety, only whilst he believed himself to be a partaker of special grace. And yet, in some of his reasonings upon his own case, he occasionally takes a right view, if not of it, at least of that of a backsliden believer. The following is a fine specimen of this.

December 26th, 1786.—"O, John, there is *unco* work, a strange mixture, in my stupid heart. Had a person visited me on sabbath night, it would have cheered him, perhaps, to converse with me, I was in such a good state. But had he come next night, and been a stranger to spiritual exercise, he would have found me quite cast down; and asked, Are you sick? 'Yes, but sick of sin.' Have you lost a friend? 'Yes, I fear the nearest and dearest I have, although I never saw

him with my bodily eyes.' How was it you lost him? 'I acted such a part, that I forced him away.' Did you ever do so before? 'Yes.' And did he ever return then? (This would make me blush!) 'Yes, he did, and I found much delight under the shadow of his wings.' When he went away last, what said he to you? 'He said, I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' Well, what better assurance can you have than an honest man's word? 'Why, my memory is so short, that I forget promises, and fall into despair.' But will this bring him back? 'No, the contrary.' Then it is your duty to oppose despairing thoughts. 'But I forget and neglect my duty.'

"Thus unbelief will not stand the test, John, when the grounds of it are examined into. It is foolish as well as unreasonable. O that will be a happy time, if ever I see it, when faith shall be swallowed up in vision, and hope in enjoyment."

This letter enraptured Mr. Ritchie. He began his answer thus, "It is well your part to exalt, praise, and adore your loving Lord and Father. Go on, too, ye angels and saints, in your delightful employment. O that my soul were drawn out in a song! Why sigh again? It pleased me well to read your arguings with yourself. Unbelief is not only a great sin, but also a mother-sin, and a strangely infatuating evil. I must confess I feel a great affection to you. My heart is united to you in a bond of love, which death cannot break. O, *dinna* forget my poor soul! We must watch against unbelief. One day, whilst I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me, why? I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that: turn to Ezek. xxxvi.' 'Aye, but,' said

I, 'it is no said there, that He will give it to *Jock Ritchie.*'"

Mr. Campbell's last letter in this year, presents just the same average of light and darkness, hope and fear, that characterizes these extracts. Its conclusion is a strange compound of levity and solemnity. "I am much troubled with an old-covenant spirit; and the mouse well knows when the cat is not at home. When grace flows in upon the heart, bundles of good matter come out; but when it is scarce we wither. Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow on our spiritual garden, that its spices may flow out."

1787.—Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ritchie began this year by paying much attention to the sick poor, and to orphans, in Edinburgh. One orphan, whom Mr. Ritchie had taken under his care, died rejoicing in the Saviour; and a young girl, whom Mr. Campbell found dying of consumption, made a deep impression upon his mind, by telling him that she was "happy in trusting *simply* to Christ." This account of her faith, united to the composure with which she fell asleep in Jesus, struck him; but "the once poor, now rich, orphan," suited his taste best. He took its salvation as a "shining" proof that God "had not forgotten Scotland, and that Edinburgh and Leith were not *out of date* in heaven yet." He actually rioted in imagining the change heaven had made upon that child, in the twinkling of an eye. The fact, he says, "is an honour to our correspondence, as well as very comforting." The only thing it did not suggest to him was, what he most needed, the duty of receiving the kingdom of heaven as "a little child." That, he never thought of, although nothing is more frequently taught by Christ. It was only as "a

child of God" by adoption, or as a " new-born babe" by regeneration, that he would venture to lay hold upon the hope of eternal life for himself. In fact, the Gospel was nothing to him, except when he felt himself to be something *else* than a sinner. He wanted to believe, not as a mere little child, but as an *elect* child, who had a legitimate right to appropriate Christ and the promises. The idea of believing on Christ, in order to become a child of God, or in order to be warranted to reckon himself one, never seems to have crossed his mind, in reference to himself, although Paul has explicitly declared to the churches, " ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," Gal. iii. 26.

It is easier to see through and expose this mistake of Mr. Campbell's, than to remedy or avoid it. It ought, however, to be pointed out here: for it had much to do with both his distress and declensions. It embarrassed him even when he was most watchful over his heart and habits, and often embittered public ordinances to him when he needed all their sweetness. An instance of this occurred at the next Sacrament, after the death of the orphan boy. He had mused himself into the third heavens, by tracking that child's spirit to the throne; and had gone to Lady's Kirk, singing, " O that I had the wings of a dove that I might flee away and be at rest; I would put an eternal divorce into the hands of all my spiritual enemies." He went to the table, as it is usual in Scotland, singing; and as his voice happened to be " uncommonly melodious," at the time, he thought " this was the foreboding of some remarkable display of the love of Christ to his soul." " I expected," he says, " a manifestation of transcendent love: but my hopes were blasted. Every grace fled.

Fretting suggestions arose. As dark a scene started up as I ever experienced. Will you favour me with an account of what you experienced at the same season? I saw you and Rob pass me; but I was not in a case to speak." Mr. Ritchie had been very happy, and wrote to that effect. This increased Mr. Campbell's distress so much, that Mr. Ritchie said in his next letter, "I fear my last did you more ill than good." He was right; for he had tried to comfort his friend by the consideration, that "Christ does not bring a balance to *weigh* our graces, but a touchstone to *test* them." Testing is as terrific as weighing, to a mind in a paroxysm of confusion and shame. He now tried to comfort him, by resolving all his darkness at the Sacrament, into sovereign displeasure against "framing out beforehand the *time* of sensible manifestations."

It will now be seen that Mr. Campbell's mind was somewhat fanatical, as well as visionary, at this time; or

"Every thing by turns, and nothing long."

Accordingly, next month, he was not only appropriating with rapture, and waving his wings on the top of Pisgah, but also claiming to be considered as "sealed by the Holy Spirit." "I am under His influence at present. I think I feel God's Spirit within me. Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! God hath done wonders, worked miracles, for my soul, that it might savingly uptake His divine nature and perfections." "I saw Christ as crucified before my eyes; his head hanging down; his arms extended; his wounds glaring in my face. I was exceedingly melted. Tears flowed apace. My love grew vehement. I came joying and triumphing from the table, although it has seldom been

a *trysting* place to me." This is not so wise as it is warm. Besides, it is a rapture, and raptures even when wisest are not lasting enough to be either tests of principle, or rules of judging, in self-examination. It was, however, whilst this lasted, that Mr. Campbell first turned his thoughts to the ministry. He had long tried to be useful in a private way; but now, he meditated public service. Not willingly, however. He deemed the idea as *temptation* at first. "On sabbath last," he says, "I encountered, all day and night, strong allurements from the *adversary*, to follow the ministry. The suggestion increased so at night, that I could not give heed to a sentence of the sermon. I had a desire to be useful to my brethren's souls; but I gave the less heed to it, because it interrupted my hearing of the Word."

Mr. Ritchie treated this suggestion with much prudence. "I once mentioned to you a similar exercise of my own. I yet feel some inclination that way. There is, however, a general rule which I wish to observe myself. It is, that when any thing is injected by the Holy Spirit, it is in a rational, quiet, composed, and Scriptural manner; whereas, a temptation, or the working of our own spirit, acts in a contrary method."

This caution was not lost upon Mr. Campbell. He began to look around him, and said, "I know one who left off business to be a minister, and was thought very pious; but now, after studying, he has given up following the ministry, and, I hear, even ceased to follow Christ. My brother knows three or four who have done so, within a year or two. O, what calls to keep close to Christ!" Here the matter stopt for a time. Both friends were modest, and equally afraid of running

unsent. All this would have been unknown to us, had not the correspondence, from which it is drawn, been discovered.

Mr. Campbell soon fell back upon his old plan of living by faith, only when he felt that he had grace. He began now, however, to suspect that there was *confusion* in his creed, as well as corruption in his heart. "I must tell it to my shame," he says, May 1787, "that I am often at a nonplus. I can take comfort from nothing, heart from nothing, till I perform something myself. I cannot look on God but as my enemy, who will have no mercy upon me, until I perform some repentance or humiliation. This is surely the *old* covenant spirit."

Whilst he was thus nonplussed by his own case, he had to accompany his dying brother to Innerleithing, and to comfort him as well as he could by reading to him. So far as I can judge, he did not trouble Sandy with his own complaints. These he reserved for the ear and the eye of his friend Mr. Ritchie. The journey and the scenery cheered the wasting invalid, but had no beneficial influence upon his own wounded and wayward spirit. "I expected great things here," he says, "from the time I should have, and from the delightfulness of the place, which, for beauty, has few equals. It is full of woods and waters, and surrounded by mountains. But I have had little pleasure. They all cannot make up to me for an *absent* God. This is just what mars all my pleasure." It did not, however, prevent him from trying to do good to others at Innerleithing. His first experiment was at the inn, and mistaken by the landlady. "The second morning, after breakfast, the mistress was standing by us, and

I told her to sit down till we returned thanks for it. The poor woman thought that instead of *paying* her, we were only going to thank her: and began to mutter something about sending up her husband to tell us the cost. And yet, she had heard Ralph Erskine preach, and been a Seceder! So little effect had the gospel on this woman." Mr. Campbell did not intend to reflect on the Seceders by this anecdote. Specimens of gross ignorance occur in all societies. When Whitefield published his first journal, a clergyman charged him with denying the omnipresence of God, because, like Mr. Campbell, he spoke of an *absent* God, at times.

Whilst he remained at Innerleithing, he made many and minute inquiries into the state of religion; and, as he found the ministry there both "sapless and lazy," he found, as might be expected, the people like the priest. What he attempted to do for them, I do not know; but he seems to have failed in something through fear. "If I am Christ's," he says, "I am certainly one of his cowards. I am so vile, and ignorant, and foolish, that I can profit others but little, here or elsewhere. Oh, my dear friend, pray for such people; for I cannot pray. I intend to stay as short as possible."

On his return to Edinburgh, his spirits were no better. He durst not approach the sacramental table; "evidences being all out of sight, and grace out of exercise." The fact is, that on his return, he began to review both the sins and suspicion of his youth more closely than he ever had done. He had been haunted in boyhood by a suspicion that, as he had two brothers, God would not save all three; or that one would be left, and himself be the victim of Satan. His first

reading of Doddridge also, had thrown him into terrors which suggested "unutterable blasphemies." These, again, had made him so reckless of eternal ruin, that he had wished himself a devil, and given up both prayer and hope. It was these horrors and extravagances he sat down to review and record, when he came home; and, as might be expected, they aggravated his distress. His friend, also, to whom he wrote all this, was just the reverse of it all at the time. His rapture was as high as Mr. Campbell's spirits were low. Whilst the latter hung his harp upon the willows, the former tuned his to the highest of "Erskine's Gospel Sonnets." One of the fearful crises which Mr. Campbell reviewed at this time was enough, even as a recollection, to overwhelm him, prone as he was to despair. It was this: "My agony," he says, "like the flood of Noah, grew greater and greater. I drank deep of the cup of law-terror. I was without the smallest degree of hope. I was almost certain I could not live long. I thought I was dropping into hell. I was just amazed, that people in such a critical situation were so little concerned. I had awfully realizing views of the miserable state of the lost. I was often putting my finger into the fire, to feel something of the torment I had to endure. It terrified me so much, that it was a wonderful providence my judgment was preserved, and that I was kept from laying hands on myself. But an overruling hand prevented all this. He delivered me from the paw of the lion and the bear."

It is unwise for any one to fall back upon such recollections, when the spirits are low, or the heart sad: and it was peculiarly so in Mr. Campbell; for his memory had the vividness of imagination. It was "full

of eyes, within and without." I have heard him depict midnights in the African wilderness, at my own fireside, at night, until he trembled at his own words, and said, "Eh, Sirs, my heart did not beat so when I was in my wagon, and hearing the roaring of the lions." It was this power of realizing the past, which made it so perilous for him to fall back upon the dark days of his history, whilst his views of the gospel were but dark and confused. Not, however, that his vivid memory exaggerated or over-coloured either painful or pleasing recollections. He was remarkably free from all exaggeration and sentimentality. He said nothing for *effect*, when speaking of himself. He never violated modesty, nor courted sympathy, in conversation. Whether this was his characteristic in 1787, I, of course, do not know to a certainty; but I am quite sure that his letters, at that time, indicate no pretence nor parade. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of his anguish and depression, or however they should be explained, they were real and unpainted. How much they resemble BUNYAN's, in some points, I need not say; except for the sake of adding that, like Bunyan, Mr. Campbell became eventually as fine a specimen of a sober-minded, cheerful, and happy believer, as he had been a fearful specimen of a bewildered and wayward penitent. Indeed, but for this fact, it would be more than questionable whether his paroxysms and vicissitudes ought to be told at such length.

It is a curious fact that, at this time, his letters are as full of adoring contemplations of the love of God and the Lamb, and of the riches of the covenant of grace, and of the freeness of salvation, as they are of complaints against himself, and lamentations over his sad state of

darkness and desertion. Sometimes he is almost seraphic in celebrating the wonders of redemption and the perfection of the covenant; and always, his Bible is unspeakably precious to him. It was this which misled his friends in dealing with his complaints. They set them down as merely the inevitable *accidents* of experience, and could not allow themselves to suspect any grand error of head or heart in a man who was daily communing with his own spirit, and with "the deep things of God." And who could imagine that the following thoughts are from letters, which begin and end with symptoms of despair? "My present desire is, that we may be filled with heavenly manna. Observe, I think the mercy of God is just his love, venting, flowing, budding, blooming out to us. Mercy is just the display of his love. His love was just the origin of that glorious and gracious transaction,—the Covenant. Few things attract the affections of my soul more than God justifying the ungodly by the death of his beloved Son. It is such a display of love that no other deserves to be mentioned with it on the same day. If I had the voice of an archangel, I would cry to the whole earth to contemplate it." There is, also, reasoning connected with this rapture. He argues, "that it can be nothing less than a real delusion, to think that a round of duties can satisfy God for guilt." He confessed the folly of having tried, at first, to establish his own righteousness. He says of Wilcox's "Drop of Honey from the Rock," "I never find such benefit from any book of human composition, in drawing me off from *self-resting* places, and stirring me up to seek after Christ. It has not its *marrow* (equal) in a small volume, except the Assembly's Catechism."

Now, who could suspect this penitent of legal pride, or spiritual mistake? Here is much of the Gospel, and of the belief of it too. Why then did he complain of darkness, desertion, and the utter absence of peace? Mr. Campbell, as we have seen, was no sickly sentimentalist, nor whining pretender. Still, he had both false and foolish notions about comfort from religion. He ascribed the want of comfort alternately to the sovereignty of God, and to the power of Satan. Even when he looked to the truth for comfort, he believed that he could not get any until God's *fixed* time, however he might try for it; thus making the most ordinary communications of grace and strength as much matters of eternal purpose and decree as the grand movements of the church, or even the destinies of the universe.

Very much in this way he went on until 1789; and in the course of that year, he began to contemplate the work of the Ministry, as the best security against both the temptations and the depressions which haunted and harassed him. And, happily, by this time, an acquaintance with Scott, the commentator, had commenced; to him, therefore, he submitted the whole case. The following is the answer:—

"*Chapel-street, Sept. 24th*, 1789.

"DEAR SIR,—I should have written a line in answer to your last very friendly letter, but that necessary engagements so much engrossed my time that I had not leisure and spirits for the purpose. I have been very poorly of the asthma, &c.; but, I bless God, I am much recovered, though I cannot yet bear my former degree of application. However, I find it very good to be made sensible how frail I am, and how vanishing all things here below are; so that I am satisfied the Lord hath done all things well.* But I know you will excuse me not entering copiously upon any subject, as I have so much writing; and, therefore, I shall only

drop a few hints upon the subject of the latter part of your letter. I thank you for your confidence, but I am a poor counsellor. I cannot, upon the view I now have, see any material objection to your prosecuting your intention. The requisite qualifications, as far as human learning can supply them, may abundantly be attained, with moderate application, in the term of years you mention, which seems to me needlessly long. Natural talents, I am persuaded, you do not want; and spiritual gifts for the work God will not withhold from those who desire the ministry as a good work, and in a proper manner. Faithful and diligent ministers were always wanted; and whilst we daily pray the Lord of the harvest to send them forth, we cannot, consistently, discourage those who seem likely to prove such; so that the whole seems to turn upon the internal consciousness of your own mind respecting the motives and principles of this choice. He who counts all but loss for an interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ and the whole of his salvation; and who is willing to renounce, venture, or engage in any thing, rather than give up that hope, is prepared for the general calling of a Christian. He who hath that love to Christ, and to the souls of men, that he desires to be an instrument in promoting his glory in their salvation, in preference to more easy, lucrative, or creditable employments; and who is willing to endure hardship, to labour, and, if called to it, to suffer, in promoting this work; who counts the cost, feels the importance and difficulty of the undertaking, but trusts in the Lord to assist, and support, and carry him through; and who does not willingly allow of the desire of popularity, praise, &c., as the motives of his choice, but is willing, if the Lord please, to labour in obscurity, in poverty, and under reproach, so he may be but useful; I think this man is prepared for the calling of a minister, and is moved by the Holy Ghost to take this office upon him, and may fairly conclude himself to be so, provided the Lord, in his providence, open a door for his admission, in a way consistent with his judgment and conscience. I have nothing to add to these loose hints, but to desire that you would remember me in your prayers. Mrs. Scott desires her respects.

"I am your sincerely affectionate friend, &c.,

"THOMAS SCOTT."

What diverted or discouraged Mr. Campbell from acting, at this time, upon the advice of his venerable friend, does not appear from his letters. It was, most likely, the recurrence of his strange alternations of despair

and hope. But, although they diverted him from the Ministry for years, they never diverted him from ministering to the sick and dying; nor from strenuous and persevering efforts to do "good unto all men, and especially to the household of faith." He continued stedfastly to *act* as a Christian, even when he had no hope that he was a true Christian. He never abandoned or abated public duty at all, nor private devotion long, even in his worst states of mind. This is both an interesting and instructive fact; for there can be no doubt that, had he done nothing but pore and ponder over his own feelings, he must have sunk in mind or character. There is no such security against undue depression as great activity in doing good to others; for it places one under the wing of a special Providence, as well as diverts the mind from preying on itself.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH MR. NEWTON.

THIS chapter will rather prove that Mr. Newton and Mr. Campbell were intimate friends, than illustrate the influence of that friendship upon the latter. The illustration of that runs through all his subsequent life.

It is very doubtful whether any of Mr. Campbell's English friends had an adequate idea of the influence which Mr. Newton had over his character and spirit, as well as his career; for although he spoke more freely and frequently of him than of his other distinguished friends, his letters and journals reveal a degree of intimacy and imitation, which his "Table Talk" never suggested to me, or to any one whom I know. Other influences, indeed, acted more visibly, and apparently more powerfully, upon him: but they were all modified in their operation, by Mr. Newton's final judgment. He was his oracle whilst he lived, in all things but nonconformity; and when he died, his dissent continued to be as calm and candid as Newton's churchmanship had been. Mr. Campbell, indeed, was not a dissenter when his correspondence with this venerable saint was at its height. He then belonged to the Church of Scotland, although identified with the Relief body. Five years after his introduction to Mr. Newton, he wrote thus to a friend, "Many things may be found

in the Kirk, which she could well want; but I believe that the Lord has not altogether forsaken her. In some measure, He *dwells* in her; and as many are 'born again' in her bounds, as in any of similar dimensions. Now, you will not wonder when I tell you, that I have not yet seen cause to withdraw from our Establishment totally. When the Lord's *presence* is gone,—if I know of this,—I will go too. But my soul knows right well, that this is far from being the case yet." In this also, he was influenced by Mr. Newton; for it is just an *echo* of his reasons for remaining in the Church of England. Indeed, even Mr. Campbell's Letters to the Countess of Leven, not only breathe the spirit of Mr. Newton's to himself, but also adapt his phraseology to other subjects. Altogether, he made him his model; and as he could not have adopted a better, the history of their friendship deserves a minute record, and an attentive perusal; because it will prove that a *young* man can never do so well, without the counsel and influence of "such an one as Paul the aged."

It has often been mentioned or hinted at already, that Mr. Campbell's hands were full of the work of faith and the labours of love, during all the period of alternate light and darkness which we have reviewed. But whilst it is quite evident that the correspondence and co-operation with Mr. Ritchie were upon the whole beneficial to him, inasmuch as they kept him watching and working in the service of God and man, it is equally evident from the letters which follow for two or three years, that he continued halting "between two opinions," in reference to his own interest in the salvation of God. To use his own words, he was not so much inclined to cry "*Hale's* (the whole) mine," as "*half's* mine," when he

saw the promises, like dropt money on the road, lying before him, to be gathered up by the first passer by. This allusion is to the well known custom in the North, of the first person who discovers any thing upon the road, springing forward to it, crying "hale's mine," before his companions can claim a share by crying "half's mine."

It was Mr. Newton's letters which led him on to the "glorious liberty" of the children of God. But even they did so, only slowly. They improved his obedience to the truth, for years before they improved his belief of it. Not, however, that he doubted the truth of the gospel itself; but of his own warrant to believe it for himself.

There is a variety of opinions amongst his friends, as to the origin of his friendship with Mr. Newton. His first interview with him is well known to have taken place, on his first visit to London in 1789, thus. He was passing St. Mary Woolnoth, and seeing a number of family carriages around the church, he asked a footman,—"who is preaching?" The only reply he got was,—"one of the Methodists." This awakened his curiosity, and led him to ask another footman, who said, —"it is old Newton." This was enough to send him into the church.

It is said, that he introduced himself to Mr. Newton in the vestry, after the service. And so he did; but not as a stranger. The fragments of his journal, now before me, indicate that he visited Newton, Scott, Booth, Jarment, if not Romaine also, as a matter of course. He *prefaces* none of his accounts of them. They stand thus in the journal:—"Abraham Booth is a first-rate saint; somehow calculated by nature and grace for the

pulpit and the press, for prayer and conversation." "Mr. Newton is nowise inferior to what he was represented. In the pulpit, I have always seen him bathed in tears. In *private,*—he is a David for devotion, a Moses for meekness, a Solomon for knowledge, a Paul for zeal, and a John for love. His house may be called a Bethel. He told me some remarkable anecdotes of his present hearers." "Mr. Scott is judicious, humble, frank. When I was there he made me a present of the Force of Truth. I promised to spend next sabbath with him." "Mr. Romaine is another bright luminary in this southern hemisphere. In short—to say little of him—he is like a man *out* of the body altogether. O, what life, warmth, and knowledge of the heart, centre in this *old* man of God! For eloquence, he hath lips like Aaron; for zeal, a heart like Moses; and for age and faith, he is like Simeon. An Antiburgher minister said to me, the Church of England is thriving."

All this indicates some prior intimacy, through either letters or mutual friends; especially, as Newton, Scott, and Booth wrote, to congratulate Mr. Campbell, immediately on hearing of his safe arrival at home; each signing himself, "Your affectionate Friend." Mr. Newton's letter is in answer to a proposal for permission to print in Edinburgh, in a cheap form, two or three letters from "Omicron." He says, "The three, marked A. B. C. cannot, I think, much affect the sale of the book, if printed in the manner you propose; and therefore you are welcome to say, that you have my consent." 1789.

The probability is, that Mr. Campbell was first induced to open a correspondence with Mr. Newton, for the sake of Africa; a subject which, as we have seen,

laid hold of his heart when he was a mere boy, and was never lost sight of afterwards. His first sympathies were for Africa, and his last dwelt on Lattakoo!

Another subject which he seems to have brought under Mr. Newton's notice before seeing him, was, the prosecution of Dr. Macgill for Socinianism; then a novel heresy in the Kirk of Scotland. The tendency of the Doctor's book alarmed Mr. Newton "more than all the volumes of Priestley," because of its "plausible and temperate manner." He thought, however, that "judicial censure would only add zeal to a bad cause, and fame to the author," and thus notoriety to the work: but he acknowledged that he did not see how the Kirk "judicatories could avoid noticing it, unless they gave up their public doctrinal standard as untenable." This concession just suited Mr. Campbell; for he was, at this time, a staunch Presbyterian, and almost *covenanted* unto the standards of the Kirk. He was also the Secretary of one of the Lay Associations, which appealed to the orthodoxy of Scotland, and petitioned the General Assembly, against Macgill. He was thus glad of whatever sanction John Newton's letter gave to his zeal. He sounded also Abraham Booth, Thomas Scott, and other distinguished divines, on the subject. Not, however, that he had any taste for religious persecution; but that he despised the *meanness* of writing against the cardinal Articles of the Kirk, and yet eating her bread and wearing her honours. It is this meanness which embarrasses national churches. Voluntary churches can rid themselves of such rogues without any appeal to civil or ecclesiastical law; but State Churches must either bring a heretic before their Courts, or wink at his heterodoxy; for in them, it is a breach of *legal*

covenant. Hence, at this time, the Church of England is in a dilemma, by the Oxford Tracts. Any mitre, or chair, that would avow their real principles and spirit, would be as legally *forfeited* as the crown was by James at the Revolution; for these tracts are as faithless to Protestantism, as the last of the Stuarts was to his Coronation oath. I refer to this question, because the protesters against Puseyism now, are just doing what Mr. Campbell did against Socinianism,—the only thing they can do, if they would not wink at insults to the Articles and Homilies of their Church, nor at defiance to the law; for Puseyism, however sleek, is both. But, to return. Mr. Newton moderated Mr. Campbell's zeal on this occasion, by expressing strong disapprobation of the violent pamphlets which the heresy called forth. Mr. Campbell had sent him a selection of the most "spirited" of them. He acknowledged them thus, "I thank you for the pamphlets. I have not had time to read them all yet; but I doubt not I shall like them all *but* that which I *have* read! 'The Dialogue between the Devil and a Socinian,' I cannot say I approve either the manner or spirit of it. I am hurt—when gospel truths are put into the devil's mouth. I suppose a ready penman at Damascus might have written a smart dialogue between the devil and Saul of Tarsus. But Saul became Paul! Grace has long and strong arms; and I think it unbecoming a Christian to give up any one while living. It is my mercy I *am* not a Socinian; for had I been left to myself I might have been amongst the foremost."

Mr. Campbell needed this hint; for although he wrote none of the pamphlets, he was intimate with some of the writers, and spreading the question far and wide.

It is a curious fact that some years afterwards, he sent his appeals for Sabbath Schools round the very circles which he now agitated against heresy. His circular then, begins thus, "Dear brethren, last time I wrote to you, it was about the prosecution of a Rev. Doctor for heresy. I now address you as the advocate of those children who are perishing around you for lack of knowledge." Thus his championship of orthodoxy paved his way to that fair hearing which he obtained for the claims of Sabbath evening Schools. It was, however, well for him that he had both John Newton and Abraham Booth as a balance-wheel upon his movements in the Heresy case; for he was a great admirer of the eloquent, but fiery, advocate, M'Kintosh, whose thunders shook the General Assembly, as "Sheridan's did Parliament in the *Begum* case."

The following account of this splendid pleader is from Mr. Campbell's own recollections of him. "He shone brilliantly in the good cause. He spoke four hours against M'Gill, and so destroyed the equilibrium of the minds of the General Assembly, that they deferred to pass judgment until next day. I was present both days. But such oratory, such knowledge of Scripture and ecclesiastical law, I never witnessed. In early life he had offended the civil Court, and was rebuked by the Bench. On this, he pulled off his gown in a rage, and flung it in their face, and fled to London, where he remained twenty years. There he was very intimate with John Wilkes, and if rumour be true had a hand in writing No. 45, and other Papers, in the North Briton. He came back to Edinburgh in the spirit of John Knox. On his first appearance at the Bar again, he burst out

in his old style of boldness. The Lord President said, 'Mr. M'Kintosh, do you know *where* you are?' He replied, 'Yes, my Lord, and *what* I am too.' So the matter dropped.

"He was so displeased with the conduct of the Kirk in M'Gill's affair, that he could hardly be prevailed on to accept a commission to the next Assembly. He did not attend on the first days of their sitting at all. The case was to come on on Friday: but on Thursday he came not. I wrote to Dr. Erskine, beseeching him to *beg* for his attendance; which he did. Mr. M'Kintosh came. He saw that the Assembly wished to blink the question. He therefore attacked the *good* Ministers, whose timidity kept them dumb, although their MASTER was despised in their hearing. 'If you have a single spark of love to the Redeemer,' he exclaimed, 'stand up and testify your utter abhorrence of the antiscriptural tenets in the Doctor's book!' The Moderates (as we call them) were in a perfect rage during the speech. At first they interrupted him; but he so *lashed* them, that they became afraid to try again. They sat calmly for two hours, and when he was done dismissed the question! After this, he would never enter the Assembly again.

"He was reckoned a judicious lawyer. I have seen the Dean of Faculty rise up and thank him for the solid arguments by which he had proved *him* to be wrong. He refused several lucrative places, because he was required to *qualify* by the Sacrament; and yet he told the General Assembly one day, that he had no objection to commune in the Church of England, if it fell in his way in the course of providence. He reads nothing

now but the Scriptures. He is full of apostolic divinity. His history is full of the marvellous and singular."

This man's exposure of the General Assembly, and especially the exposure that Court made of *itself*, although it did not make Mr. Campbell a Dissenter at the time, "disgusted him to sickness" with Church Courts, and laid the foundation of his subsequent independency. Even at the time, the shock set him upon a course of inquiry, which soon made him back out from the clamour which was then rife against the Roman Catholic claims. Dr. Coloqhuon and others had taken the alarm at the report of a Catholic Relief Bill, and implored him to get all the information he could about it from Mr. Newton. He himself also had met Lord George Gordon, and had begun to sound the "No Popery" trumpet by circulating his Tracts on the subject. Mr. Newton, as might be expected, had no great sympathy with this political watch-word. He wrote to him, "I cannot see why a Papist has not as good a right to worship God, and educate his children, according to his conscience, though erroneous, as I have myself. I am no friend to persecution or restraint in matters of conscience. Whatever liberty the Papists get by law—that of sitting in Parliament *excepted*—will give me no pain. Perhaps if I had lived in Scotland, the opinion of many wise and good men might have outweighed my private judgment." Mr. Booth also, although he dreaded "an entire abolition of the Corporation and Test Acts," enlarged Mr. Campbell's views of the iniquity and impolicy of all persecution for conscience' sake. And he needed such counsellors; for both Dr. Coloqhuon and Dr. Erskine were alarmists. His English

friends "carried the day" with him. "I am now better informed," he said to his Scotch friends: "therefore, interfere who may in what is called *spirited* opposition to Popery, I will not."

But there was still another subject on which Mr. Newton had to be umpire between Mr. Campbell and the Kirk. Patronage then, as now, was an all-absorbing question in Scotland, and as Mr. Campbell had been brought up amongst the Relief, he was as staunch a *non-intrusionist* as the present leaders of that question. He was "airt and paart," or consenting, to that *electric* Letter in 1788, which pretended to be the "anticipation of a petition from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to the House of Commons, for the *Total* Abolition of the Slave Trade;" "Signed, JOHN KNOX, Moderator. May 29, 1788." The preamble runs thus, "Humbly sheweth, that we the Ministers and Elders, met in the Supreme Court of this National Church, intended to have addressed your honourable House concerning the *African* Slave Trade; but we had no sooner entered on this business, than a motion was made and seconded, That we should confine ourselves to the dismal situation of the people of Scotland, groaning, for three-fourths of a century, in the most abject slavery, under the tyrannical law of Ecclesiastical Patronage." It proposed a day of solemn fasting "for the sins of our predecessors, in wreathing the yoke of patronage on the neck of the nation." It affirms that the abolition of this spiritual slavery would make 1788 as illustrious as 1688. It concludes by "entreating" the House to grant a total repeal of the Patronage Laws in Scotland, "seeing nothing short of this can save our country from ruin, in either a civil or religious point of light."

In the spirit of this petition, Mr. Campbell wrote to Mr. Newton on the subject; but received as little comfort from him, as the Tory Non-Intrusionists, of our times, did from Sir Robert Peel, when they sounded him. The statesman saw at a glance, how their demands would affect his own Church; and the Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth gave the go-by to the question thus, "I have no skill on the subject of Scotch patronages. I suppose they are what is called *legal*, or they could not take place. But some things deemed right in law there will be, which are not quite consistent with equity. I believe there are as *few* in our nation as in any. I wish to be more thankful for the liberty we enjoy. The *crooked* things I would leave to Him, who only can make them straight. If I was to add another article to our Litany, it might run thus, 'From poison and politics, good Lord, deliver me.'" On this point, Mr. Newton was not *a-head* of his times. He could see that his old trade in slavery was "unlawful and abominable;" but not, that ecclesiastical slavery was unscriptural and contemptible. Mr. Campbell was wiser in this respect, and stood by the RELIEF firmly, although moderately, until he relieved himself from all responsibility to Church Courts.

Mr. Newton's counsels to him, at this time, on the subject of party politics, were more valuable and useful. Mr. Campbell was no Revolutionist, nor at all an admirer of French liberty; but he had warm sympathies with rational freedom, and with suffering humanity. He was thus not afraid to question either the prudence or equity of some State prosecutions for Jacobinism. He was not convinced that all the victims were guilty, and he said so. This fact, in a Tory form, came to the

ears of Mr. Newton, and startled him. Others also were startled. I have in my possession a confidential note, written by one of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to Mr. Campbell, charging him to disown certain Jacobins; otherwise he would "disown him;" and another from Dr. Erskine, which, although it threatens nothing, warns him solemnly. These hints at home, led him to suspect that a garbled or exaggerated report would reach Mr. Newton's ears. And there did. "I certainly heard," he says, "the rumour I mentioned; but, I believe, it need not make you uneasy. It did not spread very widely; and as I have your authority to contradict it, I hope it will soon die away. I am glad you agree with me, that it will for both ministers and private Christians have as little to do with politics as possible. Your idea of a *pit* in the path, pleases me. It is a pit that will swallow up the life and spirit, if not the form, of religion, in the case of many professors. You told me you had (at one time) been once or twice with Lord George Gordon, and it was rumoured, since you left us, that you have some connection with him in the printing way. If this be a false report, I shall be glad of your authority to contradict it. My heart went *pit a pat* when I read of your famous Convention. I am thankful they are dispersed. I think a political spirit as hurtful to the life of God in the soul, as poison is to the bodily frame."

These extracts prove that Mr. Campbell was both suspected and watched, and imply that he was neither a silent spectator, nor an uninfluential citizen, during these stirring times. And the fact is, that the light which opened his eyes to the glory of religious liberty, soon opened them to the beauty of civil liberty, and led

him into the company of some of the friends of both, who were not so wise as they were warm. Politics, however, were not his element. Even when he did mingle in them, it was as a moderator, and never as an agitator. The high estimation in which he stood with the magistrates and clergy of Edinburgh proves this. Besides, he was, at the time, one of the leaders of whatever was humane or philanthropic in the city. Still, he was too much in political circles, for his soul's health, at this period. He supped out oftener and later than was compatible with devotional spirit or habits. "The tear and wear" of visiting even select parties so much, were not counteracted by his more frequent visits to the sick, and the dying, and the prisoners: for although his general character and public standing sustained no real injury, his soul neither prospered nor was "in health." He had fits and starts of both devotional feeling and spiritual enjoyment; but he did not "walk with God," although he worked much for Him, and wrote more about Him.

It is a curious fact, however, that his own letters, from 1787 to 1794, would almost *disprove* this representation of the low state of his spiritual health, and show a degree of thoughtful and prayerful piety, not very common. His old friend Mr. Ritchie, yet alive, could produce a regular series of letters, belonging to these years, which edified him, and would edify any one. Their duplicates are all before me. But so also are his journals and *jottings*, besides his extraordinary confessions, under the signature of "HEMAN," to Mr. Newton, when his "captivity was led captive." Now although his review of this long period of spiritual declension be, perhaps, too rigid, and his self-condemnation too un-

qualified,—for he had both set out in the divine life upon a mystic principle of faith, and set up an imaginary standard of enjoyment,—yet there is only too much truth in "HEMAN'S" account of himself. Mr. Campbell never retracted nor qualified the humiliating confessions of that letter, nor regretted that Mr. Newton published it in the Evangelical Magazine for 1796. How much they *surprised* Mr. Newton, will appear from his answer. "It seems that your correspondence with me was maintained through the *whole* of your low and uncomfortable state, and yet I do not recollect any remarkable hints of your despondency. On the contrary, you still supplied me with anecdotes. However, I praise God for your deliverance. The *sting* of death is now taken away, and I hope the stroke of death is yet at a distance from you, and that you will live to be an ornament, and an instrument for good, to the cause you profess." Thus his letters to Mr. Newton, up to 1795, if they exist, would disprove his declension even more than those to Mr. Ritchie. Not, however, that there was any hypocrisy or pretence in either series. They were, in fact, his efforts to keep himself from apostasy and despair, and to make himself what he ought and wished to be; and thus they were often best when he was at the very worst; no uncommon thing, by the way, in the case of those who divide their leisure time between religious or political bustle, and are alternately absorbed with committees and dinners whenever they escape from business. Character may be kept in the whirl of that vortex; but communion with God is swamped, wherever piety is not well *settled* in both the understanding and heart. Mr. Campbell's hope and spirituality were often at such a low ebb, for

years, that they must have evanished entirely, had not "the sweet influences" of Newton, Erskine, Scott, Charles, and Booth, operated alternately as checks and charms upon his heart. Most timely, too, for him, his weekly correspondence with the Countess of Leven began at the very crisis of his spiritual peril. Nor was this all the "hedge" which God threw around him. He threw, indeed, "a wall of fire around" him, even when he ceased to be "the glory in the midst" of him. No man had more or better friends than Mr. Campbell; still, it was his *public* spirit which, under God, was the chief means of saving him from sinking into apostasy or formality. He could never take his eye or his heart off from the state of evangelical religion at home or abroad. The revivals under Charles of Bala, Stuart of Moulin, and Dr. Robbins of America, which he inquired into, and made known in Scotland widely, although they did not exactly *revive* him, kept his "soul from death, and his feet from falling." He acquainted himself, also, with the state of the Moravian missions throughout the world, and of every chaplaincy in the East and West Indies, where the clergyman was evangelical. I find, by his letters, that he knew all about Dr. Thomas, of Bengal, years before the Baptist Missionary Society was formed. He heard of him first by letters sent from Malda to one of the Scotch bishops, who had an "enthusiastic friend, that was always *pestering* him about the success of the Gospel in Bengal, and with questions about religion at home." "The bishop," says Mr. Campbell, "knew little of the religion which the Bible contains. I answered his friend's questions as well as I could. I then heard nothing more of the affair until 1792, when in London. I had called on Mr.

Abraham Booth, and found a gentleman in the ministerial garb with him. He talked of Malda. I said, 'Did you ever hear of a Dr. Thomas, a surgeon, who began to preach in India ?' He let me go on about him, and then said, 'I am the man.' Your ladyship (Leven) may judge how agreeably I was struck with the coincidence! Just after I came home from London I received a letter from Malda, stating that his ministry there had been accompanied with the blessing of God, although not to the natives, to the religious society, which has now more life than formerly."

This old version of the fact is not so complete as the current one. It was written for the Countess of Leven in 1794, and is merely part of a letter; but many will recollect that Mr. Campbell, whenever he told the anecdote in public or private, dwelt upon the *timeliness* of his call at Mr. Booth's. Mr. Booth was at a loss what to think of Dr. Thomas's claims, and hesitating as to his own duty, because he did not exactly know what weight to attach to the testimonials of a stranger; but Mr. Campbell he knew well, and therefore reckoned it providential that he came in "just at the nick of time," to authenticate the testimonials, and whilst the Baptist Mission was forming at Kettering. Hence Mr. Campbell was wont to say, "Thus I had a finger in that pie too."

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that it was not so easy to become familiar with "the stars" of the churches, and the state of the heathen, fifty years ago, as it is now. Any Christian now, in Mr. Campbell's rank of life, may be even more identified with influential ministers and missionaries than he was at the close of the last century; but then there was not, perhaps,

another tradesman in Scotland who occupied a similar position with himself. No man in the University, nor in the pulpit of Edinburgh, was so early or so intimately acquainted with English churchmen or Dissenters, who originated the great Societies which are now the glory of Britain. What Mr. Newton wrote to him in 1793,—"I constitute you my *agent* at Edinburgh, and solicit to be your agent in London,"—was a compliment paid to him by not a few of the fathers and founders of the "liberal things" devised under the evening sun of the eighteenth century; and well did he deserve their confidence. His co-operation with them, also, was of incalculable service to himself. Their spirit and designs suited the benevolence of his nature, and sealed his adherence to all his ordinary plans of doing "good unto all men, and especially to the household of faith;" and their high and holy character made them a *second* conscience to him; which, although it did not detach him enough from worldly and political company, kept him from compromising either character or principle, to any extent, before men.

It is premature to introduce the following paper, which he wrote after reviewing his first visit to Mr. Newton in London; but the startling fact it contains, having been part of his *providential* education for understanding, and for sympathizing with, the savages of the African desert, I cannot omit it. Like many other casual things, it *prepared* him to be an African missionary. The paper is, also, one of the last he wrote for me. It runs thus:—

"I remember sailing to London in a Leith trader many years ago, long before the existence of steam-packets, when it would be often more than a week after their published day of sailing before they actually set

off: they waited for more goods to carry to London. Their dining-cabin was surrounded by tiers of beds, capable of accommodating a dozen of persons. A lamp hung in the middle of the cabin, which gave light to all.

"I remember one night, about two in the morning, of an alarming occurrence taking place, by a young gentleman, in his sleep, rushing from his bed to the middle of the cabin, and, pointing to the floor, called out, with a loud voice, 'There's the blood! there's the blood! yes, there's the blood!' on which some of us rose, and found he was asleep, and awoke him, and got him back to his bed. In the morning we requested a sprightly young gentleman, whom we observed had got intimate with him after their meeting on board, to see if he could find out the cause of his thus dreaming. In the evening he told us that the gentleman who had so disturbed us in the night-time was an officer in the army, and on his way to join his regiment in Sicily; that some time ago he had shot a brother-officer in a duel, and that ever since he had been disturbed in his rest in the night-time, and appeared downcast even when perfectly awake. He said it was his custom every night to *fasten* his leg to the bed-post, or to any thing to which he could tie it, to prevent his getting out of bed; 'But I found,' said he, 'nothing of the kind in these ship-beds.' What a striking resemblance was the state of this young murderer's mind to that of the first murderer, Cain, who immediately became a coward, afraid to move from his accustomed home, lest every stranger he met should endeavour to slay him! It is very remarkable that the same miserable state of mind attends the murderer even among uncivilized nations, where God is unknown, and where they are not aware of their possessing a soul, and are ignorant of a judgment to come. I remember, when travelling from Lattakoo to Kurreechane, high up in the interior of South Africa, my party was joined by about forty or fifty persons, from different tribes; some of them with the view of visiting friends higher up the country, and to be under the protection of my guns during their journey; others from having heard that we shot rhinoceroses, elephants, &c., for the sake of their skins, teeth, &c., but that we did not eat their carcasses; so they travelled with us merely to eat those animals when they happened to be shot. When any of those nations, on their plundering expeditions, happen to kill, or rather murder a man, the honourable deed is recorded by a deep slash being cut on the fleshy part of their body. By these marks we knew that the major part of those new comers who had joined us were murderers. I observed some who had three, four, and five of those scars. Now, these people were generally afraid to go to sleep in the night-time; but in little parties, around fires, tried to keep up the most boisterous

talk as long as they could, until break of day. One night, the wind being quite still, their noise was such that I found it impossible to sleep. I rose and begged them to be quiet, and go to sleep. 'Oh!' said they, 'there is a king to the right of us, a bad man, who has his spies; and were we to sleep, he would come and murder us all.' About ten nights after that, they were continuing as bad as ever; I begged them now to be still, especially as they had got beyond the country of him of whom they were afraid: 'Oh! but,' said they, 'we are getting opposite to a worse king, to the left of us; Makkabba, king of the Wanketzens.' How different was the case with *my* Hottentots, about twenty of whom travelled with me! Not any of them were murderers; every night did they sleep as sound as wolves, though they never were so far from their own country before. I was told those very men who were so constantly afraid of being murdered while *travelling*, are not troubled with those fears while they remain at home. It seems to have been thus with Cain, for we hear nothing of his fears till he was on the very eve of leaving home to travel to some distance from it. All this misery experienced by murderers comes from God, and shows the value which he attaches to human life. I rejoice that our *legal* murders in this country are become so rare; it is an indubitable proof of the march of intellect."

Thus his voyage to London, as well as his visit to Mr. Newton, was a step in the course of his training for the great work for which God had intended him; and it is impossible not to admire and adore the Providence which brought him under the influence of the "old African," as Mr. Newton often called himself. Mr. Campbell never forgot the saying, "The happiest days of communion with God I ever enjoyed were in my last voyages to Africa;" nor the avowal, "If I take up my *degrees* as a doctor, it ought to be from Africa."—*Letters*.

His second visit to him was in 1799, and is thus told in a letter to his aunt: "I breakfasted this morning with my dear friend Mr. Newton. I cannot well say how glad he was to see me. He took me by the hand, in the midst of our *crack* in his study, and expressed

his happiness to see me once more in this poor world. He loves me, and I am sure I love him; so our love is one." The remainder of this letter is occupied with an account of the African children he had gone to meet in London, in order to bring them to Edinburgh. He was disappointed in the latter hope, and had to return without them. Mr. Newton knew this, and sent him the following letter:—

"My Dear Friend,—

"Time was when you received frequent and long letters from me; but times are altering. I shall always love you; but my letters will probably decrease in number and in size. For I grow old. But yours to me I hope will be frequent and full. [So far I wrote a fortnight ago, and have not had leisure to proceed till this, 21st October.]

"Yours of the 27th of July found us at Southampton. It brought the good news of your safe return home; and I was thankful for the *courage* and *prudence* the Lord gave you on shipboard. They are both Christian graces when connected; but if separated, courage degenerates into rashness, and prudence into cowardice.

"The order of the Assembly to exclude even regular ministers of our church, such as Mr. Simeon, from preaching in any of yours, was unworthy of their post, and will be a stain upon their character. I hope the insinuations in their Admonition, are equally unjust *now;* but I wish there had at no time been ground given. And if it be true that a zeal for the *Circus service*, has induced many valuable persons to forsake such men as Mr. Black, Dr. Davidson, Mr. Buchanan, and others of a like character, so that good ministers have been hurt and grieved by those whom they loved, I feel sorry for that likewise. But I must, and do, rejoice in the success of the respectable itinerants in places sadly destitute of the Gospel. I expect there will be some mixture of human infirmity in the best designs of the best men. And Satan will be busy, when he feels his kingdom shaken. But the Lord will accept the intentions of his faithful servants, and overrule all things eventually for good. He will plead their causes and put their enemies to shame and to silence, if they can but simply and patiently commit it to Him. But if they take it too much into their own hands, they usually make bad worse. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal. We should disclaim not only fire and sword, but angry disputation and invective, for these likewise are carnal weapons. The apostle says, '*Being defamed we entreat.*'

"Through mercy there is some stir among the soldiers and among the seamen in the navy. May the Lord confirm them, and increase their numbers!

"Now for yours of the 28th September. I am glad to hear you have so much to produce of Col. Blackader. May you live to see it in print, whether I do or not. You are not in your 75th year.

"I have distributed all the money as you directed. If you can part with the Grimshaws to the booksellers, at the trade price, you are desired to do it.

"The news from the Orkneys and Shetland is pleasant indeed. I pray the Lord to bless the labourers more and more.

"If you remit more money from Grimshaw, please to deduct 25s. for the sermons. I *gave* them to you. They cost me nothing.

"I pray the Lord to warm your heart and to guide your pen, while you are writing for the *young* people.

"Last week I was at Clapham, and saw the twenty-one African *Black-birds*. The girls were at Battersea, out of my reach. When I went into the school, I said, '*Lemmi*,' which is, being interpreted, How do you? Two or three answered, *Bah*, that is, I thank you; by which I knew that they had some knowledge of the language of *Sherbro'*, the scene of *my* bondage. I am told the boys come forward apace, behave well, and seem very happy; and especially when they see Mr. Macaulay, who is now married, and come to settle at Kennington, between Clapham and London.

"Continue to write long letters and often. I love to hear from you, and will thank you when I can. Miss Catlett joins me in love; pray for us.

"May the Lord grant that you may always answer the description of the tree mentioned in Jer. xvii. 7, 8.

"I am your very affectionate,

"22nd October, 1799. "JOHN NEWTON.

"If you think proper, I wish you to show Mr. Black this letter, and perhaps he will let you see mine to him."

This chapter cannot be better concluded than by a few sentences of the *last* letters which Mr. Newton wrote to Mr. Campbell; especially as they are the last of all he wrote. "I have tried to send you one long letter more. Whether it will be the last, the Lord only

knows. If He is with us—we are not necessary to each other. He will care for us. Let us meet at the throne daily and hereafter. O, what a prospect! Words cannot express—yea, thoughts fail: we cannot conceive what it will be to be for ever with the Lord! My eyes fail me, so that I cannot write much. My health is good, and my spirits. My eyes are so dim, that I cannot see to read my own writing, nor could I read yours without help. I preach as frequently, and with as little inconvenience to myself as formerly, though now five months into my seventy-fifth year. You know I am always glad to hear from you, though I am now a spoiled correspondent. I hope to be with you in spirit when you go to Kingsland, and when you are there, if I should still be living. The Lord bless you, and all who love His name in Glasgow, and everywhere else. Amen. I am your very affectionate John Newton." 1802.

It is a melancholy fact—is it not *ominous* too?—that at this time, 1841, there is no NEWTON in the church, around whose paternal chair ministers of different denominations meet for mutual edification. "The fathers, where are they; and the prophets, do they live for ever?" There are, indeed, Newtons, Venns, Scotts, and Romaines in the church still; but how changed in spirit? True; their posterity will not have to lament or explain their connexion with Dissenters and Methodists; but neither will history have to tell of their *catholicity*, except in a sense which will be no enviable distinction when the Millennium dawns.

CHAPTER V.

HIS FIRST BELIEF OF THE GOSPEL.

It is not meant by the title of this chapter, to convey the idea that Mr. Campbell had, up to this time, believed none, or but little, of the glorious gospel. Far from it! He had not, however, believed it as "glad tidings of great joy" to himself. It was *religion* rather than the Gospel he believed. The consequence was, he had neither joy nor peace in believing. How could he? Religion is *duty*: Gospel *indemnity*; and whoever has not found in the Gospel, freedom from the condemnation of the law, will not find it in either the number or the kind of his religious duties: for however they may promote the disposition to believe "glad tidings,"—and they do so much, and in many ways,—their own *general* reasons are not exactly gladdening. They prove that there *is* Gospel, and they are based upon it; but they are not distinct *overtures* of mercy to the guilty, nor direct "*gifts* to the rebellious" and unworthy. Hence, the belief of the Gospel itself, was such a new thing in Mr. Campbell's religion, that he thought the discovery of "the Truth" almost a revelation to himself from heaven, at first. In this he is not singular. Vivid spiritual discernment of the glory and grace of the Gospel, if it occur unexpectedly, and just when the penitent

"**Must drink or die,**"

is really felt to be almost a voice from heaven, and is altogether as useful. Besides, the truth really seems new, and the power of it is so. It ought, therefore, to create neither prejudice nor surprise, when such a penitent speaks as if "he had seen a vision;" unless, indeed, he claim credit for seeing something which is not *in* the Gospel; which Mr. Campbell did not. He spoke strongly, as will be seen, as to the suddenness and power with which the Holy Spirit shone upon the Scriptures, at the moment of extremity; but he never conveys the idea that he saw any thing but revealed facts, which he had formerly overlooked, or misunderstood, or not ventured to believe. He communicated to the Countess of Leven first, his remarkable deliverance from "the Fear which hath *torment*." He had been for some time in such torment, that David's words, "the pains of Hell gat hold on me," were not too strong in his lips. This he did not tell her ladyship, as she herself was at that time in trouble. Hence, he wrote thus,—"This is the first letter I have felt disposed to write since comfort came. And I mean to write but few on that subject. But this may prove useful to your Ladyship's mind in your present distress. For that end it is sent. And I know of ONE, and only one, who can make it so. Since I last wrote, the Lord hath appeared very wonderfully on my behalf. And what makes it the more marvellous, He came unsought, and told me that, notwithstanding all my horrid iniquity, I was redeemed by the blood of Christ! After me, none need despair of pardoning mercy. I had long had the honour of being thought a *lively* Christian: but, ah, I felt little of the power! Such a sight as God gave me of his grace, on Tuesday, January 27th, 1795, I can scarcely describe.

I am now left to a simple dependence on 'the *testimony* of God.'"

This was all he said at first on the subject. Even to Mr. Newton he did not explain the matter at once, but merely spoke, in glowing terms, of a remarkable "visit from God," and of extraordinary "views of Divine things." His venerable friend, although not exactly displeased with strong language and "strong consolation," reminded him that "pickpockets are busiest about the Bank when the dividends are paying," and that "thorns in the flesh are *gifts,* if they preserve us from being exalted above measure," by abundant revelation. He added to this hint, "Such extraordinary views have not been a part of my experience; though, I hope, I likewise rest upon the simple truth; but it is as it *lies in the Book.*"

This did not offend Mr. Campbell at all, but it convinced him that Mr. Newton did not fully appreciate the deliverance, and led him to lay it all before him. This he did in the following letter; and Mr. Newton was so astonished and delighted, that he published the letter in the Evangelical Magazine, without note, comment, or qualification. It was signed "Heman;" but many discovered the writer. Amongst others, John Leslie, of Huntly, said, "I could not mistake your style or spirit."

[A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.]

"MY DEAR AND REV. SIR,—I am deep in your debt for a train of favours, for which I have often thanked you; and still a grateful remembrance is retained. I cannot give a greater proof of my confidence, than by committing to your trust a brief detail of my late extraordinary case and cure. This I promised to do in a former letter, saying that my main intention was by it to capacitate you still more for speaking *à propos* to

the case of distressed, disturbed minds, as they came in your way. My motive is not altered.

"I am not very anxious whether my friends may judge me a believer or not, previous to my furnace-state; but I have no freedom myself in calling it in question. If not a believer, I was greatly mistaken indeed; surely I ate bread of which the world are ignorant—at least I think so. I was awakened by the testimony of Jesus: after a term of terror, I was comforted by the doctrine of a Saviour. Perhaps I attained to the stature of A in Omicron; I am certain I thought so.

"My knowledge of downright *believing* was exceeding scanty; my hopes were too easily raised or sunk, in proportion to the fineness or agreeableness of my inward feelings on the one hand, and their dulness or disagreeableness on the other. I was not fully instructed in the unchangeableness of the Divine veracity and love. I mean no reflection against my teachers, but only against my own perception of the truths revealed and taught. I read the Bible; but my mind was not sufficiently opened *simply* to receive what it taught me, without intermixing fancied trash of my own. I knew some of my cotemporary brethren were in the same predicament, if language has an affixed meaning. They spoke like me, so I suppose they *felt* like me. But waving this, the length I afterwards went in secret departure from the God of Abraham was great! As a singular monument of the super-abounding riches of saving, sovereign, redeeming mercy, I say what follows:—

"My falling away was gradual, like the declension from noon to night. I think the decay of comfort in secret prayer was the first bad symptom which made its appearance. This ruffled me for a while, but it soon became familiar as a companion, and caused little uneasiness. I had pleasure in attending the administration of the word for a long time after this took place; and when *this*, in a great degree, abated, my profession dwindled into formality. All along I had a regard for the truly godly, and associated with none else; these were the men of my councils. For a considerable time I had little heart for attending private societies of Christians, and was pleased when apparently good excuse presented for non-attendance; though, upon the whole, I was one of the most regular attendants on the meetings of which I was a member. I am relating facts, so must not accuse myself except where guilty. At this time I knew I was doing wrong, and lazily wished I had a heart to do better, but had no resolution to prosecute my desire.

"In my worst situation I had a keen desire to be useful to others; and I cannot say it was wholly from selfish motives. I had often an opportunity of visiting the sick and the dying, but seldom possessed a

proper spirit or frame for talking to them in a way consonant to their case. Though the poor creatures might seem on the frontiers of eternity, no sympathising emotion would arise,—dumbness would seize me—I could not speak—I could not pray. I lost much of my reverence for the Sabbath—found the commandment to sanctify it had no internal restraint upon my mind. I began to use freedoms with it,—to talk about news, or some occurrence which my judgment told me was unsuitable conversation for such an occasion. This did me great injury, defacing all that the word had effected, and throwing me open to a thousand temptations through the week.

"I always had a value for real religion, judging those alone happy who possessed it, and would have given a world to be like-minded with them; but the influences of the Spirit are not to be bought with money.

"For a long time I only considered myself a Christian under backsliding; indeed I had partial recoveries. But I had a secret sin which easily beset me; and, in process of time, I became its humble servant. I often opposed it, but oftener complied with it: I pleaded in favour of it at the bar of my mind, endeavouring to silence every witness which appeared against it. Something would say, Will you commit this sin, and risk heaven? Another thought would start up, and say, Do it, pray do it; you know you can repent of it at a future period: it is as easy to repent of many as of one sin; do comply. So I complied. On this Satan would suggest, Now you have eaten the forbidden fruit like Adam—you are a lost man; you have gone too far for repentance to have any weight. This affair would create a bustle for a while, but it was soon over. However, the remembrance of it in retirement was never effaced, but often filled me with uneasiness and anxious concern, although it was long in reaching the conscience.

"I often omitted prayer, when from home, without much uneasiness; and was always conscious I was unprepared for dying, and became afraid at the thoughts of death; but some glimmering hope continued for years. I thought I saw hypocrisy written upon all my actions, but had some hope I was not a hypocrite, and often desired *self* not to interfere with my actions; but he always had a large share in them. I often groaned after performing a generous action. My natural temper led me to be serviceable to everybody, and I was universally esteemed and spoken well of, but was seldom commended without a gloom overspreading my mind. I sometimes pitied *man*, who could be easily imposed on, who could only judge from the external appearance. Though my relish for spiritual converse was often so flat as to incapacitate me for promoting it, yet I

mostly desired that it should be the chief topic of discourse among the Lord's people, and had most satisfaction when it was. I was often tempted to lay a little stress upon my having a name to live, but was conscious that I was dead; and this stung me to the heart. Reflection upon my conduct through no day was pleasant. When I turned my eye to the offers of the Gospel, my mind was always dark and full of embarrassment. I confessed them all truths, but none of them pointed at me; consequently the most explicit gospel offer yielded me only a perhaps.

"I think it was about the beginning of 1794 my conscience began to harass me. This, for a considerable space, happened only about bed-time, or when I awoke during the night; but ordinarily this passed unnoticed in the day-time, and then I was cheerful, secretly hoping things would turn out, by and by, better than my fears. Oh, deceitful and desperately wicked heart!

"At this period I was continually harassed by invitations to suppers. At these I generally remained too long, the company being always agreeable. May the Lord ever deliver me from supping in strange houses! they had almost ruined my soul. Family duty neglected at home, a bad example set to others, secret duty *hurried* over, and the mind totally dissipated!

"About the beginning of November, 1794, upon a certain occasion, I officially attended a company for three or four nights, to a late hour. Several serious young people made part of the company: this stared me in the face as a most destructive example to them; and this conduct was the first thing, so far as I recollect, that mightily roused my conscience: then all my guilt rushed into my mind like a mighty torrent, so that I thought I should have perished in my affliction! By night I could not sleep for the horrible anguish which gnawed upon my guilty soul; the horrors of hell took hold of me, and I knew not what to do; my day of grace was gone; my damnation just and sure. I was filled with a fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation to consume me as God's adversary. I looked into the Bible, but always stinging texts looked me in the face. I often tried to find comfort from that precious word, Isa. i. 18, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, &c.,' but I could not reason myself into the reception of it. That word, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with you,' pierced me to the quick; and that other, 'What a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!' The flames of hell seemed beginning to take hold on me! I shrunk! I moaned! I cried! For all this, my heart was as hard as the nether millstone. A sight of the horrors into which sin hath plunged us may terrify, but can never melt the sinner's heart. Indeed, indeed, I was brought very low; as

much so as Satan could well bring a guilty soul on this side death. Glad would I have been to be metamorphosed, not like Nebuchadnezzar almost, but altogether into a beast, that I might avoid the awful, but righteous, indignation of Jehovah. Day and night was I tortured; nor had I freedom to reveal my case to any man. Often was I on the eve of doing it; but the Lord had determined that flesh and blood were not to be the means of my relief. During many sermons that I heard, I sat as a condemned criminal, believing that others were fed while I was hungry—no food for me. Some people desire to have what is called a law-work; but had they an hour of what I have faintly described above, they would wish they had never been born.

"The arrows of the Almighty stuck faster and deeper, as days and hours moved on. The comfortable testimonies of Jesus flew all past me, or rather were all rejected by me. Judas, Julian, and such rejecters of the Gospel, were viewed as the men who were to be my eternal associates; often wishing I had never known the Gospel—envying the situation of the most abandoned debauchee, who remained unawakened, untormented before the time; and though I am now relieved, I feel horror in the committing it to paper. But I have this reason, among others, for doing it; that it may prove a mean to humble and stir me up in a day of pride or unwatchfulness, and that I may never forget gratitude to my great Deliverer, who snatched me from the gaping mouth of such a horrible pit. My dear Saviour, let me never forget this hour and power of darkness! and never think of mine without wondering at thine! Mine was but a drop—thine an ocean! Mine I deserved—thine was for me!

"It is a most mournful proof of the dead hardness of the impenitent heart of man, when he can smile while deliverance from wrath remains an uncertainty. It is no less wonderful to think that the redeemed of the Lord are not always filled with rapturous triumph while on earth. O the patience, the kindness, the love, and the forbearance of the Almighty! What plagues hath sin introduced into the world! What glorious grace hath God manifested! I have to praise the Lord this day that life and reason were both preserved.

"I just now recollect that, in the midst of my anguish of soul, I thought I should be under the necessity of applying to spirituous liquors for relief from my tormented mind; but this I was preserved from putting into execution, excepting one time about midnight, being so tormented that I feared my bowels would rend with the burning and boiling of the fired conscience. I rose and took one glass of spirits; but ah! this was but a poor relief. It had no effect, but rather sharpened my anguish. I then lighted a candle, and pored, with extreme horror, upon

Psalm lxxxviii. from verse 14. I perceived my case worded there; but my hour not being yet come, it afforded no alleviation. This to me was indeed the hour and power of darkness. All the invention of Popish tormentors could not have caused such agony as I then felt. I thought I should be looked for in heaven by many of my friends, and not found: this thought, also, stung me to the quick. I believed God would make me the butt of his vengeance. When I felt the smallest impediment in a single breath, I trembled, as if a harbinger of death had appeared. The fidelity of God in the execution of his threatening was a tremendous truth. This moment my flesh shrinks, on identifying to my mind my then amazing horror.

"I had as strong impressions of the felicity of heaven in the midst of this distress as ever I had: this deepened and enlarged my wound. I beheld the glories of heaven as Dives may be supposed to have viewed the happiness of Lazarus from the centre of hell.

"The state of infants, and such as had not lived long enough to reject the Gospel, appeared happiness; there was a possibility of their being recovered and pardoned, but all this was over with me.

"I thought that I believed the Bible a true revelation from God, but I soberly believed it the highest presumption for me to receive any comfort from the truths recorded in it; because, having tasted of the powers of the world to come, and afterwards fed upon sin in a way as if preferring it to the chief good, I called this atrocious, and so it was: but, ah! that I should have admitted the thought that it overtopped the merit of the Mediator's righteousness; but I was led captive by, and bound under the sin of unbelief.

"I believed Christ was once friendly to me in months *past*, but his friendship I had disregarded and neglected,—that now he would make me an example of his vengeance, and vindicate his injured goodness, by making me, in the judgment-day, a spectacle of horror, shame, and dismay. To express the inward gnawing anguish which uniformly succeeded those dismal apprehensions, is beyond the power of a human pen: I rejoice I now relate it as a past event.

"Fierce as my chastisement was, it was short and slight compared with what I justly merited. Three months was about the length of its *sharpest* continuance; and even during that period I had often intervals of quiet through the day; but, in general, I trembled when darkness overspread the heavens: the return of the evening, sweet to the husbandman, was like the shock of an earthquake to me. A person who never waded these deep waters can have no more conception of them than of the glory of the third heavens. No wonder that the multitude of the

heavenly hosts made the air resound with their songs at the incarnation of the great DELIVERER of sinners from all this wrath. They felt for man; but the natural man pities not himself. Saints are mourning for him, when he is laughing at them. May I ever recoil at offending such a God—such a Saviour! May I ever possess a deep sense of the magnitude of Divine mercy!

"Let us now turn the leaf, and contemplate the dawning of a glorious day—the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing under his wings!

"Upon the evening of the twenty-sixth day of January, 1795, the Lord appeared as my *Deliverer*. He commanded, and darkness was turned into light. The cloud which covered the mercy-seat fled away! Jesus appeared as he is! My eyes were not turned inward but outward! The Gospel was the glass in which I beheld him. When our Lord first visited Saul upon the highway, he knew in a moment that it was the Lord. So did I: such a change of views, feelings, and desires, suddenly took place in my mind, as none but the hand of an infinite Operator could produce. Formerly I had a secret fear that it was presumption in me to receive the great truths of the Gospel; now there appeared no impediment—I beheld Jesus as the speaker in his word, and speaking to me. When he said, 'Come,' I found no difficulty in replying, 'Yes, Lord! thy pardoned rebel comes.' If not the grace of God, what else could effect such a marvellous change? I chiefly viewed the atonement of Jesus as of *infinite* value, as a price paid for my redemption, and cheerfully accepted by the Father. I saw love in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all harmonizing in pardoning and justifying me. The sight humbled and melted my soul. Looking to what I felt was no *help* to my comfort; it came directly from God, through his word.

"The following evening, about nine o'clock, while sitting before the fire, writing to a reverend friend, I had such a charming, surprising view of sovereign, pardoning, redeeming, unmerited mercy, that I was hardly able to bear it. 'The great doctrines of redemption, as stated in the Bible, opened to my view in a way I never experienced before. I beheld a crucified Jesus nigh me in the word; I threw away the pen, and turned about to see this great sight! I looked stedfastly to the Lamb suffering for me! So much was I overpowered with the magnitude of this discovery of eternal, boundless love and grace in Christ, that I felt a difficulty in breathing.

"This view of my redeeming God in Christ completely swept away all the terrible horrors which had so long brooded over my mind, leaving not a wreck behind, but filling me with a joy and peace more than

human—truly divine. I sat pensive, at one time beholding the pit from whence I was redeemed, at another the hope to which I was raised. My soul rushed out in wonder, love, and praise, emitted in language like this: 'Wonderful mercy! why me? what is this? Thanks be to God who *giveth* me the victory through Jesus Christ, my Lord!' Shuddering at sin, as pardoned; wondering that ever I could have been guilty of such transgressions, I continued sitting, wrapped up in silent wonder. For long after, when I thought of my hopes, I leaped for joy—I really had a glad heart. This visitation, also, created an extent of mildness and complacency in my temper that I never felt before. I felt a burning love rising in my heart to *all* the brethren in Christ; with a strong sympathy for all such as were not born of the Spirit. I earnestly breathed after their incorporation into the family of Christ.

"A light shone upon the Scriptures quite new to me. Passages, which formerly appeared hard to be understood, seemed plain as the A, B, C. Earthly crowns, sceptres, and thrones, appeared quite paltry in my eyes, and not worth desiring. I felt a complete contentment with my lot in life. I trembled to think of any abatement of my faith, love, and sensibility: it required resolution to be resigned to remain long in the world. Indeed I could scarce admit the idea of long life. I feared the trials and vicissitudes connected with it; but was completely silenced with that noble saying of our reigning Redeemer, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I saw I was fully warranted to mind the things of to-day, leaving the concerns of to morrow to his wise disposal. I felt it easy to introduce spiritual conversation wherever I was, and to recommend Christ wherever I went. I saw that every thing acceptable to God, or comfortable to ourselves, was the product of Divine power. I saw the folly and criminality of being too much in company, though composed of the best people in the world. I feel nothing more conducive to internal peace and prosperity than a regular, meek, even walk.

"I cannot close this detail without adding, that in the time of my affliction, the doctrine of election appeared irritating and confounding; now it appears marvellously glorious and truly humbling. I pity Arminians, and every person who is offended, however secretly, with this doctrine. It is a *convincing proof* to me that there is a great *defect* in their faith and love, and a want of submission to *plain* Scripture. In my worst time I saw it to be a *truth*, only I wished it had not been true; and often it seemed a check to every exertion; but to deny that it is contained in the Bible appears to me next door to downright Deism.

"I now stand upon a shore of comparative rest. Believing, I rejoice. When in search of comfort, I resort to the testimony of God; this is

that field which contains the pearl of great price. Frames and feelings are, like other created comforts, passing away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. What unutterable source of consolation is it, that the foundation of our faith and hope is ever, immutably the same! the sacrifice of Jesus as acceptable and pleasing to the Father as ever it was! To this sacrifice I desire ever to direct my eye, especially at the first approach of any gloom or mental change.

"After my deliverance my ideas of many things were much altered, especially about faith. I perceive that this principle in the mind arises from no exertion in the man, but the constraint of evidence from without. The Spirit takes the things of Christ, and discovers their reality and glory in such a manner to the mind of man, that it is not in his power to refuse his belief. It is no mighty matter, nor is it any way meritorious, to believe the sun is shining when our eyes are dazzled with the beams.

"The internal evidence of the truth of revelation had ten thousand times more effect upon my mind than all its external evidence. There is a divineness, a glory, and excellence in the Scriptures, perceived by enlightened minds, which they cannot so describe as to make it intelligible to an unregenerate person.

"Formerly the major part of my thoughts centred either upon the darkness I felt, or the light I enjoyed; now they are mainly directed to Jesus, what he hath done, suffered, and promised. And I do find, when the eye is thus single, my whole frame is full of light.

"Formerly I felt a constant propensity to talk of my doubts, fears, darkness, &c.; now I feel a similar inclination to hint my enjoyments, faith, love, triumph, &c.

"Formerly I had a certain kind of pleasure in hearing people complaining, talking of their bondage, &c.; now it tries my patience—the foundation of faith and hope appears so immovably firm; at the same time, I hope I possess tender sympathy for all such, and my prayer is, that Jesus may loose their bonds, and set them free.

"I plainly perceive the truth of what you have more than once told me, that a name among men is a *poor thing!* It can give no relief in temptation, nor in a dying hour.

"I never till now saw occasion for that divine exhortation. 'In patience possess ye your souls.' Luke xxi. 19. But after taking a survey of eternal felicity, I see much need of patience to *wait* till my appointed moment arrive.

"Formerly when a friend or a minister, especially the latter, said a certain *feeling* was an evidence of grace, I snatched at it, and took com-

fort; now nothing of this kind affects me, unless I perceive that it is evidently founded upon Scripture.

"While remarkable visitations continue, I believe the subject of them will be remarkably humbled; but after they are passed, such is human depravity, that he is apt to be proud, and boast of these very things, which ought to operate in an opposite manner. Witness the case of Paul, who got a counterpoise to his rapturous discoveries, 2 Cor. xii. 1, &c. Of this you kindly cautioned me some months ago, when I did not so well understand it.

"My mind is wonderfully led out to gaze at the admirable skill of the divine Operator in his works of creation. I perceive a fund of wisdom displayed in the formation of a pile of grass, or a solitary weed on the road side.

"As for his works of providence, they appear a second revelation, only not written.

"Now, my dear Sir, to finish this long letter, I solemnly declare I had no more hand in my deliverance from my dismal situation than the child unborn. My attention was invisibly, instantaneously, and powerfully drawn to the truth;—I saw it to be *truth*—God's truth, and truth to me! I now hold communion with God as my Father, Jesus as my Saviour, the Holy Spirit as my continual helper and sanctifier, with confirmed angels and men as my brethren. I value the communion of saints below. All is the doing of the Lord, and shall eternally be wondrous in my eyes.

"I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"HEMAN."

"*Closet, July 1st*, 1795.

This letter is given entire. Mr. Campbell made no secret of the authorship amongst his friends, and suggested no qualifying clauses when he spoke of it to us; but let it make its own impression. The fact is, we felt that no one who knew him, either as a preacher or writer, could imagine that he was visionary or mystical. And there really is nothing of the kind in it, except the *suddenness* of the discovery; and even that can hardly be wondered at, either by those who believe that "grace

to help" is given "in time of need," or by those who have ever marked the sudden transitions from despair to hope, which the mind makes on other subjects. In a word, the *bright* side of the letter just shows a sinner believing the grace of the Gospel as fully and seriously, as the *dark* side shows him believing the terrors of the law.

Scott was more startled than Newton by this letter; but chiefly by the views of *Faith* which it contains. Mr. Campbell had sounded him on this point, by asking whether the apostles dealt in such definitions of faith, as the orthodox use? This question drew forth the following answer:—

"*London, Chapel-street, Sept.* 22, 1795.

"DEAR SIR,—I am not sure that the apostles were never asked concerning the nature of faith: but they certainly have bestowed some pains to explain it, by varying the language in which it is inculcated; and by distinguishing true and living faith from that which is false and dead, as to its origin, object, and efficacy. And certainly, there is not so prolific a source of self-deception and heresy, as false notions about faith; for who, professing Christianity, does not say he has faith, and think he has faith? And yet how few possess saving faith! Either therefore I misunderstand you, or you have not thoroughly weighed the subject, when you seem to think there is no danger or difficulty in the matter. Did time permit, I could show you *twenty* false heads of faith, which deceive the possessors into a false security. And there is but *one* kind of faith which brings warranted peace and comfort,—simply, to believe the sure testimony of God in his word; to credit his record concerning his Son, as true, suited to our case, and precious; to accept of his invitations, rely on his promises, apply for his salvation as lost sinners; to count all but loss for Christ, to accept of him in all his offices, to come to him in his appointed means, and to give up other hopes and objects for him. This seems the general idea of saving faith. Where it is genuine, it is the gift and operation of God, the fruit of regeneration, and maintained and increased in answer to prayer, and by attendance on the means of grace. It realizes an invisible world, endures as seeing an invisible God; it is the substance of things hoped for, the

evidence of things not seen. It is always connected with repentance; it is an active operating principle; it overcomes the world, purifies the heart, works by love, produces obedience, and is not alone without works. This is a short account of it: but if every confidence, that Christ is ours and the privileges ours, be confounded with it, we had better confound the distinction between *counters* and guineas, common scraps of paper and bank notes, or destructive poisons and wholesome medicines. That Satan, transformed into an angel of light, does thus deceive numbers, I have awful proof: yet your observation, contrary to your intention I would hope, seems to condemn those who cry, 'beware of counterfeits,' 'examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith,' and 'to the law and to the testimony,' 'know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead.' As this is, and I believe will be, one of the chief employments of my life, you cannot wonder if I am disposed to be jealous of every sentiment which seems to represent it as useless or pernicious. You say, most of our uncomfortableness springs from *cramp* notions of our privileges. Here again I am sorry to dissent. I apprehend, if we be believers, our disconsolation chiefly springs from the absence of our Comforter, which is the effect of grieving him by sin, or quenching his influences through sloth and self-indulgence. Unless a professor give diligence to make his calling and election *sure*, and then give the same diligence to the *full assurance of hope* to the end, how can he know that the privileges *belong* to him? A madman may rejoice that royal palaces and domains are all his own; and feel as much gladness as if it were true: but this cannot give him a title to them; and when he comes to his senses he will discover his delusion. The application of this will indeed mar the hypocrite's joy; but where the Spirit of God has set his seal in the way of self-examination and diligence, he will make it visible, and witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. But I have an idea of disconsolation of a different nature. I seldom doubt my adoption and heirship. I think I have tolerable views of my privileges, and the securities of the new covenant. I do not often feel an uncomfortable thought lest all should not end well—I am tolerably satisfied about outward trials being duly arranged, proportioned, and sanctified, (though I do not *like* sufferings;) yet I often feel very uncomfortable, because I feel the power of sin in my heart, making me cry out, 'O wretched man that I am.' And because I have so little holy enjoyment of God, and heavenly affections in exercise. Assured of being finally cured, I find the paroxysms of the gout or stone, the languor and loss of appetite attending a fever, very uncomfortable. And if it be any man's

privilege to be *comfortable* in such circumstances, I no more envy him than I do a man in a delirium. Excuse my freedom of dissent. Mrs. S. is better, but still lame; she joins in respects and love. My son will probably write himself.

"I remain, yours affectionately,

"THOMAS SCOTT."

Such was Mr. Scott's warning to his friend, and it was not altogether unnecessary; for although Mr. Campbell had no inclination to take less practical or less solemn views of faith, he was acquainted with some Sandemanians, who were not very ceremonious, except in divesting it of all feeling, and keeping out of it all holy or good desires. It is self-evident, however, that Mr. Scott goes to the other extreme in this letter: for although he pleads for nothing more than the Scriptures call for, as the "fruits" of faith, he certainly brings more into believing than any one could *begin* with, however well disposed. Accordingly, whilst this letter confirmed Mr. Campbell's love of holiness, it neither altered nor modified his views of the perfect *simplicity* of saving faith,—as the cordial belief of saving truth, for sanctifying purposes. He continued all through life to derive his hope from what God has promised, and to regulate his conduct by what God has commanded. He never forgot that it was "The Truth," which had made him "free," at this time. Accordingly he seems to have kept the anniversary of this memorable day wherever he was. The following is one of his *latest* reviews of the event, I can find. "The annual return of this day brings to my particular recollection the Lord's especial goodness to me a chief sinner. Some may be surprised that I still continue to *harp* upon this matter; but their surprise would cease, did they know the whole state of

my case. Had they walked with me upon a certain winter evening; had they heard me reasoning with myself whether I should push my head into a hedge, and there remain till I plunged into perdition, I being desirous of knowing the limits of my misery,—had they seen me trembling in a friend's house lest the *floor* should fall under me; had they followed me to my retirement and heard my sighs in the night, and then passed along with me to the compassionate Saviour, and seen the load of my guilt laid at the foot of the cross, and known the peace and happiness which this transaction produced in my mind; they certainly would perceive a propriety in my continuing to talk of it all my short life here, and throughout eternity."

This deliverance was the era of Mr. Campbell's real usefulness. He had done much good before, and that too from right motives; but not until now had he served God "as a *son* in the Gospel." He was, from this time forward, a *happy* as well as a holy and devoted man. The joy of the Lord was now the strength of his heart; and truth, not feeling, the basis of his hope and peace. Not, however, that he was now altogether free from clouds or changes. He had still to *fight* his way; but he was better armed than formerly. This will appear from the tone of his letters to the Countess of Leven, in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FIRST ATTEMPTS TO BE USEFUL.

Mr. Campbell was, constitutionally, both humane and benevolent. All through life, the *man* was to the poor and needy, what the *boy* was to the beggar woman from Africa. The great characteristic of his kind spirit at first, however, was his sympathy for the sick and dying. This led him into lanes and garrets all over Edinburgh, to administer both relief and consolation; and the ignorance and woe he thus witnessed, led him to suspect, that many of the healthy around him would be equally unhappy "in the day of calamity," for any thing which their knowledge of religion could do for them then. He thus began to devise means for reaching more persons than he could visit, and for bringing truth and eternity under the notice of those who would not converse with him. This work was begun long before he was the *happy* Christian we have now seen him.

On the death of his brother, Alexander, he discovered some papers, and especially anonymous letters, which proved that the young lawyer was as anxious to do good to others, as to improve his own piety. He was unable, through weakness, to visit, or speak to visitors. He therefore wrote freely to his friends; but anonymously, when he had to reprove sin, or to give warnings. Such letters concluded thus, "Be not concerned to know my

name. It is enough that you will know it hereafter. Tarry but a little, and the Lord, the Mighty God, shall call us to judgment. Then you will see me face to face, and I shall be ready to rejoice over you at the Great Tribunal, if you regard my admonition and live; or to be ———, which God prevent, by inclining your heart to receive this friendly admonition!" Mr. Campbell not only preserved these appeals which his dying brother had made to undecided friends, but also caught the spirit of them, and improved upon the plan by employing the press, when by the death of Alexander he had some money to spare. He thus became the first publisher and distributor of tracts in Edinburgh, in modern times. He began, however, by private distribution, and that chiefly amongst his friends and their families. The first public circulator of tracts he ever saw, was the late Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, when he visited Edinburgh with a friend. These "English Riders," as the Countess of Leven called them, scattered "The Friendly Advice" along the roads and in the streets. This struck Mr. Campbell powerfully, and delighted her Ladyship. She tried to find out, through him, whether the Riders needed any help in their good work, and empowered him to make her his debtor ten or twenty pounds on their account. Owing, however, to some accident, he had written nothing about Mr. Simeon in his weekly letters to the Countess. This surprised her Ladyship, and led her to ask playfully,

"O, dear, what can the *matter* be?

"Is it accident or design? Why, especially, as your friend Captain Haldane was his travelling companion?" It was merely by accident. "It did not proceed," he

says, "from not loving, hearing, or eating with, Mr. Simeon, that I was silent about him. Had I thought it my duty, I might have been his companion upon his tour. I was asked to be so by one of our ministers: but, could my purse afford such a trip, London would be my destination. Many an invitation lies by me to visit that my *favourite* city: but as the saying is, 'We must look before we leap.' I am satisfied to be *nailed* to the Grass Market, till Providence draw the nail. When Captain Haldane was talking of the tour, I told him I envied him: but in a minute I saw my blunder, and checked myself. Though a bachelor, I am pretty well taxed by relations and orphans." In another letter he says, "Mr. Simeon's short ministry in Edinburgh and Leith has been blessed to the awakening of several. Good accounts are popping in from the country, as to the effect of his preaching tour." Good and great Simeon! He did not continue so *catholic* to the end: but he remained "faithful unto death," and did more good to his own church than all the bench of her bishops put together.

It will be seen from the following narrative of the rise and progress of the Edinburgh Tract Society, that Mr. Campbell reckoned it the first which the world had seen. I entertained the same opinion, until I saw the immense collection of German tracts, which were published on the continent at the Reformation. A perfect set of them, perfectly arranged by Dr. Bandinell, is now in the Bodleian library at Oxford; and such is their number, that they must be ascribed to some joint efforts of the Reformers, which had all the efficiency of a society's operations. The time is not far off, let us hope, when Dr. Bandinell will complete his herculean

task, by giving publicity to parts of that glorious mass, the chaos of which he reduced to such order; and the character of which is so different from the Oxford tracts. No Christian will bind the latter "in bundles," except to "burn them;" or to preserve them like the Passive Obedience Tracts, as a monument of Oxford folly and effrontery.

Mr. Campbell's account of his first systematic operations runs thus:—

"I think it was while looking over a bundle of pamphlets at a book-stall that I observed one of a religious cast, entitled The Life and Experience of F. S. (or as I afterwards heard, Fanny Sydney) published by some bookseller in England. It was only eight pages, stitched in a blue cover, which I purchased for twopence. On reading it I was so pleased with the simplicity and piety of the narrative, that I got an edition printed, part of which was sold, and the rest circulated gratis. While on a visit to London, having fallen in with the fine old story of Poor Joseph in verse, I printed an edition of it on my return to Edinburgh, which I circulated among friends. The next I published was Mr. Newton's second anniversary of Mrs. Newton's death, a printed copy of which he sent me in a frank, which I reprinted, and presented copies to friends. During the three succeeding years he sent me, in manuscript, the third, fourth and fifth anniversaries of the same event, all poems, which I gave away also among friends, presenting also a portion of them to the author. Acting in this little way as a tract circulator for a few years from 1789, it occurred to some friends, that something more effectual might be done in this way by forming a little society for the express purpose of printing and circu-

lating religious tracts. When the matter was mentioned to me I highly approved of it, and was one of about a dozen who formed ourselves into a Religious Tract Society. This, as far as I know, was the first society of the kind that ever existed in the world." He forgot the London Book Society, which originated from a sermon of Doddridge's.

"In the apostolic times, the tracts were all *alive*; hence Paul writing to Christians at Corinth, calls them, 'the epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God.' He says also of the same Christians, 'Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men.' It was the holy lives of the converts that circulated the gospel truth, and proclaimed its power. Indeed, without a miracle a Tract Society could not have existed, except in name, in those days. If a Tract Society had existed in Jerusalem, with ample funds, they could not have obtained as many tract pages in seven years, as the London Tract Society at present obtain in seven hours.

"The Edinburgh Tract Society has never actually expired; but at different times it has been struggling for existence; in which case it has been more than once helped by its younger sister in London."

It will be observed here, that Mr. Campbell takes no notice of the "No Popery" Tracts, by Lord George Gordon's party, and by subsequent Alarmists, which he had circulated. The fact is, he was ashamed of his connexion with that clamour. I am not aware of any instance, in which he avowed his knowledge of the fanatic Lord in conversation. He expunged Mr. Newton's reference to it, when he published his "Letters and Remarks," in 1809. Mr. Newton had said to him,

"Nothing surprised me more than that (so many) *good* people of Scotland should think highly of the man who, to answer his own ends, put himself at the head of a religious party!" Mr. Campbell never forgot this reproof.

His first operations by religious tracts were carried on whilst his own hope and peace were in a very unsettled state; but when relieved, he acted with new vigour, and in other modes.

"Having been completely relieved from a long and painful depression of mind, by a view instantaneously given me of the glory of the cross of Christ, the perfection of his atonement, with the freeness and fulness of his salvation, I thought how I could best express my gratitude to God for his great goodness. It struck me that the best way was, to begin and continue to do all the good I could to others. What should I begin with? My *own* neighbourhood first presented itself; like as the apostles, who were commanded first to scatter the precious truth at Jerusalem, before they proceeded to distant nations. I thought of the scheme of Raikes for Sunday-schools, which had lately given rise to a society in London, for carrying out his plan of teaching the population to read. This was not much needed in Scotland, as a great proportion even of poor children were taught to read. A few schools, perhaps six, had been erected in Scotland, all in or near Edinburgh, chiefly taught by students of divinity, not to read, like those in England, but in which the principles of the Gospel only were taught. This plan commended itself most to my mind; I therefore resolved to begin one of this kind in my own neighbourhood, which lay on the south skirts of the town. I immediately hired, for a year, the old

Archer's Hall, which was attached to a small inn. I then engaged a good, plain Christian, who well understood his Bible, to be their teacher, at a small salary. Being a complete novelty, the school was crowded with children and their parents the first evening it was opened; and, for about the first twelve months, either an Established or Dissenting minister kindly visited it on the sabbath evenings, and gave an address to the children and parents, after the examination of the former was concluded. Their teacher explained, in a simple manner, every thing they repeated, and likewise by asking them questions upon these tasks. This was much wanted in the district, for a merry-andrew of a preacher occupied the pulpit of the parish chapel. He knew no more of the Gospel than of the hills in the moon. He was the gayest man I ever knew, but the most wretched in his own mind, when not in company.

"Through the influence of Dr. Charles Stuart, I obtained a grant of a hall belonging to the Edinburgh Dispensary, to use as a school-room on sabbath evenings. It was about half a mile nearer the city than the Archer's Hall. A numerous school was soon collected, and a sensible teacher was placed over them.

"By and by, while musing on those matters, I said to myself, 'As yet you have only been working by *deputation;* is there nothing you could do yourself?' This question led me to think of a populous colliery village about five miles south of Edinburgh, in a most destitute situation, having only one place of worship, a Cameronian meeting, where there was a sermon about twice a year. It being about a mile to the left of the great road, and not seen from it, its existence was known only

as a place from whence coals came to Edinburgh. It was about four miles from the nearest Gospel minister. I knew only two persons in the village, who were both worthy,—Norman Sadler and John Fouler. To these I wrote, offering to teach a sabbath evening school there, provided they could obtain the use of the Cameronian meeting-house, and collect a sufficient number of children. Soon their list of scholars, from eight years of age to twenty, amounted to about 200, who promised their attendance whenever the school should be opened. I then agreed with a horse-dealer for a horse every sabbath, immediately when the afternoon worship was over in the churches and chapels in Edinburgh. He being a horse-dealer, I often got different horses; and having been seldom on horseback before, this was one of my greatest plagues in the whole affair, for every horse had some fault: one in particular, if he met a carriage, would pretend to try to leap over a hedge or wall. When I complained to the master, 'Oh,' said he, 'never mind it; it has been taught that trick by some foolish *beau*, to alarm the ladies in the carriage.' Another night I told him, that a perfect horse seemed to be as scarce as a perfect man on the earth: he thought they were much the same.

"I remember one winter night, it was so excessively dark that, when I mounted the horse, about nine o'clock, I was obliged to *feel* if the horse had a head, for I could not see it. The friends begged I would stop all night; however, I set off. On leaving my friends, I immediately thought of a cartful of large stones at the end of the town, lying near the middle of the road, which I had noticed on entering. How shall I get past them without a tumble? But, on reaching them, I found a person

with a candle, looking for something that had been dropped there. Then the timid mind looked forward to the next danger, where there was a sharp turn in the road, and almost nothing to prevent a horse falling over a height of eight or ten feet. When I came to it, there was a woman and girl with a lantern, who told me they had been at school, and were going to Pentland, a village about two miles distant. The next danger was an old bridge, in a small village, which I had to cross. When I advanced near it, a woman opened a door, and held out a lighted candle till I had safely crossed. Possibly she was watching the return of her husband, and hearing the sound of my horse's feet, for there was no wind, did this to show him the way to his own house. The last danger I thought of was a little bridge, over a small brook, called the Pouburn, where was hardly any parapet to prevent falling over: I thought it would be very curious if I should have a light there also. When at a little distance from it, I saw a man-servant carrying a lantern; and when upon the bridge, he heard the sound of my horse's foot striking against a stone, which caused him to stand still till I had safely crossed.

" The use of the Cameronian meeting-house being obtained, a sabbath evening was fixed for the opening of the school. Mr. J. A. Haldane rode out with me to witness its commencement. The place was crowded with young people and their parents. I began by making a distinct profession of the doctrines which I believed, and designed to teach unto their children. This, I thought, they had a right to expect from me; and I am sure I acted honestly, not concealing any thing from them. I then addressed the young people; many of whom I was glad to see were above fourteen years of

age. I then pointed out the tasks they were to commit to memory against next Lord's-day evening, from the Scriptures, Shorter Catechism, and metre Psalms of David. Mr. Haldane had not the courage to address a few words to the assembly, though I have many a time afterwards heard him address three thousand people with perfect ease; but these were the days of small things: orators, except in pulpits, were very rare. At that time I had never heard a layman speak at a public meeting in my life; indeed, such meetings as are now as common as the rising sun did not exist in those times. The late Mr. Aikman, of Edinburgh, rode out with me the second night, when we were delighted to see the house as full as it had been at the opening. After I had finished the catechising the young people, I asked Mr. Aikman to address them, (who was at that time studying under the Professor of Divinity in the College of Edinburgh,) who, though one of the most diffident of men, was prevailed upon to do it for about ten minutes. It was his maiden speech, and a charming speech it was. That he was able to speak in public for *ten* minutes put him in as high spirits during our ride home, as we may suppose Peter was on the evening after his pentecostal sermon, which added three thousand souls to the kingdom of God. Oh, how many precious addresses and sermons proceeded from the silken or silver lips of that man of God during the following forty years!

"I soon obtained an excellent colleague to take turn about with me in teaching the Loanhead school, Mr. John Cleghorn, then a Burgher-seceder student of divinity, who thus took the half of the labour for the whole of the first year. He afterwards laboured, for many years, over a large Independent congregation in Wick,

near Johnny Groat's House; and then removed to Edinburgh, where he laboured years as colleague with Mr. Aikman, till God laid him aside from preaching by paralysis; but not from usefulness, for to this day he is going about doing good in a more private way. Loanhead school I continued to teach for two years every sabbath evening, after Mr. C. left me; and was encouraged by hearing, now and then, of some good being done, but nothing remarkable. I remember a person calling on me at Kingsland, who was a member of a Christian church at the southern end of England, who told me he was one of the scholars at Loanhead. I was, at the end of my third year, obliged to resign my charge at Loanhead, being called away to other fields of labour; and I forget, at this moment, by whom the work was carried on.

"Example has a powerful influence on others. Loanhead school being a novelty at that time, and in that part of the country, it attracted a good deal of attention, and many began to desire that something similar might be planted in their own vicinities. The first that commenced a similar school was a village about two miles off,—I think its name was Bonnyrigs (or beautiful ridges of corn.) Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, insurance-broker, of Edinburgh, a most respectable Christian, volunteered to become the teacher. I visited it soon after its erection, and gave an address to the children, after Mr. Pitcairn had finished his catechising. I was delighted to find, on a late visit to Edinburgh, that his son was minister of the parish in which that village is situated; and, to the honour of Mr. Pitcairn's memory, let me state, that a short time after, when he was provost, or chief magistrate, of the town of Burntisland,

which lies directly on the opposite side of the river Forth from Edinburgh, he taught, in the town-house, a Sabbath-school, on the same plan as that at Bonnyrigs. I remember, most pleasantly, supplying his place there when he was obliged to leave home; and, on the Monday, visiting a large vitriol manufactory of his, in the vicinity of Burntisland. Let it also be told, to the credit of his Christianity, that having, through losses in business, once failed, and compounded with his creditors, (God having afterwards prospered him,) he invited all his principal creditors to dine with him. After dinner he sent round a plateful of parcels, with the names of each on them, containing all the money he owed them, expressing his gratitude to them for their conduct towards him, and to God for enabling him to pay what he considered his just debts.

"Another school was instituted in Dalkeith, about four miles distant from Loanhead, which I attended at the opening, in the Relief Meeting, when about four or five hundred young people were present; also one in the parish church of Pennecuik, about four miles in the opposite direction; and one in a village near it, which was taught in the Dissenting chapel."

In all these operations he had both counsel and encouragement from the venerable Countess of Leven, and, indeed, assistance from all the Balgownie family, as well as from others of the Scotch nobility. His reports of the schools in his almost weekly letters to her ladyship, not only drew from her *bursts* of gratitude to God, and of holy anticipation of good to man, but also brought clearly before himself the efficiency of the system, and of his own adaptation to the work. She, however, cheered him on farther than his own modesty

would have led him, by her *Whitfieldian* spirit, which neither the care of a large family, nor her " many infirmities" from age and sickness could either divert or cool. She was his " Deborah, under the palm-tree," of Melville Castle. This must ever be borne in mind, although his modesty suppresses the fact of his extraordinary correspondence with Lady Leven. I never heard him even refer to it.

" Thus, while these valuable school institutions were planted and increasing in and around Edinburgh," he says, "nothing of the kind existed any where else throughout Scotland, so far as we knew. The thought of this fact led Mr. J. A. Haldane and myself to undertake a journey for a week, to promote the school-cause, by way of experiment, and to see how much good might be effected in a week. We set off on a Monday morning, taking some thousand Tracts with us, in a one-horse chaise, distributing tracts to rich and poor as we proceeded. We obtained a meeting in Glasgow from a few friends of the cause of God, who were recommended to us as active and zealous. We laid before them the general neglect of giving religious instruction to the youth of our country, except in pious families; described the plan pursued in Edinburgh for educating the youth in the principles of the gospel, by the formation of schools on the sabbath evening, and the countenance that was given to the plan, and the ease with which children were collected, with the trifling expense that attended its execution. After some conversation, those present were formed into a society for establishing and conducting sabbath evening schools in Glasgow and the surrounding towns and villages. We acted in the same way and with the same success in Paisley and

Greenock. We also called on ministers of different denominations in the towns through which we passed, and conversed with them on the subject of sabbath schools; all of whom, I think, approved the plan. I remember all the persons to whom we offered tracts on the road, whether they were in carriages or on horseback, or on foot, received them, except in two cases; the one a gentleman on horseback, who would not condescend to stretch forth his hand to receive the proffered tract, but rode sullenly on; the other was that of three gentlemen on horseback, to whom we held out tracts on both sides the gig; two took no notice; the third partly held out his hand to receive them, but immediately drew it back, as if they had been infectious. We left them lying upon the road, which was then dry, that if they repented they might still have them. We afterwards looked back, when we saw them halting in a group at the top of a rise, and receiving them from a boy whom they had sent back to bring them to them. I found afterwards that they were three Burgher ministers, who were returning from the synod; for the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, eldest son of Brown of Haddington, called upon me about three months after to apologize for their rejecting our tracts. He said they heard who we were at the next town they came to, [viz., Selkirk,] and were sorry that they so treated us; but they thought they were papers on politics, for these were the sad days of Tom Paine and the French Revolution, when the nation was on the very verge of rebellion. We arrived at home on Saturday evening. In three months afterwards we heard that the result of this one week's exertion was the formation of *sixty* sabbath evening schools!

"The Christian zeal that had been excited in Scotland by the late-formed Missionary Society in London greatly helped to the success of our week's experimental journey.

"ORIGIN OF LAY PREACHING AT GILMERTON, NEAR EDINBURGH.

"I had an acquaintance in the large collier village of Gilmerton, a Mr. Falconer, and one who lived near it, Mr. Salmon, who were both Dissenters; one of them, the latter, is still alive. They were frequently telling of the ignorance and irreligion of the inhabitants; and no wonder, for they had nothing like the gospel in the parish church for at least forty years. These reports made me often feel compassion for them, and I remember calling on Dissenting ministers of different denominations, urging them to supply poor Gilmerton with a sermon now and then; which they were to mention to their Presbyteries; but it came to nothing. Soon after this a worthy friend of mine, a Mr. Buchan, one Monday morning introduced to me a Mr. Joseph Rate, as a preacher from Dr. Bogue's Academy at Gosport. On asking him what stay he intended to make in Edinburgh, he said, for some weeks. I immediately related the circumstances of Gilmerton, and asked if he would preach to them while he remained on sabbath evenings. He said he would, if I could get him a place to preach in, and people to preach to. I said, 'I had no doubt but I should procure both, for they had a kind of thatched town-house capable of containing at least 200 persons; but Mr. Salmon comes to the corn-market on Wednesday, and always calls upon me; I shall then be

able to tell you positively about both the place and congregation.' On mentioning the matter to Mr. S. he said, 'If you will assure me of a preacher on sabbath evening, I will insure you of a place and congregation;' which I cheerfully engaged to do. I mentioned the matter to Mr. J. Haldane and Mr. Aikman, who were delighted with the circumstance; and as I was obliged to attend to my own bishoprick at Loanhead that evening, they engaged to walk out with Mr. Rate to Gilmerton, where they were glad to find a full houseful of people waiting for them. After sermon, he intimated that he would preach there regularly on the sabbath evening for some time, or till further notice. The next evening the congregation was increased by persons coming from a greater distance. During the succeeding week Mr. Rate was called to leave Edinburgh, as he expected, only for a few days, of which the next sabbath was one; but who was to supply Gilmerton for that sabbath evening? There was no one, and yet a congregation would assemble. In our dilemma, Mr. Haldane recommended to Mr. Aikman to do it; but he would not consent. However he was afterwards gained upon to consent to preach, by Mr. Haldane telling him that, if he would preach the next sabbath, and Mr. Rate did not return during the week, he would engage to supply it the succeeding sabbath. This offer coming from a sailor, touched the right chord in Mr. Aikman's warm heart, and constrained him to comply with the solicitation to preach; and he did preach, greatly to the satisfaction of the judicious Christians who were present; and no Mr. Rate making his appearance during the following week, Mr. Haldane was obliged to take his place on the sabbath evening, much

to the satisfaction of the congregation. Mr. Rate continuing for a good many weeks in the south, these two volunteers continued to supply his place. From its being an object of terror to preach, it became a pleasant employment, which they showed by preaching alternately on a week-day evening, as well as on the sabbath. At length Mr. Rate returned, but the two brethren were so initiated, that the three took their regular turns in preaching.

"By and by this sphere of usefulness became too confined for them; they began to think of making a preaching tour over the whole of Scotland, north of Edinburgh. In the view of it, they commenced printing large editions of tracts for distribution on the journey. They also purchased a strong horse, and a roomy chaise, capable of containing the three preachers and portions of their tracts. Those which they could not take, were sent on before them to different towns by carriers, &c. Meetings to pray for their success were not neglected; for without the divine blessing, all connected with the journey were fully convinced that no real permanent good would be effected. The novelty of it excited very general attention; for nothing of the kind had occurred in that country in the memory of man; for the short visits of George Whitefield, more than a quarter of a century before, only extended to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and a few other towns in their vicinity. They preached in the open air in every town and large village to the extreme north end of Scotland; and crossing over to the Orkney islands, they proclaimed the glorious gospel over them all. As a full account of this journey was afterwards published, it is unnecessary for me to enter more minutely into it. On

their return they found their bishoprick at Gilmerton not much fallen off, as meetings had been kept up by a few friends during the whole of their absence. I remember I gave the first address after their leaving it, from 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2; and the crowd was so considerable on the outside, that I was asked, after I had got on a little way, to move near a window, and address them from thence; but I durst not venture to move from the desk where I stood. A public speaker, especially if he has some warmth of zeal, is not sensible of the time he has spoken, especially when he is a young speaker; being conscious of this, I had for some time a friend behind me, who was to *pull my coat* when I had reached the ordinary length of a discourse. I know not but some of our public meetings would be benefited by having an officer of this kind to regulate the length of our speeches." Long speeches were rare things from Mr. Campbell, all through life, except whilst he was fresh from Africa; and then, he would have been pulled *up* again, if he had not spoken long. But, as at Gilmerton, he could not bear any disturbance whilst speaking. Nothing annoyed him on the platforms in London, so much as whispering whilst he was addressing a meeting. It disconcerted him so much, that he seldom failed to reprove it. This was not, however, from self-importance. He *saw* what he said, and whispering was thus like throwing dust into his eyes. Besides, he had no *set* speeches.

It will not be wondered at, that the multifarious and exciting engagements we have just reviewed, affected the health of Mr. Campbell. And yet, this was only the *surface* of his work in Edinburgh at the time. For, besides the care of his business, and of the sick, and

of orphans, (of whom he had always not a few to watch over and provide for,) he carried on a correspondence, enough of itself to waste the health of any man, who had only the night at his command for writing. The number of his letters is incredible; and then they are all upon exciting subjects, and many of them to persons whose rank or talents called for deliberation. Newton, Fuller, Scott, Charles of Bala, Booth, Macaulay, and Wilberforce, were not men to whom hasty scrawls could be addressed, nor with whom ordinary topics could be discussed. They had neither time nor taste for mere letters. Their attentions to Mr. Campbell were won, by his attention to all the public movements of truth and philanthropy in Scotland, as these bore upon their movements in the world at large. He had thus to watch the public mind in Edinburgh; and to consult with all who led it, and to mingle in all the deliberations and efforts by which new objects were brought before it. He was actually the *drudge* of the new Societies, both as their servant and reporter. And then, he transcribed, for private circulation, copies of whatever English or foreign letters he received, which were likely to multiply or confirm the friends of evangelization; besides answering many a long letter, from the tried and tempted, on Christian experience.

Nature could not stand all this long. The venerable Countess of Leven was the first to warn him of his danger, and to remonstrate with him against overdoing. But he was young, and ardent, and had been hardy, and his heart was still full of the joy of salvation; and therefore the counsel, "Spare thyself," was lost upon him for a time. At length, however, he could not hide from himself, the fact that he was sinking. In

a letter to the Countess he says, "After attending our Missionary Anniversary, I went to Gilmerton, instead of Captain Haldane, on sabbath evening. The place was not only filled, but also surrounded. I lost *two* ounces of my bodily substance,—the night was so hot, and the place so crowded. I have been feeble ever since. People are holding up their hands, and saying I fall off. And with great grief I must tell your Ladyship, that I fear my labours will finish (at least for a time) in a few weeks, as I *do* find my constitution giving way a little.

"Your Ladyship *alone* is informed of this. The physician has been telling me so for some time; but I have smiled him *out* of it, as I wish to continue as long as possible at my work. I know also that Jesus will support this frail tabernacle, as long as He has any use for it in this poor world."

He then goes on to report the proceedings of the Meeting in Edinburgh, until he repents of this confession. Hence he says in a postscript, "I *rue* what I have written about myself; but it must stand now. I beg your Ladyship will pay no attention to it."

Mr. James Haldane also took the alarm for his friend. In a letter from Banff he says, "I imagine all your friends see clearly that you must spare yourself. I do not mean to say what you ought to do, or what not; but you ought to be guided by the state of your health, and not spend your strength too much. By following this rule, you will do more in the long run for the Lord's service. Here then is a proper opening for the exercise of self-denial. Mr. Newton says, that the Devil would be glad to have you out of Edinburgh. I believe he would be glad to have you out of the world,

although it were to remove you to a better. Not but I want you to work, although I find fault with you. Get a Curate."

Some of his friends were not so considerate. This pained Lady Leven. "I should like to know," she says, "who your hard taskmasters are. I think I can tell who they are *not*. Not Dr. Erskine, nor Dr. Davidson, nor Mr. Newton. These, in the spirit of their tender-hearted Master, would vote for abridgement. When such variety of exertions hurt your *spirits* too, and thus weaken cheerful piety, it is proper to slacken the reins, and not ride like Jehu. Tell Dr. Erskine what I have said, and if I am wrong, let me know his sentiments; for some will call this carnal reasoning." Her Ladyship took a maternal interest in his health at this time; and he needed a counsellor of her weight and wisdom; for every body wanted to "*doctor*" him. "I am not pleased," she says, "that you did not do as I desired with Dr. Bell. It was not right! Never mind the prescriptions you get from everybody. A good regimen, and a little simple physic if necessary, are best. No beef or mutton, if your stomach be weak; and a little good wine, if it agrees. As to rum and sugar, I would have them well authenticated first. A little warm punch or negus is I believe good, after exhaustion. Mr. Whitefield took it mixed with the yolk of an egg. I have made it for him when he was quite exhausted. I have all my life preached caution against drugs. I neither take nor give any which I do not know well, and always begin with *half* what is prescribed. You should not stay at home when unwell, but go to a friend's house where you can be quiet.' This was Whitefield's method; otherwise, he would never have

had a moment to himself. I told you often, that you were driving too hard." He took her Ladyship's advice, and seems to have mended soon. "I am glad," she says, "that you got some relaxation, and are better. It is a duty to mind your health. Write me when you can. I thank you, and bless you, for your kindness to me." It was, I think, at this time, that his friend Dr. Charles Stuart prescribed for him a box of powerful pills, which on no account were to be neglected or delayed. Forty years afterwards, however, that box was in Mr. Campbell's desk, entire and untasted. He had felt, on coming down stairs from the Doctor, something "*give way*" at the pit of his stomach, which relieved him; and on going home, he laid up the pills as a memorial of physic, the *fear* of which had cured him. This was a favourite joke with him, in his old age.

After his recovery, he was soon as busy as ever, and especially with searching out cases of distress, and administering relief and counsel. These were not difficult to find in Edinburgh; and, as might be expected, he was often imposed on. Some of these cases he submitted to the Countess, when he felt at a loss what to do. Occasionally he sent her also the begging letters, which came to him. Once she read him this lecture:—"I suspect you have a little of *David Simple* in you, when you receive such applications; you little know what a wheel *within* a wheel idleness is. Perhaps, you think it a *sin* not to take people as they speak. But it is a great pity to pay the debts of the idle out of the *poor's* box. All sorts of wiles will be practised upon such a heart as yours."

The Itinerating system was now popular in Scotland, amongst the people. Even "carriage-folks" went to

hear Messrs. Haldane and Aikman. Altogether, the aspect of Itineracy startled some of the friends of evangelization. "Our good clergy," says Mr. Campbell, in a letter to the Countess, "have different opinions about it. The majority are in favour of it. Dr. Erskine thinks that the preachers should not take a text, but just give an exhortation. The gentlemen say, that they could not keep up variety in this way. Dr. Stuart thinks they ought to have a formal commission from some church. As for myself, I did not give an opinion at first. But now their plan vindicates itself to me: for they are not preaching to the church, but to the world." In answer to this report of division in the camp, her Ladyship says, "It gives me great pleasure to reflect on what you wrote, as to my being the *first* mover in the Itinerating scheme. I trust it will come to something good yet: but *prudence* is a word not in its creed. The zeal of the preachers is 'persecuting the church,' if not levelling at the constitution also. What hope of good, can calm by-standers entertain? None of all the plans I have seen or heard of, are likely to sit easy on good people's stomachs. Much do I honour and love the gentlemen, as true friends of our Master; but they do not copy his meekness."

It is not necessary to vindicate the Haldanes, or their coadjutors, from the charge of disloyalty; and as to their persecuting the church, except by exposing idle and unfaithful Ministers, the Countess was equally misinformed. Neither prudence nor meekness was, indeed, a prominent feature in all that was said against false teachers and false doctrine; but, in general, all that was said was only

"Ower true."

Lady Leven was not in the position to know the merits of the case. She was equally old and infirm, and thus unable to see those who could explain matters. Besides, she was of "the *old* school." She had often heard Whitefield denounce hirelings, and even encouraged him to rebuke them: but then, he was in "Holy Orders," and the Itinerants were only Laymen. This, she thought, limited their authority. She even doubted the propriety of their appeals to the people, on the right of private judgment. For, with all her zeal, candour and piety, she was, like all her "Order," somewhat *aristocratical* in religion as well as in politics. Hence, on this occasion, she urged Mr. Campbell to "be quiet," whilst the Itinerants were calling on the people to judge for themselves. "Get into your closet, and shut the door," she says; "I fancy you seldom can; but there is no doing without it. Every body is not fit for judging their Ministers." He replied at once, "I particularly notice your Ladyship's remarks on Mr. Haldane's address. Will thank your Ladyship to read Isa. lvi. 9, 10: 'Blind watchmen,'—'Dumb dogs,'—'Greedy dogs.' If there be such men amongst us, is it wrong to sound an alarm, and warn them? I hope to be ever able to pity them, and to pray for them; but to speak softly of them, I have no idea. The simplest cottager, who reads the Bible, has as good a right, and is perhaps as able to judge of sound doctrine as the Lord Chancellor. The great sin of the times, amongst sober folks, is taking official opinion. Such a man says it, and I believe it! This is Presbyterian popery." Such was Mr. Campbell's honesty. It was not greater, however, than her Ladyship's candour. "I have no title," she replied "to be a corrector of the Press. None need more indul-

gence than myself. Tell that person,—were we to meet, that he will find me a poor old woman who, though not for *equality*, puts no value on any distinction but what is *inward*, and gives the preference to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. My heart warms to them all, although through life I have kept up the station assigned to me. I always give you my opinion with the greatest diffidence, and *only* with a reference to better judges than myself." She could also rejoice at times in the Itineracy. "It may kick up a dust," she says, "but any thing is better than dust gathering through drowsiness and indolence." The fact is, when she was over cautious or timid on this subject, it was because she doubted the *steadiness* of some of the leaders; and on this point she was prophetic. Their plans were not too great, nor their spirit too ardent for her; but their principles seemed to her unsettled, or unripe.

Something of this suspicion haunted her from the first, and led her to caution Mr. Campbell, although not in direct terms, against committing himself too far upon the movements of the day. And she was not alone in this. Mr. Newton was equally afraid of any influence which tended to move Mr. Campbell either from Edinburgh, or from the sphere of usefulness he so well filled; for although he too loved the Haldanes, he did not calculate sanguinely upon their prudence; whereas, Mr. Campbell had boundless confidence in it then. But this is a subject for ecclesiastical history, not for biography, especially as some of the parties are yet alive. Besides, I neither can, nor wish to, divest myself of the warm partialities for the Haldanes, which I imbibed in boyhood, from the venerable George Cowie, of Huntly,

and from the holy circle of which he was the centre. I am not ignorant of the *vagaries* which were played at the Edinburgh Tabernacle, nor blind to the fact that they upset an evangelical enterprise which, had it been wisely conducted, might have rivalled the Reformation by Knox, as well as surpassed all that was achieved by the Covenanters and the Seceders; but, somehow, I cannot *feel* exactly as I think, because I cannot forget how my father and pastor gloried in the devotedness of these men to the cause of truth and godliness. They have thus "a *lithe* side" in my heart, which unfits me for either recording or canvassing their measures and spirit. This, no doubt, will be freely done very soon; and it ought to be done without ceremony, now that Scotland is upon the verge of a new Reformation, were it only to furnish a *beacon* to those Non-Intrusionists who may quit the Establishment, and commence a system of chapel-building over the land. Since, therefore, it is not unlikely that the historian of Mr. Campbell's Times may look into his Life, for some facts on this subject, I deem it my duty to say distinctly, that such was his love to the Haldanes, (and no man knew them better,) that all the "*many waters*" of their experiments and speculations "could not drown it," nor even cool it. I have often discussed the whole subject with him; and the very *last* paper he wrote, when his hand was palsied, and his heart as well as his flesh failing, was about these old friends; but all he ever said or wrote to me, always reminded me (as I told him) of the *spirit* of the Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh, on the subject. Thirty years ago I rode with that accomplished gentleman, and the Laird of Kemnay, across the heath where Shakspeare places Macbeth's witches. It was

an interesting spot to me then; but I hardly noticed it that day, because Mr. Anderson was pouring out his heart to Mr. Burnett, in a narrative of what he called "the auld lang synes of Haldanism;" full of candour, tenderness, and love. It was also in the style and spirit, in which I had heard my father and Mr. Cowie speak. And just so, Mr. Campbell always treated the subject. I mention these facts, because the opinion of such men ought, at least, to *soften* the final judgment which history will pass upon the Haldanes. Not, however, that Mr. Campbell was an *impartial* witness. Far from it. He preferred peace and silence upon all subjects which did not compromise his conscience, to striking a balance on painful questions. He shrunk from taking a side, except when it was emphatically and imperatively "the Lord's side." Nor was this all. His favourite societies were to him hallowed impersonations, which, like Law and Religion, awed him. The noble *abstraction* "lived and moved," as well as had a being, before his eyes. It might have been the apocalyptic angel of the everlasting gospel, flying in the midst of heaven, so deep and devout was his veneration for each of the great catholic Societies. Hence, he was afraid to have an opinion of his *own*, when their interests were at stake. He could not bear to think of either opposing, or differing with, any one, who, from wealth or talent, had influence in them; and he was too modest to take any *lead* himself. This seemed weakness to some, and policy to others; but it arose chiefly from the cause now assigned.

He was not insensible, however, to the tendency of his Circus friends in Edinburgh to extremes, nor blind to the defects of their system. He gave the best proof

of this, by preferring to *settle* in England. This was a delicate mode of manifesting his fears for the issue; but it was a decided one. He foresaw that he could not long act with the Haldanes; and he felt that he could not act against them; and happily he made his escape in time from a dividing and falling house. Not, however, that this was his *chief* reason for settling in London; but it was a reason which had more weight than he liked to acknowledge to himself at the time, and it became a matter of deep gratitude with him afterwards, although very few knew the fact. On no point, indeed, was he more delicate or reserved. Nothing could extort an opinion from him, at all unfavourable to the spirit of his old friends, except when some wise men, who had shared in all his "first love" to them, bewailed, more in sadness than in anger, the infatuation that flung away a golden sceptre of evangelical reform, which the prayerful in Scotland had hailed with rapture, and which both awed and improved the Kirk and the Secession, and would, had it not been exchanged for the rod of power and the baubles of caprice, drawn or driven both into the simplicity of the gospel of Christ and the spirit of their doctrinal standards. An appeal of this kind, if it did not compel him to join in the censure it implied, always made him a party to the lamentation, and drove him to the frequent use of his *snuff-box*,—the invariable symptom of his being uncomfortable, or embarrassed.

It will be seen from these hints, that the history of his connexion with the Haldanes ought to be read in the *spirit* in which he wrote it, in his old age. He forgot every thing then, but their real worth and their "first works." And it is worth while to read an account

of these, in utter forgetfulness of all things but the motives and spirit in which they originated; for the painful results prove nothing against the general and generous *principles* of the enterprise. As old Tom Fuller says, on another subject, they only prove that "every man who can touch the *lute* of Apollo, is not qualified to drive the chariot of the sun."

This chapter will, of course, disappoint, if not offend, some persons on both sides of the question. It is not, however, intended to do so. The writer has his own opinions of the parties most deeply implicated in these closing remarks; but he has sympathies as well as sentiments, and therefore feels that he has no right, even if he had the inclination, to make the Life of Mr. Campbell a new arena for an old controversy. Mr. Campbell himself would not have done so, had he lived to publish his recollections of his contemporaries; and therefore I have said no more than my conscience demanded, and my heart dictated.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FIRST PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRIZE.

BEFORE the era of Missions, nothing seems to have laid such hold upon Mr. Campbell's sympathies as the revivals in Wales, by the ministry and schools of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala. He had accidentally heard of them; and as he knew well the history of "the work at Cambuslang," and of the awakenings in America under Edwards, he applied to Mr. Newton for his opinion of them. It was favourable; he therefore reprinted an account of them at his own expense, from Timothy Priestley's Gospel Magazine, and circulated it widely. He then opened a correspondence with Mr. Charles, of which the following letters are a fair specimen; and a powerful as well as real link in the electric chain of causes which renewed in Edinburgh, and in many parts of Scotland, the days of Whitefield.

It will not be believed just now, perhaps, that "Welsh fire" had much to do with re-awakening the Scottish Kirk then, nor that the flame it kindled at Huntly (*Strathbogie*), at the close of the last century, led to the battle for bigotry by the Secession, which excommunicated Mr. Cowie, and thus brought a *champion* into the field of Missions, Revivals, and Sabbath-schools; but this is the fact, and Mr. Campbell was the instrument. Time will yet show that Charles, Cowie, and

Campbell, were not uninfluential elements in the chaos of these times.

"DEAR SIR,—Continual absence from home, about my divine Master's business, is the only reason of my not answering your kind letter sooner. This will form to you a sufficient apology. By this time, perhaps, you have seen, in Priestley's Magazine, another letter respecting the work here. That it is a work of God I am not left to doubt in the least degree: it carries along with it every scriptural satisfactory evidence that we can possibly desire; such as deep conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; great reformation of manners; great love for, and delight in, the word of God, in prayer, in spiritual conversation, and Divine ordinances. These, in *particular*, among *young* people, occupy the place and employ the time that was spent in vain diversions and amusements. No harps, but the *golden* harps which St. John speaks of, have been played upon in this neighbourhood, for several months past. The *craft* is not only in *danger*, but entirely destroyed and abolished. The *little stone* hath *broke* to *pieces* and *consumed* all those ensnaring hinderances. But I am far from expecting that all those who have experienced Divine influences are savingly wrought upon, and soundly converted. If that were the case, all the country would be converted; for, at one time, there were very few in it but what felt an awful impression, from the hand of God, upon their minds, producing foreboding fears respecting their future existence in another world. It was a most solemn time indeed! I never saw a livelier picture of the state of people's minds in the day of judgment, according to their respective conditions. That awful dispensation lasted but few weeks; but the ministration of the word is still lively and powerful; and fresh awakenings take place, though not so *numerous* as at first. Perhaps it will not be known till the judgment-day *how many* of these new converts are actually brought into a state of salvation, nor *who* they are; but, hitherto, we have every reason to be thankful for the good profession they continue to make. Among so many there must be a great variety, and we may have better hopes of some than others; but hitherto *none* have 'turned away from feeding beside the Shepherd's tent.'

"As to the further spread of the work, the prospect, in our country, in general, is very pleasing. In Carnarvonshire and Anglesea congregations are very numerous and very large. Thousands flock together at the sound of the gospel-trumpet, and hear with great earnestness and attention. Awakenings, also, are frequent; but as to any extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit, there is none at present, but in two places

besides this neighbourhood; and, in those places, it does not carry with it the strong marks of power irresistible and convincing demonstration which has attended it here. The report of what was going on here has awakened the attention of all the country, and filled the churches every where with a spirit of thanksgiving and prayer. I have hardly a doubt but it will spread: the beginning was so glorious that I cannot suppose but it precedes great things. The churches every where are, if I may so say, *in labour;* and I cannot but expect that a 'man-child is to be born.' They are prepared; they are praying; they are waiting and longing for his coming. He has, indeed, already done great things in this principality. Within these fifty years there have been five or six very great awakenings: a land of darkness and of the shadow of death hath seen great light; but oh, may we live to see still greater things! Your saying 'that a similar revival took place in your country about fifty years ago,' enkindled a spirit of prayer in me for the return of your *jubilee.* I am persuaded, that unless we are favoured with frequent revivals, and a strong, powerful work of the Spirit of God, we shall, in a great degree, degenerate, and have only a '*name to live;*' religion will soon lose its vigour; the ministry will hardly retain its lustre and glory; and iniquity will, of consequence, abound. I am far from supposing this to be the case in your country; I am only speaking of the thing itself. Scotland, I know, has, in ages past, been a most highly favoured country: I hope it still continues so; but I am perfectly ignorant of the present state of religion in it. May the good Lord hasten that blessed time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ!

"I beg my love to all Christian friends with you. I beg an interest in all your prayers. Blessed be God that I have an Advocate with the Father! He sees, commiserates, and can succour and relieve as necessity requires. From this joyful consideration alone proceeds my resolution and courage to go on. You may well suppose, that whilst God is amongst us Satan is not asleep: he is alive, and going about, with his usual diabolical disposition. In the church, or out of the church, he is always plotting some mischief. I would wish to be watchfully observing all his motions and machinations. The God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet *shortly.* I am your unworthy companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

"And your obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS CHARLES.

"*Bala, May 2nd,* 1792."

"Dear Sir,—Your favour dated Nov. 24 came duly to hand. I must beg your pardon for being so slow in writing to you, but your kindness has furnished me with the only apology which I can make, viz., my very many avocations; which are so numerous, and crowding upon me daily, that I have not the time to pay proper attention to friends which I could wish. I have no doubt but you will, as my other valuable friends do, indulge me with a free pardon without any more apology.

"As to the present state of religion in this country, through distinguishing and unspeakable mercy I have *nothing* to complain of; unless I complain of myself, for which there is abundant cause. In the course of last year the almighty power of the gospel has been most gloriously manifested in different parts of our country. I think the country in general never presented a more promising aspect. Last spring there was a very great and general awakening through a very large and populous district in Carnarvonshire; in the space of three months some hundreds were brought under concern about their souls. I was last month through that part of the country, and the prospect still continues delightful indeed. Oh, my dear Sir, it is a melodious sound,—yes, in the ears of Deity himself, to hear poor perishing sinners by scores crying out, 'What shall they do to be saved?' but this was the sound I heard, in almost every opportunity, as I lately passed through that part of the country. The subjects of this work are much the same as here at Bala, children and young people, from eight or ten to thirty; the effects also on the country at large are very similar to those I described as attending the work at Bala,—a general reformation of morals; the most diligent attendance on the means of grace, private and public; thirst after divine knowledge, such as is practical and spiritual, &c., &c. The sound of the gospel brings heaven to their thirsty souls, whilst the miserable captives of sin and Satan are set at liberty!

"Here at Bala, through mercy we still go on well, and have much cause for thankfulness; though not favoured with the wonderful scenes we were gratified with this time two years, most of those of whom we had any degree of satisfaction as to a work of deep *conviction* on their minds, and not only *terror* for the moment, have stood their ground amazingly well; we have lost very few of them; and many, respecting whom we had no satisfaction at first, have come on well; at first, perhaps, only a little terrified; yet, being in that fright, and brought to attend the preaching of the word, they have been gradually enlightened and wrought upon, and are now hopeful members of our church. There is a work going on still among us, though not so powerful as at the period above alluded to; we are continually increasing, and our congre-

gations continue as large, if not larger, than ever; and at times the word seems to have *wonderful* effect. I must add also, though with sorrow, that a great many who have felt most powerful supernatural workings upon their minds have entirely lost them, and are quite fallen off; they will yet come to hear, but *hearing* is *all*. Some even of them have had a *second visit* from the Lord, more effectual than the first, and we have received them again with joy. We have had many instances of young children, who had once experienced those powerful workings on their minds, after having for a season entirely lost them, have had them again renewed, and are now in the church, comforting our hearts with very promising hopes.

"I must not omit informing you that one great means of promoting the work of God among our young are *circulating* CHARITY-SCHOOLS, which have been supported among us for these nine years past; they are supported entirely by subscriptions and charitable donations of friends of the gospel. We have now about twenty schoolmasters, employed in five different counties, to each of whom we pay ten pounds per annum; they are entirely at our disposal, and we move them from place to place all over the country, and teach all that will attend them, rich or poor, gratis. Half a year we find sufficient to teach a child of moderate capacity to read the Bible well in the Welsh language. The only intention of these schools is to teach children to read their *own language*, and to instruct them in the first principles of religion, and to endeavour to impress their minds with a sense of the importance of divine truths. It is impossible to express the blessing which has attended these little seminaries, and still continues to attend them. I visit them myself, and catechise the children publicly. Sometimes the congregation has been so large on these catechetical occasions, that I have been obliged to perform the whole service in the open air. I have drawn up a little form comprehending the first principles of Christianity, according to which they are instructed. In some of the schools we have had general awakenings among all the children; they have been a great means of *soberizing* the minds of young people, drawing their attention to the Bible; it gives them a taste for reading, and the next step will be to attend preaching, which is seldom without some effect on their minds. We take care that the teachers are men of piety, and zeal for the conversion of sinners. We have but one only point in view in these institutions; that is, the *salvation* of their souls. We endeavour to bring this point into their view in all its infinite importance, as far surpassing all other matters whatsoever. This is what we aim to do; but, alas! how little would all avail, were it not for the powerful agency

of the blessed Spirit. Blessed be the Lord, we see him evidently and gloriously at work among us; never more so than at the present time, taking the country at large. Bless the Lord in our behalf, and pray for a continuance of his loving kindness.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate and unworthy servant,

"THOMAS CHARLES.

"*Bala, Jan.* 8, 1794.

"P.S. Pardon the incoherency of this letter, being written at different intervals. My love to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He is our common Friend. O what a Friend!! Blessed be God for him: he is our all. Who would not serve him, and live to him? He deserves more than we can do to eternity. Give my love to *all* that love him, and may their number increase."

These Letters, as well as the Narrative of the Welsh Revivals, Mr. Campbell sent over Scotland. From many answers, I can make room for only one, from Mr. John Leslie, of Huntly, written at the request of the Rev. George Cowie.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your very acceptable favour of the 24th ult., accompanied with some monumental ensigns, or trophies, erected to transmit to after ages the Redeemer's victories. I distributed the pamphlets agreeably to your directions, and hope they will prove comforting and instructive.

"There are some of my particular friends, who are so satisfied to hear of the good work at Bala, that they begged me to write you, in the way of inquiry, whether you had any later or more particular accounts concerning it. They also expressed a desire (if it were possible) to set on foot a correspondence among Christians of *different* denominations and in different parts, that, at least, we might become so far *latitudinarian*, (which, in the present case, is only another expression for becoming so far *charitably*, or rather *Christianly* wise, as to wave *party-work* to promote *Christianity*,) I say they expressed a desire, and much wished that such a correspondence could be established, in order that we might mutually join at a throne of grace, and know *when* to weep for Zion's calamities, and rejoice in her prosperity or triumphs at the new accession of her converts.

"I suppose the second letter from the Rev. Mr. Charles has been

directed to yourself, and that you had previously written to him, and given him some account of the similar work that happened in Scotland about fifty years ago; the mention of which work in that letter excited a desire in me to write you my thoughts concerning it.

"You know, dear Sir, that Seceders have generally looked upon this work 'as a work of Satan, whereby a righteous God had chosen their delusion, and sent forth a spirit of delusion among them in that awful work upon the bodies and spirits of men,' [as they word it.] But after I had seen and read the principal arguments on both sides of the question, or for it and against it, I am in *no* doubt but the work, in the *main*, was a work of the *sovereign grace* and the *efficacious power of the Spirit of God.* I believe, as Satan is never idle, some appearance of his agency might attend it, (designed by him to counteract and disgrace it,) as has been the case, less or more, with every good work of the kind. But to ascribe it all in wholesale to the devil, as the delegated executioner of God's judgments, would be liker the spirit of a bigoted Pharisee or deistical philosopher, than of a pious Christian divine. I wish those who most severely condemned it had been more humbled under God's judgments, in not so blessing their *own* ministrations, and examining whether there was not some *Achan* in the camp; such as too much pride of external professions and written testimonies, and too much confidence that the enclosure they had set up by these things was the *boundary* of the Divine approbation; or to confine within their circle the more powerful and soul-quickening showers of Divine influence, at least in the islands of Britain and Ireland; which, if they had done, I dare say they would have rendered unto God as *thankless* service, as in proving the instruments of that work (at Cambuslang) to be Satan's ministers, and the work itself to be a work of hell."

But whilst the revival of religion absorbed Mr. Campbell's pen, it did not divert him from humane enterprizes at home. About this time, he says, "There were two zealous Christians in Edinburgh, who made some attempts to reform some street-walkers in their neighbourhood: Mr. William Finlay, master baker, and William Couts, journeyman cutler, or pewterer, I forget which. They related to me these attempts, with the effects their conversations had upon some;—that there were two or three girls who seemed very willing

to relinquish their way of living, if they could obtain any other way of supporting themselves;—that they had lost character, and no families would receive them as servants without a character; therefore, they said, they did not continue in prostitution from choice, but necessity. For their relief, we thought of hiring two or three rooms from poor but pious females, where they could be lodged, and provided for; but in this plan we found out formidable difficulties. We then got Mr. William Pattison, a respectable haberdasher, to enter warmly into our scheme, for devising some plan for relieving these outcasts of society. After several consultations together, we resolved to invite thirty or forty persons to consider the propriety of forming a society for supporting an institution, for receiving such of that class of persons as professed repentance and a sincere desire to live a virtuous life. I wrote out a small circular, which I signed, and got neatly printed, inviting a meeting in the Hall of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to consider the above proposition. These circulars were addressed to a number of respectable persons, and, what was peculiarly gratifying to us originators, was, that almost every person who had been invited, attended;—three of the City bailies (or aldermen) attended in their gold chains. After I had read all the details that had been prepared, a gentleman rose (I think Bailie Coulter) and moved that such a society as had been proposed, should now be formed, and a subscription made for its support; which was unanimously carried;—and that it should be called the Philanthropic Society. A committee of Directors was then appointed;—Mr. William Pattison was chosen treasurer, and I was chosen secretary. The first subscrip-

tion that was put down, was five guineas for the City of Edinburgh. The other subscriptions were considered very liberal. I am certain the Duke of Wellington was not more delighted at the result of the battle of Waterloo, than I was at the result of that meeting,—every thing went off so well!"

"A house, with a little ground behind it, was taken in the middle of the West Bow, which was soon filled with inmates, of some of whom we had soon reason to entertain hopes of a radical reform. The rooms were small, and, from the confined situation, little fresh air could be obtained. In a short time a very discouraging occurrence took place. A young woman was admitted, who soon was seized with nervous *fits*, which in a few days were communicated to almost all the other inmates; which nearly put an end to all work. I summoned a meeting of the directors, to consider what was to be done. Three of the magistrates were the first in attendance. In their conversation, one asked Bailie Wood, who had been the sitting magistrate in the Council-chamber that day, if any particular case had come before him? He said, 'Yes; one, which was this. A young woman who had left her service, and engaged with another family; before entering which, she went for a fortnight to see her friends in the country, leaving her chest to the care of a man and his wife, who kept a little public-house in her neighbourhood, telling them it contained her clothes and five pounds in money. On returning from the country, she found her chest and every thing else in the same state in which she left them, except that the money was gone. I put many questions to the man, but he denied all knowledge of the money; I gave an order to search his house, but no

suspicious sum was found; yet I saw guilt in his eye.—I desired him to go aside a little, that I might have time to think. On calling him up again, I asked him if he followed any other business besides the public-house? He said his wife kept that, but he was a coach-maker, and wrought with Mr. C. at the head of Leith-walk. "Then you have a tool-chest, I suppose?" "O yes." I immediately gave an order for the tool-chest to be brought to the chamber, which it was, and every thing turned out of it, but no money appeared. I then examined all the outside of it very minutely, when I observed at the bottom of one of the sides, a piece of new timber, covered over with dirt. I ordered that piece of timber to be knocked off; on this being done, the whole of the poor girl's money was found concealed! On asking him where he got this money? he said he found two notes in such a place, and one note in another, and I helped him out where he found the rest. I gave an order for his going to prison, and assured the girl that all her money should be restored to her.' On hearing this account, I thought of Isa. xxviii. 5, 6; 'The Lord of hosts shall be for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment.'

"When a quorum assembled, we proceeded to business. The state of the females was laid before them. Dr. Charles Stuart being a physician, and present, was looked to for his advice. He said they had a power in their will to *resist* taking those fits, if they would exert it; and mentioned the case of upwards of a hundred girls in an hospital at Amsterdam, having taken those fits; that the physicians of that city tried various means for removing the fits, without producing any beneficial effect. They invited Linnæus to Amsterdam, that they

might have his assistance in devising means for removing the disease, especially as the governors were talking of breaking up the institution. He came, and his advice was, that the hangman should be clothed in the most terrific dress they could invent; that he should go into the rooms where the girls were, carrying with him two *red-hot* irons; tell them he knew that they had power to resist the fits when they were coming on; wherefore if any one took them, that he had orders to apply those hot irons to the feet of any who took the fits. They acted upon this advice, and no more fits made their appearance in that hospital. Dr. Stuart was then asked, how we should act in reference to our females? He said he believed that the most of those females had been before Bailie Wood, as a magistrate, and that they had a greater terror of him than they had of any other magistrate; and he recommended that he should meet with them to-morrow, and talk to them on the subject in his own way, as he should think best.

"I had them all ready to meet him next morning at eleven o'clock. They were seated opposite to him. He took up his glass, and looked through it to the face of the first, and continued looking till she turned away her face. After doing the same to each of the ten, he said, 'I know you all; you have been before me as culprits, and here you expect to live in idleness, diverting yourselves with fits. That shall not be permitted. I shall order a *cellar* under Bedlam to be cleared, and that shall be the residence of the fit-takers.' These and various other things he said with an austerity and firmness of tone, that left a deep impression on their minds, and banished all their nervous fits, every one returning to her former occupation.

"The magistrates gave orders in Bridewell, that a deputation from the society should have free access to the cells every Thursday afternoon, to converse with the prisoners. I and two others had permission also to preach to them every Sabbath morning at nine o'clock. I remember one female told me that she never got a good advice but once in her life, before she came into Bridewell; and that was when behaving very ill on the street, a gentleman said to her, 'Girl, if you do not change your manners before you die, it will fare ill with you in the eternal world.' She said she never forgot that warning. We received her into the Magdalen, when her time was out. I think she turned out well, as did various others while I was secretary. As many could neither pronounce nor understand the word *philanthropic*, it was given up for Magdalen. That institution has continued these forty years, and continues to be useful."

Bailie Wood was, I think, one of Mr. Campbell's guardians, and the magistrate who watched his politics during the French revolution. This seems to have been his reason for giving such prominence to the Bailie's shrewdness. He proceeds thus, "To show you with how little trouble or exertion an important work may be set agoing, if certain opportunities for doing so are seized, I shall mention how the Glasgow Institution for reclaiming prostitutes commenced. Some time after resigning my secretaryship to the Edinburgh Magdalen Society, I removed for a season to the city of Glasgow. During that period I was once engaged to dine at Dr. Penman's, a most excellent Christian, of the Nathaniel cast, who only lately finished his earthly career. Three of the magistrates of the city were to make part of the

company; men of the first respectability, viz., Bailies Wardlaw, (father to the present Dr. Wardlaw) Tennant, and Newbigging; with other friends. This appeared a fine opportunity for recommending the erection of a Magdalen Institution, in that populous city. I previously made the *best* preparation I oculd, for doing it with effect. When the dinner was removed from the table, I obtained permission to make my statement. I mentioned the rise and progress of the Edinburgh Magdalen, and the discoveries we had made of the peculiar wretchedness of many in that class of society, from the stings of conscience, and who had no way of extricating themselves from being real *outcasts* from society. As a sample,—we knew of three or four such females who lived together in a room. It sometimes happened in a stormy night, when they were alone, that some of them would be so overwhelmed with horror, that they would try to ascend the chimney to hide themselves from the devil; that the erection of such an institution was the opening of one door of hope to such wretched individuals; also all who were reformed was lessening the number of the tempters and ruiners of young men. After having finished my statements, the first person who spoke was a Mr. Hamilton, then well known in Glasgow. All he said was, 'If Mr. Campbell's proposal be carried into effect, I promise to contribute one hundred pounds!'

"The worthy magistrates desired me to furnish them with all the papers and information on the subject which I could, and they would bring the matter before the council. After furnishing these gentlemen with all the printed and written information from Edinburgh and Dublin I could, I had no more trouble about it. It

was approved by the magistracy, and the institution soon after commenced, and I believe continues to the present day, a period of about forty years. These two Magdalens were the first that were instituted in Scotland. I have not heard of any others being added since that time, by any other Scotch town."

As may be supposed, Mr. Campbell could not thus take the lead in new schemes of doing good, without incurring censure or suspicion from some quarter. Calumny, however, never dared to breathe upon him. Nothing but his *preaching* to prisoners and the poor gave offence; and that did shock some orderly Presbyterians not a little. One stickler for holy orders prayed so for his mouth to be stopped, that an apprentice could not resist laughter. The lad was turned off, for impiety. This grieved his parents and minister, who had a high opinion of him. They upbraided him for irreverence at family prayer, in his master's house. "Hoo could I but laugh," he said, "when master prayed every sabbath morning, that a red hot poker might be stuck into Johnny Campbell's throat that day, if he presumed to minister in word or doctrine?" How he was led on from one enterprize to another, will appear from the following letter to me. "You know that it is a favourite *hobby* of mine to trace out particular links, in what may be called chains of providences, on which all succeeding links completely depended for their existence and influence.

"Looking to one particular department of my chequered life, I have noticed with peculiar interest, that the leading occurrences in my history for the last forty years, depended upon, or resulted from, a *single* thought which arose in my mind while stepping one morning

out of bed. It will require some patience from you, to wait till I have told you what led to the production of such a thought in this mind of mine.

"The formation of the London Missionary Society for extending the knowledge of the glorious gospel to all ends of the earth, and the Society being composed of Christians of all denominations, had a most *electrifying* effect on the Christians of the north. 'We were like men who dreamed.' From the days of George Whitefield till then, the Christians on both sides of the Tweed had been fast asleep. The Christians of different names were busy repairing and adding to their walls of separation, and now and then throwing *squibs* at each other from their battlements: but the news of the above society was like the bursting forth of a bright meteor in a dark night; it attracted every eye, and became a text at every tea table; and those who had not heard of it for a week were looked at as persons who had been living in a coal-pit; many of which pits are in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

"In a short time a similar Society was formed in Edinburgh, and I was chosen to be on the direction. The first field they fixed on for the theatre of their operations, was the continent of Africa: to commence in the vicinity of Sierra Leone; to which some missionaries were sent,—and several pious young men volunteered to the Sierra Leone Company to go to their settlement as clerks, &c., and one as chaplain. Death carried off the chaplain and some of the young men, and terminated the mission. Musing on the unhealthiness of the climate to European constitutions, one morning, when stepping out of bed, this thought occurred—'Might we not bring *over* Africa to England; educate

her; when some through grace and gospel might be converted, and sent back to Africa,—if not any converted, yet they might help to spread civilization, so all would not be lost.' The amount of which was, 'To try to bring over twenty or thirty, or more, boys and girls from the coast of Guinea, through the influence of Governor Macaulay; educate them in Edinburgh, and send them back to their own country, to spread knowledge, especially Scripture knowledge.'

"I laid my proposed scheme before two or three judicious friends who approved of it, as did also Henry Thornton, M.P., treasurer of the Sierra Leone Company, and Mr. William Wilberforce; but I entered more fully into the consideration of the matter with the late Charles Grant, Chairman of the East India Company, who had not been long returned from India, and had come with his family to Scotland on a visit to the *Leven* family. Having exchanged letters once a week with the venerable Countess of Leven for a considerable time, she got Mr. Grant to promise to call upon me as he passed through Edinburgh on his way to London; which he condescended to do, and invited me to spend the only two evenings he was to be in Edinburgh, at his hotel with him and family. This I considered to be a most favourable opportunity for consulting a wise, good, and experienced man, in regard to my then *favourite* plan.

"I was delighted to observe the interest he took in it, and the minuteness of his calculations regarding the expense of bringing them over from Africa, and sending them back five years afterwards. After taking notes regarding the whole plan, he said there were a few friends at Clapham who met now and then to consult on such matters; he would lay the subject before them at

their first meeting, and write me the result, which he did in about two months." This led Mr. Campbell to submit his plan to Wilberforce; from whom he received the following reply:—

"*London, Friday night, Sept.* 23*rd*, 1796.

"YOUR letter has been a long round in quest of me, and has at length found me just returned to my house in town. The proposal suggested in it appears to me well worthy of consideration. I will turn it in my mind, and confer on it with Mr. W. Thornton and another friend, with whom I am in the habit of communicating on matters of this nature; and either Mr. W. T. or I will write to you more at large, and offer any ideas which may suggest themselves to us on mature reflection. I was unwilling to detain your letter by me altogether unnoticed, and have therefore thought it best, without delay, thus to acknowledge its receipt, and to promise hereafter a more full reply to it.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"W. WILBERFORCE."

Charles Grant, Esq., then chairman of the East India Company, encouraged him also:—

"DEAR SIR,—You had a very good right to expect to hear from me long before this time, and I can assure you that I wanted neither recollection nor inclination; but since my return from Scotland, I have been plunged unexpectedly into different affairs, which have engrossed my time for more than three months, during which most of my correspondents have had their charity put to a trial; for I have written few letters, and only on urgent occasions. At this moment I am still so pressed that I must proceed immediately to matter of business.

"Soon after my return from the North, I mentioned your scheme of a Seminary for Africans to Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. H. Thornton, and we conversed upon it more than once. The result was, an opinion that it would be advisable to defer entering upon the execution of any such scheme till peace was restored. These gentlemen, as well as myself, like the idea, and think it would be practicable, but attended with fewer difficulties of every sort in peace than in war. The utility of it *may* be great; and it is so far promising, that a trial, when circumstances are favourable, appears highly expedient. I hope, therefore, you may consider

this as a project rather postponed than dropped. Time will not permit me to go into the reasons which recommend a postponement of it. The greater expense and hazard of passages from Africa; the less probability of getting subscriptions; the precarious (comparatively precarious) situation of the Sierra Leone Company during war; and the distractions in which the persons here, who would take a lead in such a business, are involved by the state of our public affairs,—these are among the reasons which recommend delay; but I should hope they will operate only for a season, and that we may, at a more favourable juncture, resume this subject.

" I am happy to hear that you continue to be employed in beneficial undertakings, and that your zeal is yet greater than your performances. The disposition and the service are both blessings, and, I persuade myself, will prove the means of considerable usefulness. May you go on and prosper, both in your soul and in your labours!

" You give a very pleasing instance of the decline of bigotry, in the union of the strict sect of the Cameronians with several others, for the catholic purpose of invading the kingdom of darkness and of sin, and extending the knowledge and the reign of the Redeemer. This is the cure for all our ills, and the only one.

" In great haste, but with hearty esteem and good will, I conclude, remaining,

" Dear Sir,

" Very sincerely yours,

" CHARLES GRANT."

Subsequent letters were in the same friendly spirit. The Clapham circle " highly approved of the scheme, but advised that the execution of it should be postponed till peace with France, which they hoped would not be far off; and because the war-taxes pressed so hard upon the people that it would be difficult to obtain subscriptions to defray the expenses. This was a damper, and I dare say I wished Buonaparte at Otaheite, though he little knew that his schemes so interfered with mine; but, notwithstanding, I sent *him* a present of a rare African mineral, when I landed at St. Helena many years afterwards. I submitted to the

Clapham decision, and threw the plan out of my mind, which was soon occupied by other things that were going on.

"About a year and a half after this, I was invited by Mr. Haldane to meet a few excellent Christians, who were to sup at his house. At one time there was a short pause in the conversation, when, I suppose, every one was thinking what topic he could start. A Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, who sat opposite to me, said, 'Mr. C., what is become of your African scheme? I have not heard any thing of it for a long time.' Not one present could possibly have imagined that the conversion and everlasting salvation of thousands was connected with Mr. P. asking that question. To which I replied, 'It is put off to the peace!' which created a general smile, as few expected peace till Buonaparte had got the world under his feet. Mr. Haldane asked, from the head of the table, *what* African scheme I had, never having heard of it? This I answered as briefly as I could, but added, 'I had *another* scheme in my head, as important as the African one.' 'What is that?' 'To have a Tabernacle built in Edinburgh.' 'What is that?' asked Mr. Haldane. 'The Tabernacle in London is a large place of worship, supplied by popular ministers, of different denominations, coming up from the country, and preaching for a month. The crowds that it attracts, and the good that has been done, are very great.' All agreed that such a thing was desirable. 'Who could be got to supply it?' I mentioned Rowland Hill and other English ministers. 'Could a large place be obtained for a year on trial, before proceeding to building?' 'Yes, the use of the Circus may be got for sabbaths; as the Relief congregation, who have had it while their

new place was building, are on the eve of leaving it. When I first proposed the Circus, Mr. Haldane turned to a certain lawyer who was present, saying, 'Mr. D., will you inquire about it to-morrow, and if it be to let, take it for a year?'

"It was secured the next day; Rowland Hill was invited; he consented to come; and did come in the month of May or June.—The place was crowded even at seven o'clock in the morning,—and in the evenings, if the weather was good, no place could have contained the crowds that came to hear; they mounted to near the summit of the Calton-hill, where there was a spot resembling an amphitheatre, as if excavated to hold a congregation of 10,000, which number I believe sometimes attended him. On one occasion he made a collection for the City Charity Workhouse. It amounted to about 30*l.*, almost entirely composed of halfpence and pennypieces. I think it was taken away in a wheel-barrow. During his stay many were converted, some of whom had been most grossly immoral characters. It made much noise in the neighbourhood;—even some soldiers attended a prayer-meeting. A woman, at her own door, was overheard to say to her neighbour, 'O Sir, what will become of us now, when the very soldiers are beginning to pray?'

"It was believed by many that this system of tabernacles was a scheme laid for overturning the Established Church. Now there was not one Dissenter present at that supper where the matter was proposed and approved; all were members of the Establishment, and I believe the object of all, when they approved of the proposed scheme, was the collecting of sinners to the

Saviour. When the meeting was concluded every one retired to his own home,—very prayerful.

"Next morning I received a note from Mr. Haldane, wishing me to call on him as soon as I could. I went to him directly. He said that my African scheme had occupied his waking thoughts ever since I mentioned it last night; on which the following conversation took place:

"'What is the real reason why you were advised to defer commencing the Institution?' 'Entirely the dreaded difficulty of obtaining *funds* to defray the expense of the institution.' 'Have you calculated the probable amount of those expenses?' 'Yes: the probable expense of bringing over thirty children, lodging, supporting, and educating them for five years, and their passage back to Africa, will cost from six to seven thousand pounds.' 'Supposing you were to write to the Governor of Sierra Leone, stating that you had *sufficient* funds for supporting such an institution, and requesting him to collect 30 or 40 of the sons and daughters of the African chiefs over whom he had influence, and send them over to you; do you think he would have sufficient *confidence* in you to fulfil your commission?' 'I think he would.' 'On what do you ground that expectation?' 'When the French destroyed the settlement, or Free-town, Governor Macaulay came to London to lay the state of things before the Company. After finishing the business there, he visited Scotland to see his relations. On coming to Edinburgh he called upon me with a letter of introduction from the Rev. John Newton, (which would be a sufficient passport to any Christian in Scotland, so highly were his works

prized.) The Governor had four sisters in Edinburgh, living together, and as they had no particular friend to advise with, he requested me to engage to be their adviser; to which proposal I readily consented. In the course of a year after they came under my wing, I was bridegroom's-man to three out of the four.' On hearing this statement, Mr. Haldane was satisfied, and volunteered to be responsible for the whole expense of the scheme, and gave me a letter to that effect. Accordingly I wrote by that day's post to Governor Macaulay, Sierra Leone; requesting him to obtain 30 or 35 African boys and girls, and send them to Edinburgh, as I had obtained funds to defray all expenses. I sent it to the care of Henry Thornton, M. P., treasurer to the Sierra Leone Company; and that day week sent a duplicate to the care of the Messrs. Andersons, of Philpot-lane, who had a large slave establishment on Bance Island, in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone.

"For two long years I heard not a syllable of intelligence from Africa; and the reason assigned was, that every vessel to and from that colony had either been lost or captured by the French, which made me fear that the poor African children had got into the clutches of Buonaparte. At length, however, a letter reached me one Monday morning, from Governor Macaulay, dated Portsmouth, informing me of his arrival there, and that he had 20 boys and 4 girls on board for me, and he expected that by the time the vessel got round to London, I should be there to take them off his hand. I hastened with this intelligence to Mr. Haldane, who was pleased to hear that the children had arrived safe, and said it would be necessary that I should go to London with all possible dispatch. Many years ago, a Jew

told me that such was the state of that people in London, that if they were called to set off for Jerusalem, the whole, except a few, could have all their affairs settled, all packed up, and be ready to start in four-and-twenty hours. In thirty hours after receiving the information of the children's arrival, I found myself seated in the London mail-coach, galloping to the south.

"I had met with a gentleman from the west of Scotland that morning on the streets of Edinburgh, who invited me to take an early dinner with him at Poole's hotel, as he wished to introduce me to his son who had lately arrived from New York. I declined doing so; telling him I was going off at four o'clock, in the London mail-coach. 'So is my son and his clerk; and the coach starts opposite the hotel, and it will be pleasant to know each other before you set off.' I therefore dined with them, and we took our places in the coach together. The fourth passenger was a young gentleman from London, who had been studying at the University during the winter session. Soon after he entered he told me he had met me at tea at a relation's of mine in Edinburgh. This was pleasing information, as it made the whole coachful a company of friends.

"Our American friend deeply interested us by his details of the dreadful visitation of the yellow fever lately to New York, when business was at a complete stand-still; when all the inhabitants, who were able to remove, fled from the city, and such was the consternation from the infectious nature of the mortal fever, that many left their relations who were in the fever, in most helpless situations. He had the fortitude to remain with a friend the whole time the fever lasted. For long, no sound of carriage or cart was heard in the

street, except that of the cart that called in the morning at the houses to receive the bodies of those who had died during the night, to carry them to their graves. When the sound of a few carriages and carts began to be heard on the street, it was hailed as a most joyful sound, and elevated the spirits of the remaining population. The most courageous of the fugitives, by and by, began to return first; then, others hearing of it, followed their example, and in process of time the city was repeopled, and business went on as before; while many had to lament the loss of dear relatives, and others to thank God for sending a frost to eat up the contagion.

"About nine o'clock of the second night, the coach reached the city of York, where it had to stop three hours for the Hull mail, which gave comfortable time for supper. Here my American friend and clerk were to leave us, to visit some of the manufacturing towns, and to this spot I had only taken my place in the mail; but through the persuasion of my young London friend I immediately secured my place to London. While the table was covering for supper, the waiter came with a message from a gentleman in the inn, saying, that as he was to travel with part of the company to London, he would be glad of permission to sup with us; to which we readily consented. He had all the appearance of a gentleman, and no doubt was so in point of station and rank in society, but his conduct during supper was outrageous and disgusting, and he drank wine till quite intoxicated. My friend took me aside, and whispered to me, that he would not go to London with such a man as that for any consideration, and strongly advised me to get my seat in the mail altered to next evening. I thanked him, but said I had resolved to take the venture.

"The gentleman was so restless during the night, that I could obtain no sleep, but spent it in thinking of the best way of acting towards him for his own benefit. I determined to be as obliging as possible; wherefore, when we stopped at seven in the morning to a twenty minutes' breakfast, I made the tea, filled the cups, &c., that he might be able to occupy every moment at the meal. During the forenoon I brought forward all the anecdotes and interesting facts from history I could possibly recollect, which made the morning pass pleasantly, and I saw I had gained his good graces. When I began to feel fagged by the jolting of the carriage, I supposed he might feel the same, and that people are easily irritated while in that state of mind, I therefore desisted from talking till we should be revived by dinner. At dinner he asked me to join him in having some wine; to which I readily consented. This also pleased him.

"On again taking our seats in the coach, we all professed to feel greatly refreshed. Now, thought I, is the time to begin the work. I sat pensive for some time, after which I broke silence, by saying, 'Often when we observe people musing, we feel a curiosity to know what they are thinking of,—now I have been musing, and were I sure it would not offend you, sir, I would tell you the subject on which I was musing.' 'Oh,' said he with a smile, 'tell; it nothing that you can say will offend me.' I thanked him for his good opinion, and added, 'Sir, I am secretary to the Edinburgh Magdalen, and there are a number of respectable gentlemen in the committee of directors, who are spending their time and money and exerting their talents and influence to lessen the number of prostitutes. These men I was

comparing with you and many others, who glory in being instrumental in increasing the number of these pests of society. I was thinking what could be the cause of such a marked difference amongst mankind, and I could trace it to no other cause than to God, who makes one man to differ from another.' On hearing this he said, 'I know it is wrong, sir, but I feel such a propensity to that kind of life that I declare to you I cannot give it up.' 'I know,' said I, 'you cannot give it up; God does nothing that is not necessary; why should He send his Son Jesus Christ into the world to save his people from their sins, if they could save themselves?' 'O but,' said he, 'I mean to alter my conduct before I die.' 'To talk, sir, of ceasing to sin at some future period, is neither scriptural nor rational: there is a bridge that we shall cross in about an hour; suppose the carriage to fall over it, and we have our brains dashed out, our souls must be found at the judgment day in the same state in which they are at this moment.' We supped at Huntingdon; and soon after we got back to the coach I fell asleep, being worn out for want of rest, and slept till about four o'clock in the morning. When I awoke, the gentleman told me he was glad when he saw me get to sleep; that I had been very restless, and that he had been watching me the whole night. When passing through Kingsland, the name of which I did not then know, he took out a guinea and a half (or *2l. 2s.*) saying, 'There's all the money I have, except a few shillings, till I go to my banker; as we reach town at a very early hour, I intended to spend it in a way you would not approve, but I now give it to you for the Edinburgh Magdalen, to assist in lessening the number of these acknowledged pests of society.' I

said, 'Sir, you do not know me, nor that it is true that I am the secretary of that Society.' 'No,' said he, 'I do not know, but I am certain it is all right.' On reaching the end of Lombard-street, where the Post-office then was, he called for a night coach, and while stepping into it he bid me good morning, and said he hoped 'our interview in this mail coach will be of use to me in after life.' Having left us, the young gentleman said, 'I dare say there never was as much religion in the mail coach before!'

"I found that the African children had arrived a few days before me, and were lodging in a house behind a tavern at Clapham, where I soon visited them, and found there were twenty boys and four girls, all jet black, cheerful and happy. I walked with them across the common, to Mr. Henry Thornton's. While going along, they scattered, chaced, and pushed each other, diverting themselves in the same way as a similar number of English boys would have done. On reaching Mr. Thornton's gate I counted their number, and found, as was uniformly the case afterwards, on similar occasions, some were missing. It arose from companies dining in the neighbouring mansions, who were astonished to see a cloud of young Africans, sending out their men-servants to try and catch some of them, and bring them before them. When they observed me returning in search of the strayed, they always sent servants with them to meet me. People being pleased to look at them as curiosities, they fancied all were their *friends*, and most willingly went with any who asked them.

"I had a letter of introduction to the late Joseph Hardcastle, of whom I was to take counsel in any thing relating to the Africans; and we *almost* settled for their

passage to Edinburgh in a Leith smack. It was well we had not finished the bargain; for the next time I met Messrs. Thornton and Macaulay, I found they had learned that the small-pox was in Clapham, which rendered it indispensably necessary to have the children all inoculated, lest they should take them when on board of ship, and their lives be lost. Such a detention in London was very unexpected by me, but Mr. Hardcastle and I both saw the importance of the measure recommended, wherefore I consented to wait till they should recover from the inoculation. They were soon all received into the Small-pox Hospital at St. Pancras.

"Mr. Hardcastle introduced me to his partner, Mr. Reyner, and some other gentlemen; and, every Monday afternoon, took me with him to the meeting of the directors of the Missionary Society, which, at that time, met in a room belonging to Paul's Coffee-house, St. Paul's Church-yard. At one of these meetings, after the business was over, the chairman desired all the gentlemen present, who wished to remain to tea, to hold up their hands, that he might know what orders to give. The most of the meeting remained; and while the tea was preparing, they separated into little companies for conversation. Noticing Captain Wilson, who took out the Duff to Otaheite, and Mr. Reyner, talking at a window, I went up to them, and said, 'Gentlemen, you have been conversing about sending the gospel abroad; I am an idle man here, being only waiting for the recovery of some African children from the small-pox; in the meantime, I wish you could procure me something to do.' 'What can you do?' asked Mr. Reyner. I said, 'I could preach, teach, or catechise.' 'Then,' said Mr. Reyner, 'you are the very person I have been look-

ing for, to supply our chapel at Kingsland next Lord's-day morning and afternoon; will you do it?' 'Most cheerfully,' said I, and did it; when they engaged me to supply it on the succeeding Thursday evening; and three times on the following Lord's day.

"I visited the children in the hospital about twice a week, and found them doing very well. The inoculation had taken effect on all of them, though some of them had few compared with others. One boy, about fourteen years of age, was covered with them from head to foot, and had a singular appearance, from the whiteness of the pustules, and the blackness of the skin from whence they were raised; however, he recovered as fast as any of them. Indeed, through mercy, every one of them escaped. Some were surprised that they were not vaccinated instead of inoculated, but it was owing to Governor Macaulay objecting to it; for he had described to their parents, who were chiefs, the disease of the small-pox, which they would be liable to while residing in Britain; but there was what was called inoculation, which rendered the disease milder and less dangerous; and he took none of their children unless they consented to their being *inoculated*. 'That word they will remember,' said he; 'but were they to hear of any dying by being *vaccinated*, of which we knew nothing in Africa, they would consider them as having been murdered.'

"A boy, about eight years of age, one day dragged another boy to me, who was about his own age; and, pointing to him, said, evidently boasting, 'That boy cannot speak the language of *my* nation!' On asking if he could speak the language of *that* boy's nation, I saw he perceived the conclusion I would draw if he said

no; for he let go his hold of the boy's coat, and walked off in silence. On my walking with the doctor to the other end of the hospital to visit the girls, one of them very gravely asked me to tell that man (pointing to the doctor) 'to give us no more physic, for we don't like it.' I said, 'My dear, it costs that gentleman money; and do you think he would give it to you unless it were for your good?' I saw they were all satisfied with my answer, for she was only *spokesgirl* for herself and the others.

"There was a little boy, about seven years of age, who appeared always downcast and ready to weep. I mentioned this to Mrs. Perth, a black woman, who, with her daughter, had the care of them during their voyage to England. She smiled, and said, 'He is not weeping because he has left his parents; but his grandmother, over on the Bulam shore, with whom he lived for a while, and who was too fond of him. He was constantly weeping for this grandmother the whole voyage.' I never examined Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, but I question if it contains a finer example of feeling than I found in this little black boy.

"The Mrs. Perth I have just mentioned was rather a singular character: she was born a slave in the land of *liberty* to whites, but of oppression and tyranny to blacks—I mean North America. She became a Christian in early life, and by some means learned to read, and derived great enjoyment from reading the New Testament. Having some slave friends, living about ten or twelve miles from her master's, she felt very desirous that they should become sharers with her in the blessings she enjoyed, by being able to read the New Testament; she therefore resolved to teach them to read. In

her circumstances this could not be easily effected; for the only time she could call her own was the night-time, and it must be done in the most secret manner, unknown to her master and their masters; however, her zeal for their welfare overcame all these difficulties; for two, sometimes three nights in the week, did she visit these poor slaves. When her day's labour was over, and the sun had retired to illumine other lands, did that young female begin her labour of love. She had no coach, no fly, nor taxed cart, nor even a donkey, to carry her there—nothing but her own weary limbs. I say *weary*, for a slave's day-labour was not a trifle! She persevered in this night-labour till her Ethiopian pupils were taught their letters and syllables, and, last of all, words; when she left them to make improvement by their own future exertions. It is seldom we meet with such exertions for the spiritual benefit of others, as these made by this female, Mary Perth, though far surpassed by many poor females in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in pursuing of their temporal affairs; leaving home six mornings in the week, about five o'clock, carrying a heavy load of salt on their backs, travelling four, and sometimes six miles, often through rain, or sleet, or snow, darkness, and deep mud; then travelling over the streets of the city, calling out their article until all is disposed of; then walking home, carrying their basket on their backs; and for all their excessive labour their gains will not exceed fifteen or eighteen pence! yet no gloom in going home, but all as cheerful as princesses on the road. Mary Perth obtained her liberty during the American war, and was sent, with many of her countrymen, to commence the colony of Sierra Leone. There she kept an ordinary, where the clerks and servants of the Com-

pany dined, and there she lived comfortably, and saved some money."

All this effort for Africa, from which Mr. Campbell "looked for much, came to little.' He dismisses the subject thus: "Whilst the children were under inoculation the patrons could not agree about their education; wherefore a society was formed in London, which took them off my hands, and I returned to Edinburgh without them." It would be easy to throw much light upon this painful issue of a favourite plan, by introducing here the letters of Mr. R. Haldane and Mr. Macaulay; but no good purpose could be answered by doing so, except to prove that Mr. Campbell's patience was well tried, between the *cool* calculation of the governor and the *warm* anticipations of the philanthropist; and this will be readily believed without proof. But although his African School, like Whitefield's Orphan School, came to nothing, it pledged his own heart to Africa, and revealed in the heart of his friend, Mr. Robert Haldane, a depth of benevolence which he never forgot, nor ceased to imitate, in his subsequent zeal for Africa. Indeed, from whomsoever he learnt a good lesson—and he was ready to learn from any one—he never threw it aside, whatever the times or his teachers became.

During his visits to London, he was much shocked by the cruelty inflicted upon animals. This gave rise to the following characteristic letters. Whether they were ever published I cannot ascertain.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Extracted from a supposed weekly Journal of Brutes.

LETTER FROM A LOBSTER.

"I am encouraged to address you, by observing, in your weekly

journal, statements from different animals of the sufferings to which they are unmercifully subjected by our common enemy, man.

"Though the class to which I belong are inhabitants of the bottom of the sea, we are not exempted from human rapacity and cruelty; they have discovered methods of kidnapping us, which we have never been able successfully to resist or escape. When they have dragged us from our lurking-places, and separated us from our native element, salt water, [which we greatly prefer to fresh,] we become so enervated, so languid, that they treat us as if altogether dead, transporting us in bags, barrels, or baskets to what they call the market, where they throw us about as so many stones. When they heedlessly happen to put any of their fingers between our great claws, we give them a pretty severe pinch, to remind them we are alive; but this never inclines them to treat us with less cruelty.

"Our greatest sufferings are confined to the last half hour of our lives; but these sufferings are dreadful in the extreme. O the thousands of our progenitors who have suffered the most cruel death in taverns and private houses! They put a number of us into a caldron of water, placed upon a fire. On plunging into the water, we suppose that we have happily got back to our native sea, and begin to move about as we can, with some degree of enjoyment; but the water beginning to grow hot, rather alarms us, having never experienced the sensation occasioned by heat before. Our uneasiness increases as the water becomes heated; sickness and painful suffocation seize the poor lobsters; they appear long in the agonies of death, struggle hard to extricate themselves from the fiery element; their eyesight is destroyed, their tongues scorched, their limbs rendered useless; at length, heart and lungs playing feebly, they are rescued from their terrible torments by death.

"Mr. Editor, similar complaints are preferred against man by other inhabitants of the sea, viz., crabs, cockles, mussels, oysters, &c., who are all treated with nearly the same barbarity. Many of the last mentioned are devoured alive in their own houses, which they call eating from the shell. None of us having power given us to roar, howl, or scream when we suffer, our tormentors never imagine that we feel at all. I beg, therefore, that you will get copies of this letter put under their plates at some of their jovial feasts, which will oblige,

"Yours, &c.,

"A Lobster."

Letter from a Game Cock.

"I belong to that class of animals called by the learned Oviparous, because we are produced from eggs. The brood of chickens to which I belonged consisted of five males and six females. My four brothers were put to death in very early life, for no crime, but merely because they were males. The gaudy dress with which I was fledged alone prevented my destruction along with the others. From the good opinion that was formed of me, great attention was paid to my protection and support.

"I stood at the head of a fine family of hens, and constantly watched over their interests. If a foreign hen intruded itself amongst them, I beat it off directly; if a hawk or other ravenous bird ever came near, I sounded an alarm, till all the hens flew to me for protection. When food was laid down to us, with manly dignity I did not partake, till the hens had nearly picked it up; when I set too with wonderful life and spirit, so that I almost swallowed *three* grains for their one. I was frequently put in great bodily fear by creatures called dogs, who often carried off mouthfuls of my feathers, which they could not eat, but immediately spit out, saying they only did it for a little sport. I had no power to replace my lost feathers, but was obliged to wait till a fresh crop grew up.

"My master being a wild thoughtless creature, he determined to make me a warrior for life, not to fight against enemies, but, like European soldiers, to fight against cocks I had never seen or heard of before, with whom, of course, I could have had no previous quarrel; but, like the soldiers, I was obliged to fight for the gain or sport of others. On this account, what do you think they called me? A *game* cock! as if I had been a shuttlecock or a dice. I assure you it was serious sport to me. My poor pate was many a time mangled in the most frightful manner, and my blood sprinkled all over the floor; yet my unmerciful master obliged me to fight so long as I could stand upon my legs; nay, often when I could not stand, he obliged me to fight lying on my side, declaring that I was noble game; especially, when in that posture, I tore out the tongue or an eye of my unknown opponent. When carrying me home, covered with gore and blood, with the loss of an eye, he cruelly asserted that I should be able to renew the battle in a week. Thinking every battle would be the last, if I conquered, made me exert all my strength and art to overcome; but, like the weaver with his webs, one was no sooner finished than they talked of putting me to another, till at length I lost my last eye, and the half of my tongue,

and almost the whole of my gay feather-clothing. Being useless to him, instead of putting me on a pension, like surviving soldiers, he is going to put me up to-morrow as a mark to shoot at, when I shall certainly lose my life. I have no power to appeal."

Letter from a young Galloway Horse.

"When I was a young foal, I spent many a lovely summer day, leaping and playfully dancing round my fond mother, whose pleasure at noticing my happy sportfulness was intimated by the kindly motion of her tail. I had no occasion to spend much time in grazing, for her refreshing and nutritive milk was at my service as often as I pleased. For recreation, we frequently scampered over the field together, when she seemed delighted to observe my increasing agility. As a reward, she would sometimes lick me all over with her maternal tongue, which smoothed down my hairy dress, and made it shine as if anointed with the most costly oils of the east.

"By and by my master, at the head of a band of people, came to view me, when he made to them many flattering remarks on my beauty, my well-formed shape, my strength, &c. Happening to take my stand at my mother's side, two of the beholders seized me by my hanging mane, bound my head with what they called a halter, with which, I must confess, I felt dissatisfied, never having experienced any abridgement of my liberty before. Of course I struggled hard to regain it, but all my struggles were unavailing, and only increased the severity of their treatment. For some weeks after this, I was daily taken to a ring, in the centre of which stood a man, holding a long rope attached to my head, and with a long whip obliged me to run round this ring a thousand times a day; the reason for which my foolish brains could not conceive. However, I perceived that one thing led to another; and so it was, when my teacher and I were both tired of the ring-running business, he gave it up; which, though it turned out to be relief to him, it was none to me; for instead of leading me along as formerly, he had the impudence of jumping on my back, and obliging me to carry his carcase wherever he pleased. My pleasure was to go home to my mother, to prevent which he almost beat my nose flat. As an apology for his conduct, he said he was breaking me *in*, that I might become a tractable horse, and be useful to man. This, perhaps, was all very well, but master's future conduct cannot be vindicated.

"A friend of my master having remarked that I should look much

handsomer without my long ears and mane, of both which I was deprived immediately. The loss of my ears I greatly lamented, especially when assailed with rain or hail showers; for I now had nothing to ward them off, and prevent their lodging some of their contents in the cavity of my ears, which teazed me greatly, till evaporated by the natural heat of my head. My mane, also, which used to serve as a roof, to ward off the rain from my neck, being gone, I felt a serious deficiency. My master next became displeased with the length of my tail, and the position in which I held it. I was therefore tied very tight with cords, several joints of my tail were cut off, and large cuts across it made higher up, into which they had the monstrous cruelty to press red-hot irons, which occasioned the acutest agony conceivable; after which they bound my pained tail into the form they wished me to hold it. This weapon, which my Maker had kindly given me for driving away teazing, tormenting flies, was irrecoverably lost, and the sufferings which I have since endured from them has often made me almost distracted.

"In reference to my severe case, a humane man one day asked my master and mistress how they should like it, were they captured by a Turkish bashaw, and he should say, 'I do not like the *Scottish* accent of the man, nor the *Irish* brogue of the woman; wherefore, cut out their tongues; they will also look better with no ears, with only one eye, one lip, one tooth, one arm, and one leg each; wherefore, doctor, cut away, and make them complete Turkish beauties!' I see you are shocked, but you have been acting from the same principle towards your poor dumb horse."

Letter from a Welsh Sheep.

"It is universally allowed that no animal is more useful to man than we are, furnishing him with excellent food and excellent clothing. No animals in the world have maintained a higher character for harmless, inoffensive conduct than we have done; for though there have been at least six times the number of our generations that there has been of mankind, yet the character of all remains unimpeached, from the days of Adam down to the present period. Indeed, for men to resemble us is a high recommendation; for, in commending some amiable character, they will say—'he is as quiet, or harmless, or inoffensive as a lamb.' From enemies we flee, but never fight them, nor ever attempt to frighten them, either by sound of voice or attitude of body. Hundreds of us will flee before the smallest dog, though any one of us could crush him to

death by our very weight, did we feel disposed: but we wish to get through the world without contention with even the most insignificant creature.

"Notwithstanding these and many other good qualities, many of us are treated in the most scandalous and cruel manner. The greater part of our lives, we live as retired as hermits, feeding quietly on mountains or commons, attended only by one solitary shepherd and his dog. He employs most of his time in reading his book, or sauntering about, having little trouble from us, unless there happens to be one in our flock who always aspires at being foremost, and who by pressing too hastily forward, soon leads us into pasture which does not belong to our master; but even then, he has only to send his dog to give the signal, when we instantly hasten back to our appointed pasture.

"In severe winters, when the ground is deeply covered with snow, our sufferings are peculiarly trying: night and day are we exposed to the piercing cold, to the wintry blast, and must dig through the snow with our *stalffy* feet, for every morsel of food we enjoy.

"On reaching a certain age, our great troubles commence: we are permitted no more to enjoy our mountain retirement, nor to be under the watchful care of our friendly shepherd. We are consigned to cruel strangers, who furiously drive us to some distant slaughter-city. Some must be *hindmost* in the flock, and these are subjected to the severest strokes with ponderous bludgeons, which either break, dislocate, or greatly injure every leg they strike; stones are thrown with great violence against the heads of those who are foremost, to push them forward, by which many are stunned and sadly bruised. Such as are completely disabled from proceeding, by this savage treatment, have either their throats cut, or legs tied, and thrown heedlessly into a cart. The dogs also are trained to go silently amongst us, and pierce our legs with their powerful tusks, to force us faster forward than we, who never travelled before, are capable of going. By the time we reach our market, we appear extremely miserable, especially in winter, and worn out with our fatigue and cruel sufferings. We are next handed over to a butcher, in order to be slain for food to the citizens, to which we never object, being appointed for that end; but we complain of being so horribly treated on our way thither."

He was a minute, but tender observer of the habits of insects also, both in his study and garden, as the following note will show.

"Looking into an old folio volume, my attention was immediately

drawn to a very small species of spider, which seemed to be under great alarm, from the volume having been suddenly opened at the place where it had taken up its residence, and had remained, till now, in undisturbed possession of it. The colour of the body was dark brown, and the legs yellow. On applying the magnifying-glass to it, the body appeared shorter than the eighth part of an inch.

"The swiftness of its motion particularly attracted my attention. I concluded that it moved over a space a thousand times its own length in less than a minute, which exceeds the power of the fleetest horse, viz. to gallop as many times its own length in the same space of time. Also, from experiments I made, I found it had not only quick eye-sight, but possessed a mind capable, quickly, to perceive danger, and how to get out of its way.

"I could not but admire the power of God in the construction of such a creature, and to admire that power still more, when I reflected on the still more extreme smallness of the animalculæ in stagnated water, which are almost as much inferior to it, in point of bulk, as that spider is to an elephant. Meditating on such marvellous productions of the Most High God, so infinitely beyond the power of man to produce, the mind is lost in wonder and surprise. The most powerful, acutest, and holiest mind will eternally be unable fully to find out God, or perfectly to comprehend him!

"The alarmed spider soon found out what appeared to it a safe refuge, and seemed to enter it with considerable satisfaction. All its movements to and fro were made in perfect stillness, having no powers either with feet or tongue, to produce sound sufficient to reach the ear of man. Its very silence produced sympathy for it in my mind, so that I felt no inclination either to molest or shorten its days, but rather felt for the tremor I had excited in it by disturbing its repose."

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS FIRST LITERARY PURSUITS AND ASSOCIATES.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Campbell was never a literary man, in the sense of being either a great reader, or an investigator of theology,—for he was too active and practical to bury himself long in *courses* of study, yet he was both well informed, and fond to enthusiasm of his own "line of things," as a writer. His was emphatically a literary life, although chiefly for the young; and but very few great writers have created so many readers as he did. Indeed, he created not a few distinguished writers also: for the pages of his "YOUTH'S MAGAZINE" contain the first Papers of some of our eminent men, and will yet be searched for the *germs* of their fame. This is an interesting fact, but it is trifling compared with his influence in awakening a thirst and taste amongst children for instructive reading. His "WORLDS DISPLAYED," first *displayed* both what could and ought to be done for the young mind, and what injury had been done to it by the rubbish of idle "story books." He then created the *era* of juvenile religious literature in Scotland, and was one of its fathers in England. There may now be better little books for children than his—although that is doubtful even now that they are countless,—but it must never be forgotten that his were "the morning stars" of the galaxy which now shine and sing together over the nursery and the school. In

claiming this honour for John Campbell, I do not forget (how could I?) that John Bunyan was *the first* who tried the experiment, and that too with quite as keen a sense of its real nature as of its urgent necessity. But Bunyan, unfortunately, tried to win the attention of "girls and boys" by poetry, and thus failed; for although "*instinct*" with poetic fire, he had no *ear* for music; and thus no command over numbers. He can, therefore, hardly be said to have set an example by his "Spiritual Emblems." To Mr. Campbell he certainly did not; for the book was unknown to him when he felt the necessity of something shorter and plainer than "Janeway's Token for Children." Indeed, the late Miss Jane Taylor is the only writer for the young, who reminds us at all of Bunyan's Emblems. But the time will come, when it will be named with national pleasure, that it was "in the heart" of the Author of "Pilgrim's Progress," to make all children such as the sons and daughters of "Christiana."

It will now be remembered with pleasure, that Mr. Campbell, whilst only a boy, was his brother's *amanuensis*, whilst Colin translated some of the Fathers. Cyprian seems to have interested him most at this time, which may account for his early admiration of Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio:" for, although Cyprian's Treatise upon "The Grace of God," be as unlike Hervey's as possible—indeed, there is not a vestige of "the true Grace of God" in the Martyr's treatise—yet both the scenery and the style are so similar, that Hervey himself seems to have taken the hint from it, as to the form of the dialogue. Happily for Mr. Campbell, however, Dr. Erskine kept him from imitating the style of either, and Mr. Newton cured him of admiring it, whilst his

Bible saved him from drinking in any of the pernicious nonsense of Cyprian—*African* martyr although he was.

His own account of the origin of the "Worlds Displayed" will now be read with interest, and will remind many of their "first love" for religious books. It should be remembered, however, that although he began the book for the sake of his cousin, Mary Campbell, he had long felt the want of something to interest children. He had nothing to put into their hands, adapted to their taste or capacity, after addressing them in the Sabbath-schools. Little Mary was then just the representative of all young groups he had been teaching for some years. It is, therefore, to Sabbath-schools that the church is indebted for the discovery of the necessity and importance of a religious juvenile library.

He says, "The only religious book for children I ever saw when a boy, was Janeway's Token for Children, published about a hundred years before: containing some sayings of very young children when they were dying. I had a young cousin committed to my care; she was about nine or ten years of age, and I was anxious to have her attention directed to the truths of God. I put Janeway into her hands, which she read. She told me afterwards that the impression of it left upon her mind was, that it made her afraid she should become *good;* for she thought, from it, that all good children died. I then fell in with a very pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one break in it. Though it was very serious and pious, I feared children would not have patience to read it. However, I was determined to make a fair experiment upon Mary Campbell. One day, after dinner, I laid down my desk upon the table to write a letter, and desired her to sit

forward to the table, and I should give her a nice book, published entirely for the sake of *young* people like herself. She took it into her hand with great pleasure, and began to read it with avidity. When she had turned over the second leaf, I saw she was surprised that there was not the end of a chapter in sight. She then turned the third leaf, evidently to see if there was an end there. On observing this, I said, 'Go on, Mary, it's very good.' After a little I saw her slily turn over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she raised up her arms above her head, saying, 'Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?' I said, 'No, Mary, you may go to play.' She ran like a prisoner set free from bondage. I was satisfied that *long* addresses would be of no use to children, for God has evidently studied the taste of his creature in the Revelation he has given unto them; for almost the whole of it is given in the form of narrative, here a little instruction of one kind, and there a little of another, mixed up with the narrative. I therefore resolved to endeavour to convey to her young mind gospel truths, by mixing them up with short narrative. I was encouraged to attempt this plan by an occurrence which had taken place a few months before. A family with which I was very intimate, had one of their sons who had resolved to emigrate to America, merely because he admired it as a land of liberty; which gave them much uneasiness. One day, when dining with the family, the parents told me the foolish resolution of their son John to leave his father's house for America, and asked me what I thought of it. Turning to John, I said, I should give him his history, which I did *off-hand* at some length,—speaking of his going on board of ship—taking his last look of Scotland—sea-sickness—

none to feel for him—landing at New York—no opening for him there—moving up the country—his money failing him—glad to assist in mending the roads—and afterwards in the back settlements felling trees—then his village attacked by the savage Indians, and he among the rest murdered and scalped—and no more of poor John! The parents told me afterwards that John had never *once* spoken of his going out to America after my description of his expedition. One who was of his sentiments of discontent about the British constitution, who went out at the time to America, returned about two years after, and was very silent both with respect to America and the British Constitution. To get forward, people must be industrious in America as well as in Britain; for money is not to be found strewed over the land in either country.

"On Mary going out to play, I commenced writing the first life in 'Worlds Displayed,' without the most distant idea of its ever appearing in print, and finished it that evening. Next day after dinner I desired Mary to stop, for I had something for her to read; on which I put this life into her hand, and commenced writing at my desk, but, unknown to her, watching her conduct. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when done asked me, if I had any more? 'No,' said I, 'that is enough for one reading; but if you behave well, you shall have such another to-morrow after dinner.' She asked for it next day, when I had the second life ready. We went on this way for some time, till at length I felt like a *cask* that once had been full, but now emptied of all its contents; when I told her she must begin now and read them all over again. What gave rise to the *publishing* them I cannot now

recollect ; perhaps it was her showing them to some of her acquaintance. However that was, an edition of 1500 was printed as a little volume, which, in boards, was sold at eightpence ; and so *hungry* were parents and others for something of a religious cast to present unto their children, that the whole edition went off in a very short time. I suppose such publications were equally scarce in America, for in about a year after 'Worlds Displayed' was published in Edinburgh, the venerable Dr. John Erskine, minister of Old Greyfriars parish, called and read me a letter that he had received from an old minister in Massachusetts, stating that my 'Worlds Displayed' had come out there, and a large edition had been published, and requesting Dr. Erskine to inform the author for his encouragement. Also a very short time after its publication in Edinburgh, I received a letter from a bookseller in London wishing permission to print an edition of it there. I did not know till about ten years after, how it was so early noticed there ; when I was invited to dine with Dr. Adam Clarke in a friend's house in London, who told me that he was the first introducer of the 'Worlds Displayed' to London. Though I have published many volumes since that time, I have heard of more beneficial effects produced by that little *Tom Thumb* volume than by all the others put together. About twenty-five years ago I had eight gospel ministers, and more than that of ministers' wives upon my list, who told me that their first serious impressions about religion arose from reading that book, and many more have told me the same tale since that time. How many editions it has gone through in Britain and America, I cannot tell, but the number must be considerable.

"My cousin Mary Campbell, for whose sake entirely the book was written, when grown up to be a young woman, was moral and amiable in the family, and one of the first things I had to attend to after my first return from Africa, was to get her shipped off to the East Indies to be married to the late Dr. George Meikle, then of Hydrabad, eldest son of Dr. Meikle, of Carnwath, N. B., whose works are generally known, especially that one, 'SOLITUDE SWEETENED;' all written on board of men of war! and none published during his life, but all after his death. They were selected from his papers and edited by the Rev. Dr. Peddie, of Edinburgh. The Indiaman in which she sailed, though bound for Madras, had orders to pass it and first touch at Calcutta. There she was kindly invited by Judge Harrington (whom I had formerly known at the Cape of Good Hope) to lodge at his house, where she remained most comfortably for upwards of two months. Dr. Meikle observing her name in the newspapers, in the list of arrivals at Calcutta, wrote to her, in which he promised to be at Madras to meet her by the time the ship arrived there; which he was, for the vessel had no sooner cast anchor, than she got a note from her intended husband, that he was on deck and would visit her when she sent for him; and no doubt the interview was a tender one on both sides, for they were much attached to each other before as well as after marriage. They were married at Madras, and travelled up to Hydrabad, a journey of three or four weeks of Indian travelling, which is slow, being carried in palanquins, not by horses or elephants, but human bearers. In a few years she had a liver attack from which she never recovered. Hearing that I was about paying a second visit to the Cape of Good Hope, they

left Hydrabad on account of Mr. Meikle's health, resolving, if the Madras air was not beneficial, to go on to the Cape of Good Hope, where they expected to meet me. I got a letter from them to that effect a short time after my arrival; but God had appointed that I should see her face no more; for about half way on the journey to Madras, they halted at one of the empty houses built at the side of the road for the accommodation of travellers, where she got worse and died, and where a tomb was afterwards erected to her memory by her bereaved husband. To me it was a great disappointment, though I humbly submitted to it as an act of the sovereign will of Him in whose cause I was embarked." The letters of this lady, from India, to Mr. Campbell, are full of gratitude and affection.

"I have written so minutely the history of the 'Worlds Displayed,' that you might see what a change has taken place in your country in reference to publications for youth. Now, the press is a most prolific producer of something new for them almost every day; enough to bewilder our young friends." There is some truth in this last remark, and yet it is almost *amusing* in Mr. Campbell's lips; for he not only led on the press for "our young folks," but always had his pockets full of little books for distribution wherever he met with children. The exclamation, "Now we shall have some more nice little books; for here is Mr. Campbell at the door!" is well remembered throughout all the circle of his calls. It was often heard too in the streets and lanes around this neighbourhood, from the children at play. He was not, however, an indiscriminate or lavish distributor anywhere; but required some account of the contents as well as the names of what he had last given

to his greedy groups, whether within doors or without. Our children laid their account with this.

It is not necessary to remind the reader of "Worlds Displayed," of "Peter Patience," or "Fanny Faithful," or "David Pride," or "The History of a Bible," or of "Visits to Souls in Prison."

The only religious Review then (1800) in Scotland said of the book, "The originality of invention which it displays, is highly gratifying. The narratives are perfectly natural. A savour of unaffected piety pervades the whole. These are qualifications vastly superior to the most elegant diction, or the finest address. To write of what is going on in Heaven is, it must be confessed, a subject extremely delicate. So far as we have observed, however, our author is fully supported in all he advanced, by the Scriptures." This, no doubt, was written by the author's friend, the Rev. Greville Ewing, A.M., the editor of the Journal: but that is good proof of its truth, and forty years have verified his judgment. A new edition has lately been published in London, by Ward and Co.

Mr. Campbell had written many papers for the Magazines, before he published this little work; and perhaps some tracts also. He had also published at his own expense, for distribution, various hymns of Mr. Newton's. The chief thing he contemplated at first, however, was a religious Magazine for Scotland. His own account of this project (which follows) hardly does justice to himself. He forgot, in his old age, that it would have been easier to be the editor of a Missionary Magazine, than to write so many letters on Missionary affairs as he did, all over Scotland.

"I remember in those missionary days regretting that

we had not one religious magazine in Scotland; and mentioned the circumstance to some friends, as they came in my way, who regretted the same also. Among others, I mentioned it to the late Mr. Archibald Bonar, parish minister of Crammond, who stated a humbling fact, that such a magazine had been tried in Edinburgh about twenty years before, chiefly by the clergy, who agreed to furnish a certain number of papers by rotation. When they did send papers, they were only pieces cut out of their sermons, and were very heavy and dull reading. The press was sometimes also kept standing still for more matter; likewise there was nothing particularly interesting going on in the religious world; consequently that magazine died at the third number. But this statement did not even damp my zeal for attaining the object. A Mr. Pillans, a printer, whom I knew as a worthy character, called upon me, and urged me at least to try it, and their house would print it on the most moderate terms, and take a considerable share of the risk. I remember that he almost convinced me that I had as many excellent papers at home, as would supply good matter for several numbers; but he only spoke from hearsay, not inspection. However, a regular agreement was drawn up and signed, for the monthly publication of a magazine, to be called the 'Missionary Magazine,' of which I was to be editor!—for which I was as unfit as to command a first-rate man-of-war. I speak now, from knowledge of what I then was.

"The news of this transaction soon spread over the city; but in a few days I was happily released from my vast and hazardous undertaking. One morning I was called upon by the Rev. Greville Ewing, then one of the ministers of Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, and the late

Dr. Charles Stuart, physician in Edinburgh, who inquired if it was true that I was on the eve of publishing a religious magazine in Edinburgh; of course I acknowledged it was true. They said then, that they intended to publish such a work, of which Mr. Ewing was to be editor, and thought it justice to me that I should be aware of their intention.—With most unfeigned cheerfulness I surrendered up my short-lived office into the hands of Mr. Ewing, who immediately afterwards entered into an engagement with the same printers, I think, that I had engaged with. Prospectuses were soon printed and circulated, and thousands of subscribers from all parts of Scotland obtained, so that the Christians, in town and country, showed that they were hungering for such a work, and when it issued from the press it excited universal attention.

"Though this be a tale of more than forty years ago, I have no doubt but Mr. Ewing, of Glasgow, who is still alive, will remember the facts which I have stated. At that time he was the fittest man in Scotland for the undertaking, not only from his talents, but also from his official situation, being secretary to the Edinburgh Missionary Society, which had lately been formed. I have always forgotten to ask him, when in his company, if he ever thought of beginning such a magazine till he heard of my editorship."

Although he thus resigned the editorship, he gave the magazine the full benefit of his best services and influence, and obtained contributions for it from some of his English friends. He induced Mr. Fuller especially to support it, because it advocated equally the Baptist and London Missionary Societies. One letter of Mr. Fuller's, Mr. Campbell preserved; and as it seems

never to have been published, and as the maxim in which it originated was a rule with both in travelling, it will be read with interest, and may spread its own spirit.

"*Isleham, Cambridge, Sept.* 7, 1796.

"DEAR SIR,—I am now on a journey of a fortnight. Just before setting out, I received your kind letter, enclosing a £5 bill from a lady unknown, for which we (the Baptist Missionary Society) are obliged to you and the lady. Your observations, with which you fill up your letter, are very agreeable to me and to others, to whom I have read the letter. As good Mrs. Hamilton observes, my hands are full of employment; and what to write, that would be suitable for the Mission Magazine, I hardly know. If the following would be acceptable, it is at Mr. Ewing's service. It contains an experiment, among many others of the kind which I have made, of endeavouring to disseminate the knowledge of God in our own country. While we are sending missionaries abroad, it has seemed to me desirable that every one of us should labour to act as missionaries at home.

"MR. EDITOR,—Much has been said and done of late on missions to the heathen, and I doubt not but to a good purpose. It is one strong recommendation in their favour that the more we engage in them, the more we feel ourselves inclined to labour for the good of our countrymen at home. Having been pretty much employed of late myself in the one, I may say from experience, it has led me more than in any former period of my life to be concerned for the other. It has put me upon thinking of the different ways in which we might be useful to our fellow-sinners around us; not only by public preaching, but by occasional hints and observations, as we may be sitting in the house, or walking by the way. It has seemed to me desirable that every Christian should consider himself as in some sense a missionary. Occupied with these sentiments, I lately resolved to make some experiments upon strangers whom I might meet with on my journeys. I will relate an example, which may not be altogether useless to your readers, as it may afford a specimen of what may be done in such a way.

"Being in a stage-coach with several other persons, and having to travel together about an hundred and twenty miles, I felt a desire to find out my company. For this purpose I hummed over, as it were to myself, a psalm tune; but finding no one whose eyes or attention seemed to answer to the music, I resolved to introduce something in

another mode. A lady, of about forty years of age, seemed to be the most intelligent person in the company; to her, therefore, I determined to address myself. She said she had resided at Bath, and, I think, at Bristol. I inquired several things concerning those places. At length she expressed her great disapprobation of the *Whitfieldites*, as she called them; observing that their religion either led people to licentiousness or despondency, and often to suicide. 'Does it, madam?' said I: 'I cannot say that I am much acquainted with many of those people; but all that I know amongst them has never warranted any such conclusion. Do you know many examples of these things?' 'No, I cannot say that I know much about them myself; but I have often heard such things said of them.' 'We should have good ground, madam, for fixing a charge upon any body of people, even though we might know of individual bad characters amongst them: I cannot think we should rely upon mere hearsay.' She pleaded 'that their religious sentiments led to these things.' She thought 'if more attention was paid to morality, and less to some other things, it would be much better.' 'But, madam, what do you call morality?' 'Why, that we pay every one his own, be good neighbours, and the like.' 'But does not morality consist in loving God as well as our neighbour?' 'Oh, yes, to be sure; but there is such a thing as being *righteous over-much*.' 'And is there no such thing as being righteous over-little?' 'No doubt, but the wise man recommends a medium.' 'The wise man, I apprehend, madam, speaks there by way of irony, *q d.*: If you wish to cut a figure in the world, you must not have too tender a conscience, nor yet too much sterling wisdom: only beware of *gross* wickedness, and *egregious* folly, and the world will applaud you. That which you call a medium, is the very object which the wise man meant to satirize: for when he puts off his irony, and speaks seriously, he says, *He that feareth God shall come forth of them all*. You acknowledge, madam, that we may have *too little* religion, as well as too much?' 'Yes, to be sure.' 'Indeed, madam, the concerns of another world are of so great importance, that nothing in this world is to be compared with them. If there be a God, a heaven, and a hell, it becomes us, I think, to be in real earnest in such matters.' 'Very true, sir, very true.' 'I have before told you, madam, that I am not a Whitfieldite; but in those things which you seem to object against people of that denomination, I acknowledge I approve of them. The principles which you suppose must lead either to licentiousness or despondency, I have imbibed for many years; and, without boasting, I can say they have had neither of these effects upon me.' 'It may be so, sir.' 'With your leave, madam, I will tell you a little of the history of

my life.' 'If you please, sir.' 'From my earliest youth I was educated in what you would call morality, and seem to think sufficient to recommend us to the favour of God: but I am now fully convinced that if I had died in that condition, my soul had been lost for ever. Notwithstanding that, my outward conduct, allowing for a few of the follies of youth, was what is called decent, yet I cannot but recollect that my heart was estranged from God. I did not love him. I did not know him. I lived without prayer. I abstained from no sin through fear of offending or dishonouring him, but merely to avoid disgrace, or something of the kind. My heart rose against every thing truly religious. I could have wished there had been no God, no hereafter; as the thoughts of such things always threw a damp upon my enjoyments.

"'At times I used to be seized with strong convictions, and was convinced that I was in the road to perdition. Sometimes I have been so impressed with the fear of being lost for ever, as to weep bitterly on account of it. For hours together I have gone walking about alone, and pouring forth floods of tears. But as soon as these impressions were worn off, I returned to my former careless course of life, passing away my days without hope, and without God in the world.

"'At length, when I was nearly sixteen years of age, I began to take greater liberties in sin, and to form connexions which, if God had not interposed by his great mercy, would have proved my eternal overthrow. As I knew better than I acted, I used to make solemn vows against particular evils; but they scarcely ever proved of any use: when opportunities offered, and temptations ever presented, I was generally carried away.

"'It was then, madam, that my life was miserable. My conscience and inclination were at perpetual war. There were times in which my spirit was so dejected, that I could enjoy none of the pleasures of life. It was not on account of religion, however, that I felt this despondency, but for the contrary.

"'One evening, as I was walking alone, I felt inexpressible anguish in thinking of my situation. I perceived that I was under the curse of God; and what was worse if worse could be, I perceived that if God would forgive me all my past sins, and I might have the offer of eternal life on condition of forsaking them in future, such was my invincible propensity to evil, that I should, notwithstanding all, be lost. In this state of mind I continued for a while, pausing and thinking, what shall I do? And indeed I knew not what to do, nor to what refuge to betake me. Sometimes I thought I would even go on, and abide the consequence: then my heart would fail me, on account of the fearfulness of everlasting wrath. Besides, there were times in which I had enter-

tained a little hope; and what, thought I, shall I now give up heaven, and hope, and all for lost? And now my spirit began to relent, and to cleave, as it were, to Christ and heaven. But then the difficulty returned, Is there any hope for me? While this question hung in my mind, I thought of the words of Job, *Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.* I now began to weep, and pray—to pray, for Christ's sake, that the Lord would show mercy to me, a poor miserable sinner, that had no help in himself, nor hope from any other quarter. As I was thus weeping and praying, my hope was strengthened from a view of the great love of God, and the all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ to cleanse the foulest sinner: and the more I saw of the fitness and all-sufficiency of Christ, the more I wept, and abhorred myself, as it were, in dust and ashes. This frame of mind continued some hours, during which time I committed my soul to Christ to save me, and to sanctify me, over and over, and over again.

"'You may think, madam, that this was enthusiasm; but I assure you I consider it as perfectly rational; and no more, nor so much, as every one would feel were he not hardened in insensibility. This exercise of mind terminated in a calm serenity, such as I had never felt before; and such an abhorrence of every evil way as I had never before experienced. All my vows and oppositions to sin before this were not the expressions of my heart, but merely of my conscience at war with my heart; but now I loved God, and hated evil. From this time I broke off all my wicked company and pursuits, and devoted myself to the service of God; and I assure you, madam, that mine has been, upon the whole, a happy life. I would not change lives, even if there were no hereafter, with the wealthiest profligate in the land. It is now more than twenty-six years ago; and I bless God on every remembrance of it, and should be glad to communicate my pleasures to every person I meet with.

"'I have told you, madam, of only one period of my life: I could have added many more; for I have found wisdom's ways to be the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace, but I would not wish to be tedious.' The lady made no reply, and the conversation dropped for the rest of the journey.

"If, dear sir, Mr. Ewing thinks the above worthy of a place in his magazine, it is at his service; and if not, he will give me no offence. He will consider that, being written on a journey, at different times, and with indifferent pens and ink, it is very imperfect. Remember me affectionately to him, Dr. Stuart, Mrs. Hamilton, &c.

"I am, dear sir, affectionately yours,

"A. FULLER."

One of his own papers, intended for the magazine which he himself contemplated, is like himself; and as he preserved it as a specimen of one of his modes of arresting attention, it deserves a place in this chapter.

"LETTER TO THE PRINCIPAL INHABITANT OF ANOTHER WORLD; CONTAINING A HISTORY OF OUR WORLD, FROM ITS CREATION TO ITS FINAL DESTRUCTION.

"There are few persons, who have considered the subject, who doubt the existence of a plurality of worlds in the universe of God. The planets which revolve round our sun are all supposed by philosophers to be worlds, and all inhabited by beings who require light for accomplishing the purposes of life. We have no information respecting the *condition* of these beings, and, it may be, they have none respecting ours. Were God to permit the different worlds to *correspond* with each other, and likewise enable them to effect it, by creating or appointing messengers capable of travelling from one to another, I should certainly send an epistle similar to the following:—

"*To the principal inhabitant of the planet* JUPITER, *respecting the condition of man.*

"MY UNKNOWN FRIEND,—Although, by the wise arrangement of Providence, you and I are inhabitants of different worlds, yet, being created and supported by the same God, we are brethren, and ought to feel interested in the welfare of each other. Believing that God has created no world, without affording a revelation of himself to the intelligent part of that world, I am persuaded that you have the knowledge of his glory amongst you; and I hope you continue in a state of perfect holiness and happiness, though, with deep regret, I must say it has been far *otherwise* with the inhabitants of this globe, which we call the Earth.

"If you will observe distinctly from your planet the motion of ours, you will perceive how long it takes to revolve round its axis. Each of these revolutions we call a day; and three hundred and sixty-five of these we call a year. By this remark you will understand what I mean by days and years.

"About six thousand years ago, our world was created from nothing, by God, in the space of six days; at which time one of our species was also created, and placed upon it as deputy-lord of all. He had Jehovah's will written upon his heart, and he found it his highest felicity to

be obedient to it. God only prohibited him from partaking of one thing he had created; all the rest were at his service. He threatened to inflict singular punishment upon him and his posterity in case of disobedience; thus the continuation of his happy life depended upon his conformity to the Creator's will, and the introduction of misery on deviating from that will. Adam [which was the name of the first of our race] consented to this will of God his Maker; at least, he made no objection to it. However, by the subtle insinuations of a foul, fallen, rebellious spirit, [known to us by the name Devil,] he most wantonly and criminally transgressed the commandment of his gracious, holy, and righteous Creator. By this act of disobedience he lost the holy image of God, and all his happiness, and became subject to the curse of God during his life here; and afterwards, in consequence of that curse, to be remitted to a place of everlasting punishment, in some part of the dominions of God, which at present is unknown to us.

"As Adam, in this matter, acted not only for himself, but also for all who should descend from him, he involved himself and his innumerable descendants in dreadful ruin and misery. Indeed, no sooner do his posterity come into the world, and acquire power to discover what is in them, than they manifest dislike to all that is good, and violent attachment to all that is evil. Perhaps you will expect to hear that Adam, when he reflected on what he had done, and what he lost by it, fell down prostrate before God, imploring his mercy and forgiveness. But ah! the opposite was his conduct, for he first attempted to flee from the presence of his offended Maker; but, finding flight and concealment impossible, he endeavoured to vindicate himself, and to throw the blame upon God.

"You can only expect now to be informed of unmingled wrath and vengeance having pursued Adam and his sons in all their generations; but what joy will it give you to hear the wondrous tale, that the procedure of God has been vastly different, and his gracious designs to men brought about in a way that will astonish for ever all the holy, intelligent creation of God! The great Lord himself became a man like ourselves, took upon him our guilt, and actually died in the most painful and ignominious manner to make atonement for our sins. He remained in a state of death for a time, rose upon the third day, and forty days afterwards ascended into the heavens, to reign for ever at the head of his redeemed people.

"I am persuaded you will be desirous to know what *effect* this most marvellous display of disinterested benevolence has had upon our race, and will certainly expect to hear that every soul, on receiving the happy

information concerning the love, grace, and compassion of God, would bless and praise him with unceasing rapture; and with the utmost grief repent of all their offences, and look with great desire towards the period when they shall join the assemblage of their fellow men, around the royal throne of their glorified Redeemer; which exalted honour is promised to all them who believe the joyful tidings concerning salvation by the Son of God. The reverse has almost universally taken place. When this great salvation was first published by twelve ambassadors from the Saviour, who had beheld his glory, as the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, and had associated with him before and after his resurrection; their testimony, though confirmed by miracles which were wrought by the power of God, met with various receptions in different parts of our world. Most of the hearers would not believe it, but retired with disgust, and continued their rebellion against God. This iniquitous conduct arose from their rooted enmity to God, their pride, and their amazing attachment to sin. Others treated the Saviour's message with the utmost indifference; they cared not whether their sins were forgiven them or not, whether they should be miserable or happy in a state to come, if they could only gratify their sinful inclinations during the few years they were to continue on the earth, which seldom exceeds seventy years. Others maltreated the messengers; so much so, that almost every one of them suffered a violent death, and from those very persons whose happiness they were seeking to promote.

"I dare say you are disposed to hope that this delirium soon died away, and that mankind soon began to think and act very differently. Far otherwise has been the case; for the majority of every succeeding generation have treated the publication of the love and mercy of a gracious God much in the same manner. They are unwilling to receive pardon, and eternal life in heaven, as free, unmerited favours from God. They will not give up with their sinful ways; they hate the servants of God for their holiness, and God's laws for the same reason, being naturally averse to every thing godly. It is true, the original *tempter* and deceiver continues in our world, abetting the rebellion, by endeavouring to blind their minds with the pleasures of sin, the vanities and allurements of life, lest the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God should shine into their hearts: and what is strange, they love to have it so; they love to be deceived, and are actually afraid to come to the light, lest their evil deeds should be discovered. This is a degree of depravity perhaps perfectly unknown to *you*, but it is quite familiar to *us* in this wretched world.

"One thing that would greatly astonish you, were you here, would

be, to see men who know neither the day nor the hour when they may be called away by God to answer for their conduct; to see them, I say, as thoughtless about their eternal interests; as indifferent to the calls and threatenings of God, as if certain that there is to be no end to their merriment. Yet thousands of these know they are doing wrong, and dread the punishment that awaits them; but so great is their depravity, they will not relinquish sin, nor submit to be saved by the righteousness of the Son of God.

"After this melancholy, though faithful picture of our rebellious race, it is with pleasure I inform you we have not been all alike. In every age, a considerable number of men have believed in the Son of God, and have greatly rejoiced in the faith, that what he did and suffered while he continued in our world satisfied for their sins. In him they place implicit confidence, and ask from him his Spirit to renew their souls day by day. He graciously hears their prayers; he enables them to desire and delight in holiness. These, as you no doubt suppose, are separated from the rebellious part of mankind; and feel that the wicked, inconsiderate conduct of the rebellious greatly grieves them. Your supposition is right. The righteous often pity the rebellious, and intercede with God in their behalf, that by his special and powerful grace he would convince them of the error of their ways, of their indispensable need of a Saviour, and of the truth of his mercy in having provided one, so suited to their circumstances, so able and ready to deliver them from all their miseries. But though they deeply feel for the misery of their perishing brethren, and use many means for their conversion to God, yet these consider and treat them as their greatest enemies, and charge them with being criminal, intruding disturbers of their peace.

"You will be still more astonished at the obdurate hardness and stubbornness of these men, when I present you with a few of the faithful declarations of God to them by his inspired messengers:—

"'There is no peace (says God) unto the wicked;—he assures them they are in a state of death and condemnation, without God, and without hope in the world; that he shall assuredly bring them to death, and to judgment; that he will rain upon the wicked, snares, fire and brimstone, an horrible tempest. As for those mine enemies (says he) who would not have me to reign over them, bring them hither, and slay them before my face.'

"His revelation likewise abounds with sayings full of grace and mercy to sinners. He calls to all ends of the earth to hear his voice, to come to him that they may be saved.. He assures them that it is a faithful

saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief;—that God so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;—that it is in vain to look any where else for relief, but to his Son Jesus, for there is salvation in none other.

"Are you not greatly surprised that the terrific truths I have stated from the word of God do not deter all men from committing any sin, and that the gracious truths do not universally allure and constrain men to love and obey the God of heaven? But neither the former nor the latter, nor both together, effect the object of their publication in a single instance, unless God accompanies them with his almighty grace, and, as it were, compel the sinner to be saved. The fact is remarkably humbling to our nature, but it is true; and those who are recovered from the ruin resulting from the fall of man look back with horror to the pit from whence they were taken, and look up to God with peculiar gratitude for his distinguishing goodness, in causing them to hear and believe his merciful voice, and for teaching them to live righteously and godly upon the earth.

"It is very wonderful that God has patiently borne with the wickedness of our world for so many ages; but we are informed that his patience is hastening to an end: that he is soon to come to raise the dead, and collect all the descendants of the first man into one astonishing assembly, when he is to manifest the character and state of every man, by bringing forward his deeds during his life upon the earth. At the conclusion of this general judgment of men, he is to send the wicked into everlasting punishment, and receive the righteous into endless, boundless blessedness, from which state they shall be for ever secured from falling.

"It is unnecessary for me to describe the wonderful works of God which cover the surface of our globe; for unless your world in some degree resembles ours, I have not powers so to explain them, as to render the explanation intelligible. Wherefore I shall add no more at present, but only to subscribe myself,

"An Inhabitant of the Earth."

About this time, Mr. Campbell took much pains to bring into notice the works of Riccalton; the only metaphysical writer he was ever fond of. Theologians

will thank him for the following sketch of that remarkable writer:—"There was a Mr. Robert Riccalton, minister of Hobkirk, a small and poor parish, at no great distance from Kelso. Small as his income was, he had the imprudence to sign a bond for a considerable sum, to serve the convenience of the patron of the parish, or the patron's son, and had security on his estate. The principal failed, and his estate so overwhelmed with debts, that it was available for nothing, consequently all the debts came upon poor Mr. Riccalton. Nearly the whole of his stipend was seized, and for many years he almost lived in a state of starvation. The late Dr. Webster, when making a tour over that part of the country, with his man-servant on horseback, thought he would take a turn out of his way to call upon Mr. Riccalton, who certainly possessed the highest order of mind in the whole south of Scotland, as the three octavo volumes of his works abundantly prove. He came opposite to the poor looking manse [or parsonage house], and saw a poor looking man sitting upon a stone at the side of the door, busy eating something. He asked him if Mr. Riccalton was in the house? The man answered, 'No, for this is Riccalton, sitting upon the stone, feeding upon the promise of bread and water.' This he was doing to save as much money as he could for clearing away the bond. Dr. Webster was a good deal affected at seeing such a man in such circumstances.

"He very seldom indeed came to Edinburgh; but at one time he had some piece of business to transact there, and was chosen a member of the General Assembly by his presbytery. There was one day an important cause that came before the Assembly; many

speeches were made during the debate; at length, the leader of the church made a most brilliant speech, and the majority of the Assembly appeared ready to vote for the motion they expected him to move at the conclusion of it. However, before the resolution was moved, a plain farmer-looking man begged permission to make a few remarks, which was granted. He began by saying, 'Moderator [chairman], great is the power of oratory! great is the power of oratory! moderator, great is the power of oratory!' Every body was asking, 'Who is that?' but every one shook his head, saying, he did not know. 'Moderator, I perceived that the house was carried away by the last speech; but what carried them away? Not argument, but mere oratory; for I think I shall be able to convince you and this house, before I sit down, that there was not one sound argument in the whole speech.' He began with the first assertion that had been made, and the arguments used to support it, and showed their futility, and went over the whole that had been adduced throughout the speech, proving their emptiness. The accuracy and force of his arguments astonished the Assembly;—the President of the Court of Session, the chief judge in the land, invited him to breakfast next morning; and similar invitations poured in upon him from all quarters: but he soon escaped from all these to his quiet retirement at Hobkirk.

"A copy of his works found their way to Mr. Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, who was deeply interested in their contents, and now and then expressed his surprise that he should have received so much additional insight into divine truth, in his old age, from an author whose name he had never heard of till his volumes

came to his house. In a letter I had from him in April, 1794, among other remarks about Mr. Riccalton, he has the following:—'I seldom meet with a human writer, to whose judgment I can implicitly subscribe in all points. But upon the whole these books have pleased me highly, and I think have thrown light upon some particulars which I did not so well understand before I read them. I never heard of them before, though they were printed in the year 1772.' In another letter he says, 'Setting religion aside, on the sole ground of literary abilities, I think, if boasting were lawful, Scotland might boast of Mr. Riccalton, no less than of Hume, Robertson, Blair, &c. He was certainly a man of a strong, comprehensive mind, and if not an *elegant*, he was a *masterly* writer. His metaphysics, I think, are a good besom to sweep away the fine-spun cobweb, sceptical metaphysics, which at present are too much in fashion in both kingdoms.'

"The son, before the time Mr. Newton writes, had succeeded his father as minister of the parish, and had, to relieve his father, taken what remained of the debt upon himself, which obliged him also to submit to great deprivations. To assist him, Mr. Newton put into the Evangelical Magazine a statement of his case, and his willingness to take charge of any contributions that might be sent to him. Much did not come in from this source. I think Mr. Newton sent me ten or more pounds to be forwarded to Mr. Riccalton."

In this sketch, written in his old age, Mr. Campbell, as usual, conceals himself as much as possible. It was not, however, with Mr. Newton only that he pleaded the cause of Riccalton, or promoted the sale of his works. Lady Leven, and her circle, heard of the case. It is a curious

fact, that none of the admirers of Riccalton have adopted his theory of spiritual life. The late Dr. Simpson, of Hoxton-college, was so fond of his works, that he urged me to bring out a new edition of them, after he had inoculated me with his own love to them: but it was impossible not to see, that they influenced neither his Lectures nor his Sermons. This is equally true of Mr. Newton. The fact is, there is a fascination about the theory, which, although it lay hold of the heart, does not *fix* the understanding. It can be *thought* over, but it is *unmanageable* in preaching, because mystical in both its forms and phrases. It is, however, well worth reading, now that there is a tendency to illustrate grace by gravitation, and to *confound* the Spirit with the Word, as if He was in the truth, only as Socrates is in the philosophy of Plato, or Bacon in the works of the inductive school.

The next literary undertaking which Mr. Campbell aided, was the publication of Colonel Blackader's Letters; a book of which the late venerable Dr. Waugh was enthusiastically fond in his old age. Some of the original letters are amongst Mr. Campbell's papers, and although not written in an unintelligible hand, must have cost him much trouble to decipher, whilst transcribing them. The discovery and publication of them, he records thus:—

"The late excellent Mr. Harvey, of Stirling, being accustomed to take a pinch of snuff, was obliged to visit the snuff shop now and then. On one occasion he went to purchase a fresh supply of that article, and when it was weighed, the shopkeeper took from behind him a small parcel of letters, tied with a silken cord, which he untied, and tore the first letter into two parts; and while he was wrapping up the snuff in the one half, Mr.

Harvey naturally examined the contents of the other, and was struck by observing the signature of Blackader at the head of the letter. He inquired if he had any more of these letters? He said, 'I bought all as waste paper, at the sale of the mansion that belonged to the Blackader family; among which there is a number of those packets tied up, and that one you have in your hand is the first letter I have torn.' 'Oh,' said Mr. H., 'destroy no more of them, but put them all into the scale and weigh them, and I will thank you to let me have them at the rate you bought them.' The shopman said, 'if you wish to have them, you are welcome to them; their value is a trifle as old paper.' They turned out to be the whole of the letters of Colonel Blackader to his lady, during all the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough. She always living as near the contending armies as she could with safety, received many letters; and every year's letters had been carefully tied up by her with the silken cord. He had been governor of Stirling Castle about fifty years before this time, which made his name familiar to Mr. Harvey. What a narrow escape from destruction these letters made! Their preservation depended on Mr. H. being a snuff-taker, a customer to that shopkeeper, and his needing a fresh supply of snuff that morning, and going at the very time he did.

"On looking over some of the letters quietly at home, he was much pleased with many things he met with in them, and still more so by discovering that they were a regular series, continuing for many years, during so important a period of British history. Being on the eve of visiting London, in order to attend the formation of the *London Missionary Society*, he took the whole parcel of letters with him. He called, with them, on

the late Mr. Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, and committed them to him, with the request that he would inspect them, and give his opinion of them. On Mr. Harvey calling about a fortnight after, he inquired if Mr. Newton had examined the letters. He said he had. What is your opinion of them? 'I think Colonel Blackader was as good a colonel as Colonel *Gardner*, and that is saying a good deal for them.' 'I brought them to London on purpose to let you see them, and, if you approved them, to request you to make a selection, and publish them; will you undertake it, sir?' 'No, my eyes are too old to read such small hand as these letters are written in. On your way back to Stirling, do you go by Edinburgh?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you know a Mr. Campbell, in the Grass Market, there?' 'I do.' 'If you will take the letters to him, with my love, and say, if he will be at the trouble to transcribe them for publishing, I will write a preface to them.' Mr. H. did so, and I undertook the work. While going on with it, a descendant of the Blackader family sent me about twenty little manuscript volumes of Colonel Blackader's diary, to take extracts from, written in the same small hand as the letters. It was a long time before I got my part of the business finished. I then applied to Dr. Stuart for the part he had promised, viz. a historical account of the Blackader family; but, having diseased nerves, nothing could prevail upon him to set to work. On my receiving from London Mr. Newton's preface, he set to work immediately, and went on with rapidity till he had finished about half of the account, when he made a *dead halt*, and farther I could not get him to proceed. I urged him, month after month, year after year, yet he remained inflexible,

though a man of acute parts; indeed, I believe that while that *fit* continued, all the argumentative and oratorial powers of Cicero and Demosthenes could not have prevailed upon him to have added one page. When I left Scotland to reside in London, I committed all the papers into his hands, and, when ready, they were to be published for the benefit of the Edinburgh Magdalen Society, whose secretary I had been for the first three years of its existence. For a year after settling in London, I used sometimes to be asked by Mr. Newton and others, when Colonel Blackader was to make his appearance; which led me to write Dr. S. a letter, in the form of an *allegory*, of which I have no copy, but the outline of it was something like the following:—'That there was imprisoned in the city of Edinburgh an excellent and pious colonel, who was anxious to go forth and preach the truths of God to our army and navy all over the world; that he was bound in fetters, not even permitted to behold the light of day, and his groans were heard even as far as London; and how astonished were the inquirers to learn that his *turnkey* was a Christian; but they could not believe that such cruelty could exist in the bosom of any person claiming the Christian name.' This happened to touch the *right* string; the doctor immediately awoke from his stupor, set to work with spirit, and finished his account in a few days, and handed all the manuscripts over to the Magdalen Society, which I understood were sold to a bookseller for fifty pounds. A greatly improved and extended edition of it was published twenty years after, by Mr. Andrew Crichton, and sold by Baynes, Edinburgh; and Baynes and Son, London; 8vo. pages 678.

"As a sample of the confidence and composure of mind which the Colonel had in most perilous circumstances, take the following short letter, written by him to lady Campbell, of Stirling, on the field, at the battle of Blenheim:—

"'I am just now retired from the noise of drums, of oaths, and dying groans. I am to return in a few minutes to the field of battle, and, wrapping up in the arms of Omnipotence, I believe myself safer as to every valuable purpose, than if sitting in your Ladyship's chamber.'

"At this battle the loss of the French was computed at 30,000; and of the allies about 12,000, killed, wounded, and prisoners. I should have preferred being with Paul at the school of *Tyrannus*, notwithstanding the uproar, than with Blackader at the battle of Blenheim. Paul's cause was more honourable than those potsherds, striving with the potsherds of the earth."

This account was written by Mr. Campbell in his old age. Of his fellow-labourer in this work, Dr. Charles Stuart, he left the following brief memorial; which will not be the less interesting, because it throws some light upon the conversion of his old friend, the late Rev. Mr. Aikman:—

"Upwards of thirty years ago, a friend of mine in London was long in perplexity of soul about her state before God, almost reaching to despondency. She read much and heard much without obtaining relief. I recollected a letter which the late Mr. Aikman, of Edinburgh, showed to me, that he had received from Dr. C. Stuart, of the same city, when he was in a similar state of mind as my friend, and which had been useful to him. Thinking it might be useful also to my friend,

I wrote to the Doctor, requesting a copy of it, which he immediately sent, with his prayers that it might be useful.

"Mr. Aikman had been some years, when a young man, living at Kingston, in Jamaica; which, he told me, was at that time a most irreligious, infidel place, and most dangerous to the souls of all who resided in it. Feeling his health injured, and what is called a *fortune* coming to him by the death of a brother, he fled from Kingston like Lot from Sodom. Perhaps some compliances with customs which conscience did not approve, afterwards harassed his mind, though he told me he had resisted, from the very beginning, to engage in any business at his brother's on the Lord's day. However, he returned to Scotland with a wounded spirit, and his agony of soul rose to such a pitch, that he nearly lost his reason, as he more than once told me.

"Knowing that Dr. Stuart had waded similar deep waters, he sent a full statement of his painful case to the doctor, requesting his opinion on it.

"The origin of the Doctor's troubles was a conviction that he had acted contrary to the light he *then* had, when he accepted a presentation to the parish church of Crammond, about four miles from Edinburgh. After his ordination, on examining those who attended the church, he could hardly find a family whose children he could baptize, or whom he could admit to the Lord's supper. On this discovery, he told me he often lay down upon the carpet in the utmost agony of mind. Once, when in this state, he received a visit from Mr. Robert Cook, a weaver, who was pastor of an old Independent church that met in a room in the Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh. He took him to his garden, and

there minutely related to him his case: when he was done, Mr. Cook looked him seriously in the face, and said, '*Adam, where art thou?*' From that moment, Dr. Stuart resolved to give in his resignation of the parish church, and commenced the study of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, where he had formerly studied divinity; and by and by obtained the degree of doctor of medicine, which he practised for many years most respectably in Edinburgh. He afterwards joined the Maclean Baptists, from whom he also seceded, in consequence of differing upon some point with the majority of the church. He was remarkably attached to the late Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, and showed the strength of his Christian regard in a striking manner upon one occasion. Mr. Fuller had a severe attack upon the liver. They wrote Dr. Stuart, describing Mr. Fuller's feelings, and how he was treated. On reading it, he was not quite satisfied with the treatment. He ordered a post-chaise, and posted to Kettering, felt Mr. Fuller's pulse, asked some questions, conversed with the medical attendant, gave some advices, and, after halting a few hours, hastened back to Edinburgh; which, altogether, was a journey of 700 miles!"

Many will regret that this notice of Dr. Charles Stuart is so brief, as it is well known that Mr. Campbell was very intimate with him. Perhaps to no one was he more indebted for sound criticisms and advice, when he began to write and preach. The "Worlds Displayed" owes some of its perspicuity to him, and the first "Journey to Africa" would have been much pruned, had the Doctor been consulted. He criticised it severely, in a long letter to Mr. Campbell; and thus prevented the recurrence of similar faults in the Second

Journal. He also put him upon lines of inquiry and observation in Africa, which led him to collect the "African Light" which he shed upon the Scriptures during his second visit. It was not, however, reluctance to acknowledge these literary obligations, that occasioned the brevity of this sketch. Mr. Campbell was as thankful for Dr. Stuart's criticisms, as he was for his timely interference in the case of the Missionary Magazine, or for the *pills*, the dread of which cured him. The fact is, the worthy doctor so often teased him about Baptism, that he could hardly have written much concerning him, without touching on that point; and for it, he had no taste. He believed that Christ was "an high Priest after the order of Melchisedek:" and thus, that the Abrahamic Covenant was just "the Rose of Sharon" in *bud*, or the Gospel in embryo; and therefore that the children of believers stand in the same relation to the full-blown rose, as Abraham's children did to the bud. In a word, he saw no meaning (how could he?) in the often reasoned and ratified fact, Christ is a Priest after the order of Melchisedek, except upon the principle that the Gospel and the Abrahamic Covenant are substantially *one* in their great principle, and in the application of that principle. Besides, when he wrote his account of Dr. Stuart, he was preparing to preach on this subject (should he ever preach again,) that he might give his final views on it to his flock. The very last conversation I had with him ran in the precise form in which his views are now stated; and it was no *new* form to us. Dr. Wardlaw's work on Baptism was the last book I saw in his hand. He had been commending it to his colleague.

But to return. Another of Mr. Campbell's literary

friends was, the late Rev. Walter Buchanan, of Edinburgh; the friend of Lord Hailes. At his table, Mr. Campbell met some distinguished men, and gathered up many literary anecdotes. One of the latter deserves to be mentioned, because it had much influence in satisfying his own mind upon the perfection of the New Testament.

"ANECDOTE OF LORD HAILES.

"I remember distinctly an interesting anecdote referring to the late Sir David Dalrymple, (better known to literary men abroad by his title of Lord Hailes,) a Scotch judge. I had it from the late Rev. Walter Buchanan, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. I took such interest in it, that though it must be about fifty years ago since he told it, I think I can almost relate it in Mr. Buchanan's words.

"'I was dining some time ago with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie's, (father of General Abercrombie who was slain in Egypt, at the head of the British army,) and spending the evening together. A gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. It was this: Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the three first centuries? The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer to the inquiry.

"'About two months after this meeting, I received a note from Lord Hailes, inviting me to breakfast with him next morning. He had been of the party. During breakfast he asked me, if I recollected the curious question about the possibility of recovering the con-

tents of the New Testament from the writings of the three first centuries? 'I remember it well, and have thought of it often without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject.'

"'Well,' said Lord Hailes, 'that question quite accorded with the turn or taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible.' Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, 'There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any person may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses, (I forget which,) which satisfies me that I could discover them also. Now,' said he, 'here was a way in which God concealed, or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and other enemies of Christ who wished to extirpate the gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction.'

"The labour in effecting this *feat* must have been immense; for the gospels and epistles would not be divided into chapters and verses as they are now. Much must have been effected by the help of a concordance. And having been a judge for many years, a habit of minute investigation must have been formed in his mind.

"He was reported to be a pious man. I remember him at the trial of a man for the murder of his wife.

Near the end of the trial, a little girl, only nine years of age, was brought in as an exculpatory evidence. On seeing her youth, I observed the other judges look significantly to Lord Hailes. He understood them, and rose up with much solemnity, and addressed her from the bench. 'Do you read your Bible?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you learned your catechism?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Who made you?' 'God, sir.' 'Do you know that God is every where present?' 'Yes, sir.' 'He is, and particularly in a court of justice, where you are at present, and is looking into your heart, to see if you shall give a true answer to the question I am now going to ask you. Did you ever hear that man's wife (pointing to the murderer) say that some time ago she had got a severe stroke upon her breast at Leith?' 'O no, sir, I never did.' He said to the girl, 'I believe you have told the truth.' I should have noticed that he administered the oath to her after what he said about God. There was no doubt but the man's friends had got her, by various means, to promise to tell that falsehood about the stroke on the breast."

Another of Mr. Campbell's friends was the late Rev. David Black, of Lady Yester's, Edinburgh; well known by his Sermons. Mr. Black began his ministry at St. Madoes, near Perth. Whilst there, Mr. Campbell began to correspond with him; and took much interest in getting him to Edinburgh, where they became very intimate. This had not a little to do with Mr. Campbell's eventual withdrawment from the Kirk. Mr. Black had taken a deep interest in promoting a chapel of ease in Perth, and Mr. Campbell in finding a minister for it: but the General Assembly frustrated the designs of both. This grieved the former, and shocked

the latter, sadly. Mr. Campbell, happily, never got over it, and thus escaped from a church whose Supreme Court, were she encumbered with no Patronage, has often done her as much injury as *Intrusionists* ever did or well can do. His account of the whole matter is graphic. (Mr. Black's biographer says, that the refusal of the General Assembly to permit a chapel of ease in Perth was "deeply regretted by him, as prejudicial both to the interests of the Established Church, and to the spiritual prosperity of the people.")

"I remember rather an interesting occurrence respecting a Mr. Garey, who had come on a visit from Dublin to some friends in Edinburgh. I was introduced to him by a Mr. Paterson, a pious man, who had been a companion of his, in their youthful days. I was much struck with his genuine piety and zeal. He had been an inmate of Lady Glenorchy's, [the Scotch Lady Huntingdon,] but in what station I know not; perhaps to superintend her domestic matters, during her last days. At the time her spirit mounted to immortality, he was at her bedside, engaged in prayer. After her death he studied at one of Lady Huntingdon's seminaries, and was sent over to Ireland, to assist in introducing light into that then very dark land. He was fixed in Plunket Street Chapel, a most popish part of Dublin, which was afterwards occupied for many years by the Rev. Mr. Cooper.

"Mr. Garey and I got very intimate during his short residence in Edinburgh, which was continued by exchanging letters after his return to Dublin. One morning I received a letter from him, in which he stated that, after weighing all the circumstances of his present situation in Dublin, he believed it was his duty to

move. The venerable Dr. Erskine happening to call immediately after I had read the letter, I stated the fact to him; on which he said, 'I do not know a *better* man than Mr. Garey!' That forenoon I received a letter from the late excellent Mr. Gardener, of Perth, who took a deep interest in a chapel there, informing me that they had not been able to obtain a pastor; that on such a day they were to meet to consider about giving a call to a person they were not much attached to, and begging I would give my advice. By return of post I answered Mr. Gardener's letter, by sending an extract from Mr. Garey's, just received; my own opinion of Mr. Garey; and, what would have ten times more weight, that of the venerable Dr. John Erskine. I think the meeting assembled the next day after the receipt of my letter, which was read to them by Mr. Gardener. On hearing it, the meeting unanimously resolved to postpone the election of a pastor till they should have an opportunity of hearing and knowing Mr. Garey; and Mr. Gardener was empowered to invite Mr. Garey to supply the chapel for one month. Mr. Garey had merely mentioned his situation to me as a Christian friend, and knew nothing of the vacant chapel in Perth, nor of my connexion with it. Thus to have an invitation in his hand to supply that chapel in the course of a week after simply stating his case to a private friend, appeared wondrous in his eyes, and disposed him to start from Dublin in a few days after receiving the invitation; so that he was actually preaching in Perth chapel on Sabbath week after the public meeting of the church. He was not a man of the first talents; he had nothing particularly brilliant or catching in his delivery, but he was sound in the faith: a

man of piety and prayer. You could not be half an hour in his company without discovering his attachment to the Saviour, and the lively interest he felt and took in the salvation of souls. His manners were amiable and engaging to every body; all which soon won the hearts of the people towards him. After residing and labouring a few weeks among them, he was invited to take the pastoral charge of the church, which he accepted.

"A singular circumstance took place some time after Mr. Garey was settled at Perth. Two noble families, who were attached to him, actually obtained for him the king's presentation to a vacant parish church! He was taken on trial by a presbytery far north, to whom, I suppose, those noble families said, 'Deal gently with the young man, for *our* sakes!' The result of his examination was, that the presbytery received him as a licentiate preacher in the church of Scotland; consequently as qualified to receive a presentation to any church.

"When the presentation from the king was presented to the presbytery, in whose bounds the church was, that they might proceed to his ordination, some of the Anti-Evangelicals objected, protested, and appealed to the next General Assembly. Great was the interest which many took in the Garey cause. I attended the General Assembly that day it came before them. Mr. Garey's advocate, though a young lawyer, introduced his case with considerable talent. The appealers *from* the presbytery were next heard. Then it came before the court for their decision. Various members spoke on both sides of the question; at length Principal Hill rose, who was then called the leader of the Church of Scot-

land, because he was at the head of the Anti-Evangelical party, who composed a great majority of that church. I remember he began by commending the oratory displayed by Mr. Garey's advocate. 'Did you not observe,' said he, 'his strongest arguments were almost pronounced in a *whisper*, but the weaker ones with all his powers of voice?' He commended Mr. Garey as a man of excellent character, of real piety, of good parts; and acknowledged that his acquirements fitted him to be a good minister wherever he should labour, and that the presentation which he had to the parish was perfectly regular, according to law; but there was one thing that completely disqualified him from being ordained over any parish connected with the Church of Scotland, he was not educated at any of our universities, which the church ordains every minister must be: on which he moved that the presentation be set aside. Of course it passed! Here Mr. Garey was acknowledged to possess all the qualifications necessary for suitably filling the office of parish minister, but not having obtained them at any of their *stores*, rendered them useless."

It was anomalies of this kind which began to alienate Mr. Campbell from the establishment; and they would have driven him out of it much sooner than they did, had he not been intimate with the leaders of the Evangelical party. Amongst those of them who had much influence over his love to the kirk, was, the late Dr. Wright, of Stirling. He became acquainted with him, through his friend Duncan Clark, who was wont to discuss with the doctor the comparative merits of the fathers and *grandfathers* of the church. But it was his eminent piety which attached Mr. Campbell to

him; and such was its influence that he treasured up his death-bed sayings for his own comfort and direction. How he obtained them, I know not; but he wrote out nine pages of them in his old age. Some of them just suited both his taste and experience. The doctor seems to have been a great sufferer; but with "the patience of the saints." When he could no longer *kneel* in prayer, he regretted it much, because he had always found the comfort of religion "most, when upon his knees." Once, when laying himself down on the sofa, he said to his wife, "Hezekiah-like, I shall turn my face to the wall." She replied, "Perhaps, like Hezekiah, to have fifteen years added to your life." He answered, "O for fifteen degrees more of *grace!*" Watching the ebbing tide one day, and seeing the black rocks appear one after another, he said, "They were not visible a short time ago. So, the corruptions of the heart are hid at first; but they come to light, as the veil is taken off." Whilst watching the stars, he said, "The blessings of the Gospel are more numerous and bright, and will endure when all the stars are vanished away." One day whilst suffering severely, he said, "A little mercy, O, a little mercy from Thee, would go a great way in my distress! I do not call my distress great. No, it is not great distress! Lord, enable us to glorify thee in the fires, even if they become seven times hotter. Let the very *dregs* of our time be spent for thee."

These, and many other sentiments of the same kind, Mr. Campbell copied with a tremulous hand, in his last days.

To Dr. Gillies, also, the first biographer of Whitefield, he was much attached. Accordingly, he took much interest in the "Supplement to his Historical

Collections," which Dr. Erskine published. It is not certain that he induced Dr. Erskine to undertake the Supplement; but there is evidence that he made applications to Dr. Gillies himself for it, and for any papers which would suit his own contemplated magazine. This appears from his letters to friends in Glasgow.

It is somewhat surprising that he left no sketch of Dr. Erskine, in any of his papers. His references to him are frequent, and full of veneration; and the Doctor's notes to him are many and kind. The truth is, Mr. Campbell knew so well how many illustrious names were upon the list of Dr. Erskine's friends, and understood so well his own place, both in literature and society, that he never dreamt of naming his intimacy with that venerable patriarch. The letters of the Countess of Leven, however, make no secret of the fact, that the patriarch was the friend of "the philanthropic ironmonger:" for whenever she counsels him, she refers him to his "friend Dr. Erskine," as the final arbiter on her advice. Besides, his intimacy with Dr. Charles Stuart, the son-in-law of Dr. Erskine, explains the fact somewhat. All this, however, does not explain his silence on the subject. Even his modesty does not account for that. He was not likely, indeed, to claim the friendship of the friend of Hailes, Warburton, and Hurd; but the fact is, his last recollections of Dr. Erskine, if not his intercourse also with him, when leaving Edinburgh, were somewhat painful. Mr. Campbell had become a *lay* preacher, and the doctor had published "Advice concerning Lay Preaching," which was intended as well as calculated to discourage it: for although he did justice to both the loyalty and piety of the *Circus* preachers, he was less candid to the system

in Scotland, than he had been to it in England and America. He did not obey the General Assembly, to denounce the Haldane party "as no friends to our civil constitution, or as abusers of the name of liberty as a cover for secret anarchy;" but he was jealous of their influence upon the church. All this encouraged *little* men to abuse and brand them. One of these started up at *Cambuslang*,—the last place in Scotland to expect a bigot from, as Whitefield's "Holy Thorn" was still green there, and his name still sacred. Thus altogether, although no alienation took place between Dr. Erskine and his old friends, circumstances lessened their intercourse. Mr. Campbell did not like these recollections, and therefore confined himself to fond and grateful references to the memory of his old friend. This is much to be regretted: for Sir Henry Moncrieff Welwood's Life of Dr. Erskine conveys no adequate idea of either his piety or candour. The champion of Whitefield—the herald of the works of Jonathan Edwards and Andrew Fuller, in Scotland—the patron of missions—the churchman who was not ashamed to avow his shame, that the General Assembly had precluded him from letting Fuller into his pulpit—the man of God thoroughly furnished for every good word and work,—ought to have been exhibited at full length, and not chiefly as a scholar. Cowper might have known him, when he painted his

"Veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
A man who could have foiled at their own play,
A dozen *would-be's* of the present day;
Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the gospel theme.

> There he was copious as old Greece and Rome,
> His happy eloquence seemed there at home;
> Ambitious not to shine, or to excel,
> But to treat justly what he loved so well."

These glimpses at some of the points of Mr. Campbell's literary circle, are not given to prove him literary. He never pretended to be so, except in the service of the young. His intelligent circle was, however, his real *Alma Mater;* and he could hardly have been in a better seminary, either for theology or practical wisdom. He did not, indeed, know that he was studying for the ministry in it; but it gave to his habits of thinking that simplicity, and to his spirit that candour, and to his manners that ease and urbanity, which gave such a *charm* to both his public and private instructions. No college could have taught him so many of the virtues or graces of the ministerial character. Accordingly, he was emphatically one of "the pastors and teachers" of Edinburgh, before he ever preached a sermon, and was far more useful than some of its doctors.

Mr. Campbell retained all through life his love of books. He originated at Kingsland a book society, of which he was long the centre and the charm, by his varied information, vivacity, and urbanity. He was emphatically "a fund of anecdote" and originality; but his sprightliness and freedom never degenerated into levity or mimicry; and none of us ever heard an imprudent or sarcastic remark from him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTESS OF LEVEN'S INFLUENCE ON HIM.

THIS illustrious Lady was one of those "holy women of old," who united with the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Balgownie, Lady Frances Gardiner, Lady Jane Nimmo, and Lady Mary Hamilton, in opening their houses in London, alternately, for a Methodist prayer meeting. She was one of Whitefield's ardent friends also, and had much of his spirit. Like him, she could act cordially with all who loved the cross. Where she could harmonize in principles, she would not differ for punctilios. She disliked hirelings and heretics, but loved godly ministers of all denominations, and was not indifferent even to a lay preacher. How could she, seeing it was the laity of the very *first* Christian church which set the example? Acts viii. 4. How Mr. Campbell became acquainted with her, does not appear from his papers. Her letters, however, indicate that her female *almoner* in Edinburgh had found him busy and useful amongst the sick, and thus had brought his name under her Ladyship's notice. It was a happy event for him; next, indeed, to his intimacy with Mr. Newton. Her high rank, and holy character, and public spirit, and venerable age, gave her great weight throughout all her circle, and both awed and inspired him when she sought for his services as a correspondent and almoner.

They soon became equally useful to each other. Her Ladyship enabled him to cheer many a lonely pilgrim in Edinburgh, and his reports of dying Christians, and of reclaimed wanderers, and of evangelical movements, cheered her in Melville Castle.

She found in Mr. Campbell a new form of Whitefield's spirit, which so won her confidence, that she opened her heart to him as if he had been one of her old friends. "I sometimes start," she says, "to think, which of my *old* correspondents I am writing to. I find it is to *you!* They are almost all in heaven. I am ready to draw back, when I recollect this;—but *only* from the disproportions of our age and intimacy." She had never seen him, when she wrote thus: but she had read many of his letters, and heard of him from both Dr. Erskine and Mr. Newton.

Mr. Campbell enjoyed for years the entire confidence of this venerable Lady. He was her almoner, her newsman, her book-purveyor, and her counsellor, until her death, in 1798. But whilst she opened her heart to him in all her letters, which are many, and some of them long, she attached no signature to any of them, not even her initials; but concluded them simply by, "Your Friend." Not, however, that she doubted his honour, but that she guarded against accidents; for she often assured him of her confidence. We are indebted to this precaution for their preservation. On her death, the whole of his letters to her were returned to him by the family, with expressions of both respect and gratitude for his kindness: but he did not return the compliment so far, as to return her letters to them. He was under no obligation to do so, as they were not often dated from the Castle, and bore no signature, and were

not asked for. I have thus been able to compare the correspondence, at full length, and in order; and it has furnished me with many proofs of her exalted piety, zeal, and benevolence; and of her singleness of heart, and simplicity of purpose. Lady Leven was too well bred to flatter, and John Campbell too artless to burn incense. He literally "knew not how to give flattering words" to any one. The only thing I have found in his letters to her, that seems a high-sounding compliment, I have heard him say again and again at the Lord's Supper, to the poorest communicant, who felt thankful for the privilege of being there:—"Jesus saw you there, as plainly as He beheld Gabriel before the throne." Her Ladyship had been at the sacrament the day before, and so had Mr. Campbell. And as he expected to be so on the next two sabbaths also, he adds, in his own way, "May we not be like Pharaoh's lean kine, devouring a great deal, yet not *thriving* at all?"

One of the first things which alienated him from the Kirk was, the almost promiscuous communion which is allowed to prevail in it. "When I began to look about me upon those with whom I joined in commemorating the love of Christ, I found there many of them who would *spurn* the very idea of being devout Christians! From that time my situation became very irksome, every time I went to the Lord's Supper with them. It was contrary to my conscience; for I began to perceive from the Bible, that a Church of Christ,—the meaning of which I had never once thought of before,—was a society of believers, and not a visible mixture of His friends and enemies. But I did not see, at the time, how I could better myself. I saw some societies whose form I approved; but found them shut up from the fel-

lowship of all Christians, except such as jumped with them in every minutia. With them I could not hold communion; for I judged it my duty to hold fellowship with all who had fellowship with Christ."

He had another difficulty, in reference to Scotch sacraments, which he submitted to the Countess, thus: —"What does your Ladyship think of the *length* of the services in general? Are not seven, eight, or ten hours enough to wear out flesh and blood? Is it necessary to repeat almost the whole of revealed religion at every such service; as if those who came to remember the dying love of Jesus were wholly uninformed about the doctrines of Christianity? The Lord's Supper is a very simple service, if we read only what He says of it in the Word. My mind gets confused by viewing it through the telescope of long treatises, which prescribe so much to do before the ordinance, and so much to say at it, and then after it. I charge my conscience with guilt because I cannot come up to their standard. It fills me with horror and dismay, as a service fitted only for archangels, until I bring the productions of pious men to the standard of Scripture. At the same time, I wish to be preserved from a censorious spirit." *Lett.* A.D. 1795. Mr. Newton, the year before, had given Mr. Campbell an opinion upon *long* services; which will account for some of this freedom of speech: —"I think very long prayers more blamable than long sermons. Peculiar attention is due when speaking to the Most High; and if overstrained by the length of the service, it is lost time to the hearers. It is worse: persons of weak judgment charge themselves with guilt, for the speaker's indiscretions." *Lett.* A.D. 1794. It would seem that Mr. Campbell had asked him the

meaning of the Easter sacrament, in the Church of England; for he says, in 1795, "I smile at your not knowing the meaning of *Easter*." "The venerable Bede, writing in praise of a contemporary, thought himself bound in conscience to close with this censure,—'But, poor mistaken man! he did not keep Easter in our way.' I consider many modern disputes of the like importance." When Mr. Campbell understood Easter, he said, "The Scriptures are silent about commemorating the glorious event of Christ's resurrection *once* a year; but instruct us to do so *fifty-two* times, or every sabbath." Mr. Newton had also commended the Prayer-Book to him; not, of course, for the *brevity* of the services, but for the sublimity of certain parts. The truth of the latter recommendation, Mr. Campbell felt; but said, in answer, "Does it not seem just not a little ludicrous, to imagine the Apostles carrying a *buik* to pray by?" Mr. Newton said, "Remember, we never touch this subject again." And they never did. They both acted wisely in this; for Mr. Campbell had the blood of the *Covenanters* in his veins, and Mr. Newton had been a Dissenter. They thus knew each other's secrets too well to push the argument to an issue. They did, however, discuss the general question of episcopacy occasionally; and so pointedly at one time, in reference to the control of bishops over the clergy, that Mr. Newton could only prove his own freedom by his bishop's heedlessness. "I can assure you," he wrote, "that however *strange* some may think it, I am glad, and have much cause to be thankful, that I am what and where I am. I think, with respect to man, *we* are properly the Independents. The bishops in England interfere with us no more than the bishops in Italy, ex-

cept in requiring us to appear and answer to our *names*, once in three or four years." "No questions are asked, nor any fault found, by our superiors." *Lett.* A.D. 1795. A queer compliment to the bench,—Mr. Campbell thought. Mr. Newton added, with more discrimination, "I am not very fond of either assemblies, synods, benches, or boards. Ministers are like flowers, which will preserve their colour and scent much longer, if kept singly, than when packed together in a nosegay or posy. Then they quickly fade and corrupt. Their associations, in my judgment, should always be voluntary and free. There are ten or a dozen of us in London, who frequently meet. We deliberate, ask and give advice, as occasions arise; but the sentiment of one, or even of the whole body, is not binding upon any. We hear what each person has to say, and then each judges and acts for himself. Thus, though we sometimes differ, we always agree, and live in harmony and love." *Ibid.*

Some time before that, they had had some playful sparring about clerical dresses, when Mr. Campbell quoted Bucer's reason for not wearing the canonical hat,—"I do not wear a *square* hat, because my head is round." Mr. Newton justly said, "I think Bucer's answer to his judges was more smart than solid, if college caps then, were like those worn now; for though the outside is of a square form, the crown is quite round, and as shapeable to the head as *your* three-cornered hat." This retort silenced Mr. Campbell, but it did not reconcile him to canonicals. He never would put on a gown when preaching. This led occasionally to dilemmas. After his first return from Africa, he visited some

chapels where the gown, as well as the Liturgy, was indispensable. He did not know this until it was brought to him in the vestry. "I will not wear it," he said. "Then we cannot allow you to go into the pulpit," said the managers. "Well, I can preach in the desk, or from a pew. Will that meet the difficulty?" He was admitted to the desk. He had no objection, however, to "honour the king," by going to court in a gown. On the accession of William IV., he applied for one of mine, and had it altered to fit him. We went together into the library, to join the procession. All the ministers stared. "What, Mr. Campbell in canonicals!" was the general exclamation. "Yes," he said, with a smile, "the king does not *compel* me; and therefore I 'honour' him in the way he is most accustomed to."

Questions of this kind found their way into his letters to the Countess, and she always recommended him to submit them to Mr. Newton's judgment: not, however, that she took much interest in them, but chiefly because the answers they called forth were sure to contain something better than a reply.

The following selections from his own letters to the Countess, were made by himself; but without any such reference to her letters, as could combine or illustrate them. Besides, it would be unfair, perhaps, to combine them, as her Ladyship studiously avoided all signature. Mr. Campbell seems to have felt this, and therefore I have merely drawn upon the collection for facts which belong to his own history, and for *lights* upon the spirit of the age. Besides, her Ladyship wrote chiefly in order to draw him out, and to obtain the religious news of the day.

On Covetousness.

"*June 3rd*, 1795.

"I am sorry my letter of last week, enclosing memorials of some old Christians, has not reached you: however, I hope it is not lost;—if it be, may the Lord make it useful to the soul of the finder.

"Solomon was certainly a wise man, and well qualified to decide upon the value of earthly possessions. His decision is in three words, *All is vanity.* The truth of this is particularly exemplified in the character of two men within the circle of my knowledge. The one was originally a poor man; but his soul was set on amassing wealth—brought down the price charged by every person with whom he did business—saving at all quarters—enjoying no more of his substance, nor doing more good with it, than his poorest workman. Thus he has continued till old age, and at present lies dying of a painful disease!

"The other person had a religious profession, but was miserably penurious, and made much money. You could not have hurt his feelings more, than by asking from him the smallest sum for a poor person. He died, leaving one son, who was silly. Finding his father had left him so much money, which he did not expect, [for his father concealed his wealth,] almost totally deranged him. He now lives in a house by himself—sees no person but an old woman who carries a little food to him once a day—his clothes he will not throw off for months together. Indeed, it is difficult to know for what end he lives, if not to proclaim the folly and sin of fighting for a lifetime to hoard up wealth for posterity.

"A covetous Christian sounds in my ears something like a drunken or a swearing one—and when I look into the testimony of God, I find these various characters make up but different links of the same chain. If a professed Christian seeth his brother in need, who has something to spare, yet loving money more than his brother, will not manifest his compassion,—the Scripture asks, How dwelleth the love of God in that man? For how can we love him that begat, and not also love them that are begotten of him? As Christians, we are certainly bound to put the best constructions on a brother's actions they can bear;—but where there is real covetousness, there must also be idolatry. The latter sin does not merely consist in bending the body before an image of saint or angel; that may be done where there is no idolatry. God looketh to the heart; and where he finds undue reverence for, and attachment to, the creature, that he considers idolatry."

ON FAITH.

"*June 4th*, 1795.

"Your kind favour of the 1st instant has just come to hand. I am sometimes commended; but I bless God that I see nothing which prevents my eternal condemnation but the finished work of Jesus Christ. I see all about me, and in me, so defective and defiled, that I find it absolutely necessary to run under covert of redeeming blood, lest I perish for ever. The unchangeable truth, that our 'Maker is our husband,' should be an uninterrupted source of consolation and joy. Believing this, what should we not expect? What honours, what bliss, what intimate communion!

"The old man of whom I formerly wrote was very industrious, before he became feeble by age. He is so modest that I never heard him give the most distant hint of his being in want. Many of the 'inhabitants' of the gospel church are averse even to say they are 'sick,' or poor.

"Dr. Erskine's idea of faith, as expressed in his Theological Dissertations, was exactly mine before I read a word of it. Many disapprove of his definition, because it is so simple; but if ever I found peace in believing, it was in the very way the doctor describes faith. It is a pity that book is not better known."

LEVITY.

"*June 22nd*, 1795.

"Your Ladyship asks, how men can be gay? They must first forget that they are sinners. To see a criminal under the hands of a barber an hour before his execution, I confess would be a shocking sight. Were my mind more spiritual, perhaps I should be equally shocked when I met a gay swearer.

"Some years ago, a young man, with an elegant dressed head, mounted one of our pulpits, and read to the people a pretty sermon. A lady, after the sermon, dined with one of the ministers of this church, when she took an opportunity of asking him how he had liked the young man in the morning. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I thought the wrong side of his head was outmost.' Perhaps the saying was more smart than solid. However, it is to be feared that those who pride themselves upon their external appearance, possess few graces of the Spirit, and the salvation of the soul must be neglected.

"When men have few inward resources, they must look about for help to kill time. A dance, a play, a tea garden, are all designed to fill up the vacuum in empty minds. Very few philosophers are fond of

such follies, because they have other pursuits which appear of more importance. Where the mind is intent upon trifles, the conversation must be very trifling. What a shame to abuse the intellect which God has given! But those who are blessed with nobler and better minds than those who, like the beasts, derive all their happiness from sublunary things, have the Lord alone to praise. Paul spent not a line in any of his letters, with describing the grandeur of Roman palaces, or the splendour of their princes: he said nothing to gratify fancy, or satisfy curiosity;—he wrote only of things pertaining to the kingdom of God. In this respect, Paul is a good pattern.

Anecdote.

"*July* 1*st*, 1795.

"A lady from England called last week. She told me her husband had died a few months ago, and that she trusted he had died in the Lord. The parish parson called a little before his death, and said, 'Mr. ——, it is comfortable you have been seeking the Lord all your days!' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'but it is more comfortable that I have *found* him.' He then recommended to him to take the sacrament. 'No,' he replied, 'I need no other passport to heaven than what I already possess.' He soon after fell asleep."

Crosses.

"*July* 8*th*, 1795.

"I begin to find that *crosses* are requisite to assist us in our walk with God. Things that are disagreeable to flesh and blood, tend to tire one of the world. There is much meant by that expression, 'In their affliction, they shall seek me early.' I find so much benefit derived from having things that cross me, that I begin to count my crosses among my *choicest* mercies. I have, indeed, the feelings common to human nature, and experience now and then considerable depression, when certain providences bear hard upon me; but without them, Jeshurun like, I wax fat and kick; my mind becomes inactive and slothful. It is not surprising that some of God's dear people are from the morning to the evening of life, poured from vessel to vessel, beaten by wave after wave. These things come to them in great love, whether they consist of poverty or pains, disappointments, or family distractions, or any thing else;—all proceed from a wise and gracious God."

Thrift.

"*July* 14*th*, 1795.

"The weather here is excellent. He governs the weather: can it be in better hands? Every day is according to the Divine pleasure; and a day that pleases God, [as the shepherd of Salisbury Plain said,] should please us. Let us therefore be without carefulness about this matter, believing that God does all things well, and for the best. The ravens neither toil, till, nor spin, yet they are fed and clothed.

"It is not pleasant to see people in times of plenty, any more than in times of scarcity, regardless of *crumbs* of bread, trampling them under their feet. Every crumb is of God's creating, which, if not eaten by man or beast, answers not his end in making it. God does nothing superfluous; wherefore it is probable he only creates annually a sufficient quantity to satisfy the wants of all living; but in consequence of the many epicures, wasters, and drunkards, a great many must live upon short allowance. Their conduct is surely a breach of the law of love.

"It is certainly true that the Lord frequently sends messengers to remove our temporal comforts, knowing we shall do better without them. Many of his people have been completely deprived of their temporal gourds before they mounted to their heavenly mansions.

Providence.

"*August* 5*th*, 1795.

"You must be in a bustle at present, from the number of dear friends that surround you. To look at such a company, as creatures hastening to death and judgment, renders the scene a solemn one. The genuine joy of a Christian respecting his friends will rise in proportion as they give evidences of Jesus dwelling in them. When we sit down to estimate things according to their real state and worth, instead of rejoicing in the prosperity of a graceless friend, we shall be full of fear and anxious solicitude respecting him, because this rise in the world renders his condition more dangerous, so far as respects his soul. The Lord does not love his people *because* they are poor; but he often withholds riches, because he *loves* them. However, it is a cause of thanksgiving that many of his children are appointed to exalted stations even in this life, that they may exert their influence, and employ a due proportion of their substance in promoting the interests of the Mediator's kingdom. What an eminent example of this, the late Mr. Thornton, whose memory is still revered by the churches!"

HIMSELF.

"Enclosed is a detail of a friend's feelings. To view his condition at a distance, you would think he had nothing to trouble him, that all was smooth and serene; but, by advancing a little nearer, you would perceive thorns in his flesh. In this, he represents the rest of his brethren. You will seldom meet with that man, or that woman, who does not possess the embryo of *groans*, who has not something of the *disagreeable* to bewail. Is it not wonderful that scarce a person could be found, willing to live his past days over again? and yet they all wish to live as long as they can. Futurity is wisely concealed. Men live in hope that to-morrow will be better than to-day; and while hoping, death is advancing, the earth incessantly revolving round its axis, hastening to its last turning for us."

ANECDOTE.

"Last Saturday, died Miss ——, of a consumption. About a month ago, the Lord appeared to her in rich mercy. She had been all her life, a giddy, thoughtless girl. She was so fretful and discontented during her illness, that her pious mother threatened to leave her. She began to think she must be a wicked creature, indeed, that her very mother could not live with her. While musing on this matter, Jesus opened her understanding to behold his glory as held forth in Scripture. During the last month of her short life, she was continually praising her redeeming God in the most triumphant manner that can be conceived. She had long been under a gospel ministry without its having any visible influence. Is not Jesus the friend of sinners? He is rich in mercy to all that call upon him.

"We had an opportunity last sabbath of attending the Lord's Supper. The great object to be viewed in this ordinance is surely the satisfaction Christ made for sin. We are apt to think, however, from what is frequently delivered on these occasions, that the chief thing we were called to attend to, was the *confusion* in our own minds; but I cannot enlarge on this topic at present."

THE BIBLE.

"*August* 11*th*, 1795.

"After my late revival, I began to love my Bible better, and to read it more. I am particularly desirous to make this blessed book the Alpha and Omega of my daily reading; and to consider all the doctrines

it contains as divine secrets revealed by God to the reader, not one of which could ever have been conceived by the mind of man. Indeed, on this account, it is called revelation, or secrets made known. To carnal minds, this book seems sealed; they say they are unlearned in these matters, and put it past them. But God opens up the mysteries and glories thereof to them that fear and trust him. This causeth them to read with relish, to believe and love what they read. They behold the resurrection of their Redeemer, as the assurance of their heavenly Father, that all the promised blessings are secure to them.

"I hope the Lord is doing more good among us than transpires. He is affording more preaching of the gospel, and though we do not perceive extraordinary power attending the ordinances, yet, like your Ladyship, we live in hope. I think we are beginning to have the Gospel more simply and scripturally stated. Many plain truths have been obscured by relating them in technical, systematic language, which many hearers, who suppose they understand these terms, because they are familiar to their ears, yet do not perceive the truth intended to be conveyed, consequently walk along a dark horizon all their days. I meet with many who seem to underrate the value of *understanding the truth*; yet I find our Lord placing the chief stress upon that very thing. The Scripture I refer to, is our Lord's comment or explanation of the *good seed*, Matt. xiii. 23, which, he says, are those who hear the word, *understand* it, and bring forth fruit."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I often hear observations in company, which I cannot receive, yet from the aspect of the audience it appears improper to notice them. In this case, it takes bit and bridle to bind the tongue; it is certainly a branch of mortification to keep under the tongue.

"I do not intend to hold up my experience as a criterion for others; but this, I find, when I receive much benefit from one ordinance, it renders me anxious for the return of another. I begin to condemn in my mind our Church constitution, for affording us so few opportunities of commemorating the death of Jesus; but when I toil throughout a whole ordinance, 'without catching one fish,' as we say, I feel not so solicitous for the return of another. The Lord is sovereign, we are sinners, he has a right to suspend our comfort when we offend against his majesty. There should be submission to all the Divine chastisements, and great searching of heart while under them, to find out wherefore he contendeth with us; then let us look to the Anointed of the

Father for the remission of all our sins. Our blunders and miscarriages teach us many useful lessons. The Lord allowed Peter to be sinking in the sea, at his side, before he caught hold of him, and prevented his perishing; and his first salutation was a sharp but well-timed rebuke. 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' Saved Peter was ashamed to return an answer."

PENSIONED.

" *September* 23*rd*, 1795.

"Your late pensioner went out to a friend's house last Thursday to dinner; after dinner he seemed rather uneasy, when they asked him to step to the kitchen fire; they walked together to it, but he was hardly five minutes seated, when his soul was before the throne, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was interred last Lord's day, (a custom condemnable in most cases,) by devout men. He said to a gentleman, with whom he breakfasted last Wednesday, 'I would not part with the contentment God has given me, for all that is in this world.'

"The blind man your ladyship referred to, is certainly a prodigy. There is a blind person who accompanies visitants through one of our public gardens to explain the various plants, and to prevent the strangers from losing themselves among the intricate windings of the walks; and what would you think of a blind man acting as precentor (or clerk) to a large congregation? A blind man, long ago, puzzled the doctors of the Sanhedrim about our Lord, more than any that ever came before them. Eye-sight is a precious blessing; but to possess it without seeing the Lord, is of little value. At the resurrection, all shall have eyes, and every eye shall see him."

THE BLIND.

" *Oct.* 16*th*, 1795.

"I am sorry to find your ladyship complaining of weak eyes. Deficiency of sight is certainly a loss; but the mind continuing to perceive the truth, infinitely more than counterbalances all other losses. The structure of the human frame is so nice, that the smallest alteration of any of its parts mars it. I sometimes tell the blind, the lame, consumptive, &c., that in the morning of the resurrection there will be the most satisfactory restoration of all our losses, in this way. Surely nothing shall be lost in eternity; perhaps the heavens shall then be as easily removed as a nail from our finger.

"An aged lady of my acquaintance lately lost the use of her arm by a fall. Soon after she told me, smiling, that she had just been consider-

ing the circumstances of all her friends, but had not been able to fix on one who could so easily sustain such a loss as she could;—wherefore she praised the Lord's wisdom and goodness in appointing that affliction to her, and not to them. Admirable spirit!"

HEROISM.

"*Oct. 22nd*, 1795.

"The bravery of Alexander, Pompey, and Cæsar, these ancient firebrands, has been greatly extolled by all civilized nations,—but how much more worthy of being recorded is the fortitude of the naturally timid girl (whom you name) on the eve of meeting Him who is called the King of terrors. To hear of her humble confidence in God, during her last moments, must certainly tend to encourage survivors who are not yet delivered from the fear of death."

A SAILOR.

"*Nov. 12th*, 1795.

"I spent an hour or two very pleasantly last Monday with a little select company, among whom was a Mr. N——, purser of a man-of-war, lately arrived. When he came ashore for the first time that morning, he had not one acquaintance in the city, but he was not ashore half an hour till he providentially became acquainted with one Christian brother who soon introduced him to others.

"Mr. N—— was brought up a Roman Catholic till his twenty-first year, when God was pleased to open his eyes to see things very differently. We asked him how he maintained his integrity on board a man-of-war. He entertained us with some very interesting details of his combats with his brother-officers about faith and practice. During the conversation, he frequently said,—'Oh, I serve a good master, even Christ. I know I shall reign with him! No man shall deprive me of this boasting.'

"About three months ago he had been promoted by the interest of the Duchess of ——, from being steward of another ship, to be purser of his present ship. When he went first on board, the captain very politely asked him to step down and see how he liked his room in the cock-pit, which is below water-mark. The purser and surgeon have the privilege of being thus low down in the ship, that their lives may not be exposed to danger in case of an engagement with an enemy's ship. 'Oh,' said he, to the captain, 'I'm not afraid of bullets—not one of them can hurt me!' 'No!' said the captain: 'won't they blow out your brains?' 'Not unless my Father choose; and if they do, it will only be

sending me home.' 'Are you a Predestinarian, then?' 'I believe every bullet has its billet.' 'Oh, then you will have no objection to take a command in case of an action?' 'Not a bit; appoint me any way you please; if in health, I'll do my duty.' 'Will you take the command of a gun; or the picket-guard?' 'I don't know much about guns, but will head the picket-guard.' So the captain enrolled him for that post—and likewise gave him a better room, higher up, as he was not afraid of bullets.

"In this way he entertained us for two hours. He manifested a most striking dependence on Providence. He appears to be without carefulness. He had an offer of promotion to a larger ship, a few weeks ago, which he declined, because he thought God was making him useful to a midshipman on board his present ship."

PROPERTY.

"*Nov.* 20*th*, 1795.

"The merchant has now and then his stock lessened by the insolvency of a debtor, and sometimes the sea receives a commission to destroy or damage his property; but the Christian merchant comforts himself with the assurance that these occurrences can do him no real injury. If he admits the thought that they *hurt* him, he gives the lie to the Bible. Such men appear to some to have a slight hold of their property, but in fact, it is as secure (if they trust in God) as the best landholder's in the country. The tenure of both is from the Lord, and their disposal depends upon his pleasure. True, the landholder cannot lose his estate by shipwreck; yet how many such suffer by distress; by mismanaging servants; by a squandering, unmanaging turn of mind in themselves; by dissipation of children, and many other ways. The best insurance of property, I know, is confidence in God, and fidelity in our stewardship.

"We often apologise for not acting in certain matters, by saying we have not leisure, when perhaps want of heart is the real reason. I plead guilty in this respect. There is not a day in the week, nay, not an hour in the day, but I find ground for this accusation against myself; of course my salvation must be of grace, not by perfection in works. I have not yet met with that hour wherein I had not occasion to say,—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Lord, help me, else I perish.'"

HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"*Nov.* 26*th*, 1795.

"A little girl who went messages for Mr. B—— died a few days ago. She was about twelve years of age, and appeared to die happily. Among

other things which she said in Mr. B——'s presence,—'she told her mother the Lord was taking her away because she had made an idol of her.' The day on which she died, she inquired of her mother what was the hour; who told her it was two o'clock. 'Oh,' said she, 'it will be long, for I shall not die till four.' At which hour she really died.

"I hope many here are attending to the earnest invitation to spend an hour on the Lord's-day evening in prayer for our country, &c. Last sabbath my mind was in such a state, that most of my attention was directed to my own case, and the hour was almost expended before I reached my king and country. Hosea xiv. 4, was the phial that did me good. It contained an assurance from the Lord that my wound should be healed. I was enabled to believe the faithfulness of Him who gave the promise; and according to my faith, so was it. The darkness, or confusion was dispelled, the Lord appeared in his wonted love, and I was happy. God's plan with sinners is truly excellent. They cannot help themselves, nor should they attempt the fruitless task, but just look to him who is their only Saviour, who performs the cure, and merits the glory.

"A person in my neighbourhood died very suddenly this morning. In his lifetime he appeared quite a man of the world, nor did I hear of any alteration previous to his death. Whether men think, or do not think, about eternity and its concerns, God continues summoning them to appear at his bar. We hear of people dying. We view it as a solemn subject, but we perceive little of its solemnity, compared with what the persons do who have died. Perhaps this very thought will occur to our own souls, in a short time after they have left their clay tabernacle.

"The death of an impenitent sinner is death indeed! Believers cannot properly be said to die in the full sense of that word; for it is Christ that died, and who died for them; thereby depriving death of its sting. A serpent without a *sting* hardly deserves the name. The very report of a serpent being in the garden or the highway would make us tremble and run; but were we assured his sting was taken from him, we should no more dread him than we would a lap-dog. Just so, in proportion as we believe death to be unstinged, shall we view it as a friend, not an enemy. In this way let us look at him for a little. Behold, Jesus stands behind him! Methinks I hear him say, 'Little children, be not afraid. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom, and this is the way to the crown. Keep looking at me, and darkness shall dispel as you advance. Behold, all these happy spirits that surround me, entered the metropolis of my empire by the same gate, except these *two*, Enoch and Elijah. The road was rough, but I made it smooth;

dangerous, but I made it safe.' Should I not reply, 'Thy presence and thy words make death appear pleasant, O my beloved; I will not dishonour thee by fear and distrust. I shall rather rejoice and welcome this messenger.'

"A circumstance that has just happened, recalls to remembrance the poverty of our Lord in his humbled state. He was born in another man's stable, preached from another man's ship, and buried in another man's tomb. I wish every occurrence in life would recall to recollection something of the life or death of our Lord."

Anecdote.

"I have no doubt but your ladyship will be highly pleased to hear of a recent instance of God's goodness to a poor woman, in answer to prayer. Her stock of provisions was reduced to a handful of meal, but she had not a fire to prepare it for food. She bended the knee to Him who feeds the ravens, and earnestly begged his gracious interposition. Her devotion was scarcely ended, when a servant in the neighbourhood called to inquire if she could accompany her to market to assist in purchasing some fish, as she was supposed to be a judge of that article. She accordingly went. Going along one of the streets, a gentleman from a carriage called to her by name. The poor woman could not believe it was her whom he meant. Continuing to call to her, she went up to him. He was just returned from America, where he had resided many years, and obtained a fortune. She had for many years been a servant in his father's house, and had kept him when a child. He said he had frequently inquired after her since his arrival, but could hear nothing of her;—he desired her to call for him at one of the hotels on a day which he fixed. She went according to his desire, but could not for some time prevail on any of the waiters to inform the gentleman. At length one went and told him that a poor woman wished to see him, and asked if he should desire her to come up stairs. 'Yes,' said he, 'if the king were in the room, I should bring her in.' He was happy to see her; presented her with five pounds, and promised a good annual allowance.

"Her previous poverty and prayer serve as foils to set off this providential relief. Money obtained in this way is more precious than rubies. What a mercy to have a firm reliance on the ability and fidelity of God to relieve and sustain. The Lord reigns; wherefore his people should rejoice. He not only counts the stars, but numbereth our hairs."

Prayer.

"I am not acquainted with the author of Spiritual Logic, whose book you mention, nor have I seen the book. I once read a treatise on the same subject by one Hunter, and another who assisted him; but I confess king David's logic pleased me better. When I have a proper view of sin, God and the Saviour, I do not require a logical friend to help me with words at a throne of grace. If a man were drowning, to throw to him a logical book to inform him how to call with propriety for a rope, would be considered as an insult to the drowning man. It is faith in Christ, and not fine words, that pleases God. Your ladyship will recollect, I am writing about secret prayer. As to *social* prayer, I believe many of us require many directions."

Reading.

"I never read the volume of sermons you refer to. Indeed, I sometimes think I write as much as I read. I remember when it was otherwise, for I have read a good many volumes in my time. I recollect some of them, but have forgotten more. I wish to read more of the Bible daily than I do. To my shame be it spoken, I am sometimes more disposed to take up Rollin's Ancient History, (which, indeed, I prefer to many other histories,) than the book of God. This may well be brought in as a charge against the 'old man;' but this is no apology for the sin. I would treat him as Samuel treated Agag of old, if I could, viz., 'hew him in pieces.' It is now past midnight, so it is high time to tell your ladyship that I am,

Yours, &c.,"

Submission.

"*January 27th*, 1796.

"Every Christian has a post assigned him, which he should occupy *like* a Christian, or according to the law of Christ. He believes in the sovereign appointment, superintendence, and continual direction of his Lord and master with regard to his more and his less important matters; consequently, that the chief weight of all his concerns rests upon his Lord's shoulders. The Lord, in a variety of Scriptures, hath promised him counsel and support. Wherefore his great concern should be to know his Lord's will, to get his mind firmly to depend on Divine assurances, and to be fully persuaded that every thing shall ultimately turn out for the best. This gives a courage, a submission,

a patience, and a hope, superior to every thing human. Man cannot alter the tide of providence; what the Lord makes crooked, he cannot make straight; as one well observes, 'when we cannot bring our lot to our mind, we should study to bring our mind to our lot.' There is an over anxiety which some truly sanctified minds have, which is no ornament to their Christian character. They find few people who can do things quite to their mind, consequently are ever complaining against somebody. They are peevish, fractious, and discontented. Such people I have met with, who, though they had the hope of heaven after death, had an *unhappy* time of it here.

"The wisest, as well as the most wicked, have things they could do without. The time hastens when all imperfection shall be done away, when our minds shall be for ever serene, when there shall be nothing to hurt, nor disturb in all God's holy mountain. Yesterday was the *first* anniversary of my deliverance from many evils."

Hell.

"*February* 12*th*, 1796.

"I was sorry to find, by your favour of last week, that you were a little indisposed. However, it is vain to expect total exemption from affliction of one kind or other in our wilderness world, nor is it desirable. Had we faith in God's gracious designs in the light afflictions he assigns, we should be all love, praise, and submission. And did we, as the redeemed of the Lord, compare all we can possibly suffer in the present life, with twenty-four hours' residence in *hell*, we should certainly consider our sufferings hardly worth naming. In our worst case, we can, without difficulty, obtain not only drops but *draughts* of water to cool our tongue, and sometimes *wine* also to cheer our heart. Not so in hell! There the worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched! Even the Son of Man, while here, had not where to lay his head. I never was in a strait either for a house or a bed, consequently I have been better off in that way than the blessed Jesus. The comforts of life are so many *props* to our wish of continuing where we are, and our crosses so many attacks against these props."

His Experience.

"*March* 17*th*, 1796.

"Your ladyship inquires, if I never have a *cloud* after rain. The inquiry is kind and important. A few thoughts on the subject may fill a letter very profitably.

"Were I to say that my mind is always serene; that I have always

the same delight in the doctrine of Christ, the same avidity in serving him; that I enjoyed a sameness in *his* communications, or experience of his love, I should not be speaking the truth; but I have not, since my restoration, been wholly without confidence in God, and hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"My thoughts are far from being what they should be, and many of my words are spoken unadvisedly, which indeed are the causes of much uneasiness. I lose many opportunities in which I might serve the cause of our Lord; and ah! I frequently hear of the love of Christ with great coolness. Sometimes I seem pretty far up the ladder; at other times low enough; however, it is good to be *on* it.

"My chief comfort arises from what Jesus *did* in his humbled state; from what the Father intimated to sinners by raising him from the dead; his ruling over all, and his mediation for all believing people. These considerations frequently afford me inexpressible consolation. At times, I find a torrent of new ideas (to me) of Divine things rush into my mind; yet ere long this perceiving power flies away; then the mind seems moored in stupidity, straitened, shut up, unwell. I cannot mount a step beyond this point, till Jesus loose my bands, by re-enlightening my mind.

"Such vicissitudes teach me my need of constant dependence on Jesus; of continual looking to him as the Lamb in the midst of the throne; to be afraid of every thing which may become a temptation; to make me put a high value on our Lord's visitations; to make me long for immortality, desire to depart and be with Christ, and a thousand other lessons too numerous to mention.

"I do not believe such a phenomenon exists on earth as a Christian *without* clouds. Changes, as to enjoyment and peace, seem requisite for illustrating the Divine mercy, patience, etc., an giving an opportunity for manifesting the faithfulness of God to his promises. They also try our faith. These changes may be occasioned by unwatchfulness on our part, an alteration in our circumstances, animal spirits, etc."

FAITH.

"*March* 31*st*, 1796.

"I am seated to say something in return for your last letter. I own I never should be cast down, nor has your ladyship any *allowance* to be so. If we be cast down, it is wrong; for sure the foundation of our hope is firm as the everlasting hills. But while we travel in such a world as this, and with such hearts as ours, we shall frequently meet with melancholy interruptions to our joy and triumph. The atonement

for sin is perfect. When we do sin, we have an advocate with the Father, who, in proportion to our confidence in him, conveys virtue from his sacrifice to our souls. We have also a chain of promises, containing the most free, full, and explicit engagements on God's part, to give all necessary direction, strength, light, comfort, etc. So far as God in these is believed, we shall be sustained from sinking into any kind of despondency. Indeed, at present, anxiety about my *eternal* condition is none of my troubles; my vexation arises from my unwatchfulness, ingratitude, and defects. At the same time, I have cause to praise our almighty Saviour for maintaining peace in my mind, my hope, my confidence in His sacrifice. Sometimes, I have much more distrust about temporal than spiritual matters. Surely, I must have crosses. Why do I ever *prescribe* to God? why say, wound me not in *this* part? Any *cross* but this one, any *time* but the present. If all were calm and tranquil, I would, like Peter, be for building tabernacles here.

"Yesterday, Mr. B—— and I visited a lady who appears dying in great pain; but possessing a peaceful mind, great patience, and resignation. She made noble confessions of her faith in Jesus Christ, of the vanity of every thing but him. She is only about thirty years of age. Oh the patience of saints! My feelings were quite overcome with the sight. She has been very intimately connected with our family. I have seen her often, but I have scarce ever witnessed a happier, or more satisfactory deathbed scene. We are more apt to covet than pity her situation.

"I shall not be sorry when I hear that old Dr. Gillies has fallen asleep in Jesus. May his death be blessed to beholders!"

Deathbed.

"*April 7th*, 1796.

"On Tuesday evening, I visited Mrs. H——, having heard that she was near the end of her journey. When I entered her room, she saluted me with saying, 'O you are welcome. I began about four o'clock to long for your coming—I was very desirous of some one to converse with about Jesus. I bless him for this painful trouble; I see much love in his sending it—it was quite necessary. I know well why it was sent; and the end has been answered. Whether death or life be the issue, I will praise him for it. It will take eternity to praise Jesus.'

"Again she said, 'Some people who visit me, come with a gloom on their countenance—but this is not a gloomy scene surely. I am happy! When you write to ——, tell him I have little prospect of life, but all my happiness is the righteousness of Jesus.'

"Indeed this was a pleasant, and, I hope, profitable, interview to me; her hope and comfort appear so genuine and judicious. She does not break out in raptures, but manifests a calm, scriptural confidence in our blessed Saviour."

"*April 22nd*, 1796.

"Mrs. H—— is still in life: I saw her on Saturday, sabbath, and Monday, each of which days she expressed the warmest desire to depart and be with Christ. She requested her friends to pray that her faith might not fail. She said, 'It has not failed yet.'"

"*May 12th*, 1796

"On Saturday afternoon I took a walk to Mrs. H— —'s. The visit was a happy one to me. I remained two hours with her; but our interview was so pleasant, I was sorry to leave her sick room. Her agony is still remarkably severe. Her greatest fear just now is, lest her patience should wear out. She said, 'she had never seen her own insignificancy so, as she does now.' She was a very agreeable looking woman, and had something very engaging to all her acquaintances, from her good sense and affable manners. She could not but perceive this; but the present dispensation has humbled her to the very dust.

"She told me she was often grieved that she could not fix her mind on any divine subject, in consequence of the violent pain she endured. I asked her what she would think of a minister, in a *fever*, charging himself with guilt, because he was in bed instead of being in the pulpit. Would she not conclude that this man had erroneous views of God, who requires not impossibilities? God is not such a hard master as, alas! we are too prone to suppose. He does not require brick of his people without giving straw; no, he condemns this conduct in the Egyptians, and all his threatenings and commands are illustrative of his own holiness and rectitude. The God of the whole earth cannot but do righteously.

"That 17th chapter of John's gospel has been for months past the *centre* of the Bible to me. It contains privileges so animating and so ennobling to poor sinners, that when we can enter into the spirit of it, it raises us high, and makes us look down upon the world as a mere bubble, not worth desiring. When our Lord warned his disciples of the greatness of their approaching trials and troubles, it would have been very natural for them to desire to depart with him to his rest. But our Lord, who well knew all they should meet with, and who dearly loved them, prayed not that they should be taken out of the world, but only that they should be kept from its evil. To this day it remains our

duty to be resigned to the whole of God's plan respecting us; not even to pray for the removal of the rod a moment sooner than it shall please him."

PROVIDENCE.

"*June 2nd*, 1796.

"The Lord sees it proper that your Ladyship should have toil at a time of life when most people promise themselves ease. It is a hard task to scan futurity, or to plan for ourselves. Only what is good the Lord gives and does to his people. Nothing in our lot is so trifling as to be reckoned beneath his notice. One reason why I love the memoirs of —— is because he notices the finger of God in circumstances which many people would consider unworthy the notice of man. But surely there is neither a hair nor a sparrow falls to the ground without the particular observation of the supreme Majesty. Wonder, O heavens, be astonished, O earth!

"A minister lately, very aptly, compared the gospel to a gun, which when charged only with *powder* made plenty of noise, but did no execution; however, when charged with *shot*, it came home to the heart."

INFIDELITY.

"*June 23rd*, 1796.

"Paine has been bold enough to write against the Bible, and it is reported that many of his readers have been caught in the snare, and become infidels. No man who ever believed the gospel, and loved Jesus Christ, can be among the number. I have no doubt but many, who are fearful of the judgment, would gladly embrace any system but that of the gospel, if it would free them from their fears. The more that men can persuade themselves to embrace infidelity, these kind of fears will probably depart; but, is the man thereby rendered better and safer?—not a jot. Would blinding my eyes in a battle ward off the bullets? Nor can infidelity prevent the approach of hell fire. Giving brandy to a man under sentence of death may make him despise the gallows, but it will not prevent his being hanged.

"I read in the newspaper to-day a letter from the general of the French army in Italy. He says that the soldiers sport and laugh at *death!* but he does not assure us that they laugh *after* death. We see cattle happy enough while travelling to the slaughter-house; but did they know what should happen when they reached it, it would lessen their mirth. Does Paine imagine it possible to overturn the church of God? But no weapon formed against her can possibly prosper, for her

Lord reigns over all, and is God blessed for ever. O that Jesus may give him repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth! His blood cleanseth believers from all sin; and in order to glorify the riches of his grace, he sometimes saves the most notorious offenders."

DEATHBED.

"*July 7th*, 1796.

"I was desired to visit a poor dying Christian last Monday, with whom I had no previous acquaintance. She lives in a garret—has been badly about four years. The rheumatism has been so severe, that most of her joints are dislocated. She said much to the praise of Jesus. She is remarkably attached to the word of God, of course. She hardly looks upon another book. That the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, has been her chief support and comfort during her affliction. She does not sleep more than two hours in a night, and yet never wearies. Her companion wept when she told me that Jane was always desiring to get to her Father's house in heaven. She is very unwilling to part with her; they have lived together seventeen years. I had great pleasure in conversing with them. I viewed Jane as a 'king's daughter' on the eve of setting off for the palace."

MANNERS.

"I have purchased for your Ladyship the book upon the exertions made in former times for the reformation of manners, preventing sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, &c. I wish there had been more means then used for the conversion of men to God. From what I see in the book, I believe the exertions had been great for the suppression of vice, and encouraging external virtue. In these days religion was fashionable among the great, and consequently the number of hypocrites among all ranks must have been very great. Israel seems often to have eagerly followed religious fashions. When God favoured them with a good king, they appeared all good; but in the very next reign we find them gross idolaters; which shows that the *many* changed their religion with the same readiness as we change the shape of our coat or gown. Though it is pleasant to see good appearances in the outward aspect of the public, we must remember it is not all gold that glitters! The church in her best times was composed of a poor and persecuted people. Satan may now change his method of attack, and put it into the hearts of the great to flatter and fawn upon the faithful; and perhaps he may gain his end in that as well as in any other way. I cannot consider the Constantine age to be the best age of the church; some think it was

the beginning of her greater sorrows. Unsound doctrine then rushed into her like a river. But though I thus write, I should rejoice to see religion, pure and undefiled religion, find its way into the hearts and houses of the great."

A VISIT.

"*July* 14*th*, 1796.

"I think I mentioned Jane —— in my last, who is dying in the blessed hope of the glory of God. She continues full of faith, joy, and peace. I took Mr. B—— (Dr. Black) to see her last Friday. He said he had not witnessed such a scene during his ministry. When about to pray, she said, 'I do not ask my friends to pray for my recovery, or continuance in the world; I really wish to be gone.' He said, 'Jane, how do you reconcile that with submission to the Lord's will?' 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'our Lord says to his own children, "Because I live, ye *shall* live also." Death, then, to me is only the beginning of the life I want.'"

"*July* 21*st*, 1796.

"Jane is still in the wilderness. When I entered her apartment on sabbath evening, she said, 'I have just breath to tell you, *all is well!* You know the state of my mind, and what to say; I shall hear.' I sat with her about an hour, and found it good to be there, for I believe Jesus was present."

HIS WORK.

"*August* 4*th*, 1796.

"Your Ladyship kindly fears lest I should have too much work to perform. Did you tell me that you walked two or three times a day along the lawns that surround you, I should not be alarmed by the intelligence; I should rather be pleased, hoping it would do you much good. The jobs which Providence lays out for me, I compare to your walks; they are not a toil, but a pleasure.

"When I last called on Jane, I inquired how she did; to which she replied, 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'"

ANGELS.

"*August* 7*th*, 1796.

"I had no idea your Ladyship was so weakly as you mention in your last; it will certainly be an incitement to me to send as much as I can for amusement in your little prison. The best of us are but prisoners at large; we are all confined to a small globe of earth hanging in the

air. Not so with angels. Though heaven be their head-quarters, they can and do visit the inhabitants of our world; for are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth from on high to minister to the heirs of salvation, who are travelling to the better country? So says the Bible; wherefore I believe. The Lord loves the lowest of his people here with an *infinite* love. Can he love glorified saints more?

"The ministry of angels is a subject little attended to, though a pleasant one. We who believe are *come* to the fellowship of an innumerable company of them, who all expressed joy on the first notice they received of our repentance. By the way, we read (Acts xx. 21) of repentance *toward* God, which intimates that then the love, desire, delight, contemplation, &c., of the man is turned or directed towards God. Formerly these faculties were wholly exercised upon the creatures, or earthly things; but now the Spirit opens the mind to discern something so great, glorious, and desirable in God, that the heart is engaged, and begins to look down upon the world as unworthy its supreme esteem.

"Jane is still alive, though almost unable to speak. Her comfort is very great. The amazing power and grace of God is wonderfully displayed in causing her to sing in the midst of her fiery trial. Had she not had the hope of eternal life, she says she should have been of all creatures 'most miserable.'"

Deathbed.

"*Sept. 8th*, 1796.

"There is a man dying at present in very great pain, who has all his lifetime been a poor thoughtless, wicked creature, and his wife of a similar character. On sabbath morning he expressed a wish to see me: of course, I was sent for. His prospects are gloomy—he has no hope, and is terrified. To show him the absolute necessity of a Saviour, I put him in mind of his wicked life, and then read the third chapter of John, with some little comment. Several of his thoughtless neighbours were present. When testifying to his wife that her works also were evil, she became very angry; upon which I slipped two of your *shillings* into her hand, which soon pacified her, and made her ashamed of her rudeness. I wish her shame had proceeded from a better principle. Her husband condemns his past conduct, which makes her wonder; for she thinks his life was good enough.

"Jane is yet living. I carried her a pot of jelly from a friend. Upon presenting it, she prayed, 'O God, bless all thy servants who have given me a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus.'"

Jane.

"*Sept.* 1*st*, 1796.

"Jane is much in the same state as last week, enjoying her usual consolation. On Monday, her companion told me that about midnight she was awaked by Jane singing the 103rd Psalm. She found Jane was *asleep*, though singing. The nurse and she were alarmed; they touched her gently, and she awoke. She did not thank them for this; for she thought she was mounting towards heaven. While they were relating the story to me, Jane called from her bed: 'Indeed, sir, they were so cruel as to awake me; but they were afraid to hear a sleeping person sing.'"

"*Sept.* 15*th*, 1796.

"Jane has now got her desire accomplished, for she died on Saturday the 10th, in the firm persuasion of the truth of the gospel. On Friday I was sent for in haste, to a dying man in a very different state of mind —he was almost speechless: he only said to me, 'O sir, do all you can for me.' I assured him the help of man was vain, and pointed him to Jesus as the only Saviour. He died in about three quarters of an hour after I left him!"

Sacrament.

"*Sept.* 11*th*, 1796.

"On sabbath we had another opportunity of remembering our Lord's death. I consider it well with the man who, after attending such an ordinance as this, is desirous of the return of another. In it believers are invited to contemplate the foundation of their hope. It is remarkable, that even for a moment we can forget this sacrifice. The misery from which we are redeemed is so tremendous,—the glory, to the hope of which we are raised, is so great, that, at conversion, many think they will never cease praising; nor do they, till in some way overcome by temptation. If the mind in such an ordinance as the Lord's Supper be kept steadily looking to the love of Christ in dying for us, it is good for us to be there, and we shall certainly be fitted for future service or suffering."

Reproof.

"*Oct.* 13*th*, 1796.

"My attention was particularly directed, the other evening, when most people were asleep, to that scripture,—'This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.' This was a seasonable reproof to me, whose mind had been crowded with cares and fears, and thereby rendered unfit for con-

templating the person, glory, and word of Christ. It fixed my mind to *one* object, Jesus Christ. Hear him! Who would not hear him! for he teaches to profit. If men did not exceed the *adder* in deafness, every word he utters would be spirit and life to them."

VISITS.

" *Dec. 8th*, 1796.

" I am only a few minutes returned from visiting the sick bed of a dying friend. He gratefully related many of the Lord's mercies which he had experienced in past life, especially that though his affliction [which is a consumption,] had been hanging about for half his days, [15 years,] yet till lately it had never wholly prevented him from assembling publicly with the servants of God. While speaking of these things he paused ——; but, said he, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'

" Such interviews are very edifying, and help to keep up our attention to the things of God. They are specimens of our pilgrimage state. They convince us that men move by a certain, though varied, rotation to a boundless eternity. They show us what we also must soon endure. They demonstrate the truth and value of Christianity: when all other props fail, this comforts and sustains the mind."

GREENLAND.

" No trees grow in Greenland; but I was greatly delighted by reading lately how wonderfully God provides the Greenlanders with wood; viz., by causing his sea every year to drive wood from distant shores, and conducting it to theirs, so that they regularly gather these providential supplies from their own coasts. Wondrous are the ways and works of God! They all praise him!"

FAREWELL.

" I am glad your Ladyship sees cause to sing of mercy;—may the ground of your song be long continued. The Lord reveals his mercies to raise our praises. It is now more than *midnight*, so I must retire from this job, and step to 'the land of nod.' Should I never return, believe that I entered the hidden regions, your sincere and obliged servant."

His extracts from his own letters close here, because at this time Lady Leven began to introduce him by

name to some of her distinguished visitors at Melvill Castle, that she might lead them to call upon him in Edinburgh. The character she had given of him startled him, when they assigned it as their reason for calling on him. He thus had to remonstrate with her for overrating him. She had commended him to the late Charles Grant, Esq. (the father of Lord Glenelg), as one of "the *wonders* of the age." This pained him. But she playfully answered his protests against flattery thus: "To be sure, I said it to Mr. Grant; but I ascribed nothing to *you*. It will lay you low. Hint to him, that there will be an estate to sell in the neighbourhood soon. I *groan* for Missions in the Highlands! Is there any thing doing for this object?"

It is hardly necessary to point out, how a correspondence of this kind improved both the piety and talents of Mr. Campbell, and thus prepared him for the work of the ministry. It also gave him influence in society.

Lady Leven was much gratified by the attentions paid to him by her own family. She says, "I had yours by my Lord. Though it is of small consequence to you, it is a satisfaction to me that respect is shown to you, my faithful correspondent, to whom I am indebted for help which few are disposed to give."

When she became seriously ill, his Lordship wrote thus:—

"*Melvill.*

"SIR,—You may have heard that my wife has been a good deal indisposed for three or four weeks, from a considerable degree of weakness and a loss of appetite. She turned much worse on Thursday last; and on Sunday, our physician told me that she had the jaundice; she was weak and so low all Monday, that I sent an express to Edinburgh for Mr. Bell. She revived a good deal before he came; and yesterday, before

he went away, I have great reason to be thankful for the information he gave me, which was, that the disease was now in the most favourable state, and no present danger to be apprehended. She continues to be revived more and more; and this morning she told me that she had been long in writing to you, and desired me to write and tell the reason of it; and she added, 'Tell him that I hope to have his prayers, as I have not been for some days very able to pray for myself.' It is with great pleasure that I comply with her request,

"And am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"LEVEN, &c."

The next letter was from her son, Lord Balgownie.

"*Melvill.*

"SIR,—I desired Hogg to inform you that my valuable mother had a return of her complaints on Saturday. Lady Balgownie and I came here on Tuesday. Lady Leven was much better, but had not a good night, but, from about four on Wednesday morning, she slept sound, and her pulse fell above twenty in the minute.

"Through the day she was quite easy, and conversed with me and several in the house, as composed and collected as ever, in a firm, loud voice, and with her usual strength, and dressed herself. When laid down to rest, she had a comfortable night; she took some tea, &c. as usual, about four in the morning; at eight she had some soup, or chicken-broth, and continued to be quite easy. The doctor in the house had not been called. At ten her large family assembled at breakfast, congratulating one another on her having had so easy a night;—when, before we had time to sit down, and every thing was ready, she expired without a groan or a struggle, and absolutely with a smile on her countenance. She spoke within five minutes of her death.

"Such, we may say, is the death of the righteous; may we so live that our latter end may be like hers.

"You will let me know if you administered any stated charity for Lady Leven, which I shall endeavour to continue.

"BALGOWNIE."

Another of her Ladyship's sons wrote thus:—

"*Melvill, May 10th*, 1798.

"SIR,—Though ill prepared for the task, assured that you will join your tears with those of this disconsolate family, I have to inform you

of the irreparable loss *we* have sustained by the death of our invaluable mother this morning at ten o'clock, without a groan or struggle. Our consolation is, that what is loss, loss indeed to us, is the gain to her of everlasting happiness and glory.

"Knowing the regard she had for you, I think I fulfil a duty to her beloved memory, in writing to you, upon this melancholy occasion; and forgive my saying that, should you have been the channel through which in any respect, she rendered her existence useful to her many pensioners, I earnestly entreat you may look on me as her truly willing, though truly unworthy representative. Though far from rich, I should be poor indeed, before I could think of those wanting, to whom she gave support. Write me freely, and be assured that you whom she esteemed as a valuable friend, I shall ever think myself honoured in thinking mine.

"In haste, I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"GEORGE MELVILL LESLIE."

CHAPTER X.

HIS ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Campbell began to preach before he retired from business, it was rather from necessity than choice at first. Indeed, he did not consider it preaching; but "a word of exhortation" to the villagers, where he had introduced sabbath schools. Any predilection he had for the ministry now, was in reference to the heathen; and that was strong for a time. He announced it first to Lady Leven and Mr. Newton. To her he wrote thus: "I sit down with pleasure to transmit my mind to Melvill-house. What were we made for? To be idle? No! Certainly your Ladyship will approve of everything tending to the glory of God. I have never hinted, but to Mr. Newton, what I now mention. Mr. Haldane, and his associates in the intended mission to Bengal, have applied to me to accompany them on their humane enterprize. Seeing the offer was made to me, I really could not think how I could look our Lord in the face, unless I complied. After thinking upon it for a few nights and days, I told Mr. Haldane that my mind was reconciled to go; but that I had *voluntarily* promised to Mr. Newton not to engage in any mission without apprizing him. What answer he may send, I know not.

"At first, natural love of my country, friends, and

correspondence, worked strongly on my mind. This has now died away, and I think I could cheerfully march to-morrow. Should I go, I shall use all means to prevent my home-plans from falling to the ground. I am not in the least dissatisfied with my present station, trade, or success. None have less cause to murmur." In this, he forgot that two years before, he had written thus to her Ladyship:—" After I had finished the ' India Mission' pamphlet, if anybody had said, will you go out, I am sure the answer would have been—yes! I was quite in raptures about it."

Lady Leven opposed the design, on the ground that he was made for " the Home department, and because our own heathen could no more change their skin than an Ethiopian." Mr. Newton also set his face against it thus: " I have no doubt but Satan would be glad to see you shipped off to India, or anywhere, so he might get *rid* of you; for you stand in his way where you are." This answer, although strong, did not satisfy either Mr. Campbell or Mr. Haldane. Both appealed to the deliberate and devotional judgment of the Eclectic Society, or, as Mr. Campbell was wont to call it, the *Newtonian* tea-party, which met around Mr. Newton's chair. This appeal brought down the following answer, which deserves to be preserved, not because it settled this question, but because it throws light upon the *spirit* of that holy—but not heroic—circle. Mr. Newton was not unfriendly to missions. He was a champion for the Moravians, and prayed both publicly and privately for the London and Baptist Societies. But both he and his Eclectics were timid, or too prone to ask, when looking to the East India Company, " what will *Mrs. Grundy* say?"

"MY DEAR SIR,—But why should you wish me to write more upon the subject? This must be my *ultimatum*. Though I used the softest expressions I could, I thought you would understand that I entirely disapproved your purpose of going to India; especially by saying, if you go, I wish you *to take my letter with you*. I now say, take *this with you likewise*. The more I think of it, the more I am confirmed in my persuasion, that your call from the Lord to go to Bengal, is no clearer than mine is to accompany you.

"At Mr. Haldane's desire, we allotted one evening for the discussion of the proposal, in our Eclectic Society. We were about fifteen present. Every one of us, I hope, make the conversion of the heathen, not the Hindoos only, the desire of our hearts, and the object of our prayers. We were all unanimous, in admiring the generosity and disinterestedness of Mr. Haldane's offer and design. But not one of us could approve his plan for carrying it into effect.

"It appeared to us that not even the devoting of £25,000 to the services was a sufficient warrant for determining beforehand, the particular *spot* in which the attempt should be made. We could have wished there had been some favourable opening of Providence. But in the present case there seems a bar rather than an opening. I am sorry, that it is taken for granted, that it *must* be Bengal, it *must* be Patna, and no where else; and it must be *just now;* without waiting for a more favourable run of things—and the whole kingdom (if possible) *must* be put in motion by addresses and representations, rather than vary a tittle in time or mode, from the predetermined plan.

"Were it my concern, if the difficulties did not give way, I should consider it as a providential intimation that I was mistaken in the place, or, at least, it would lead me to examine my ground over and over again.

"The endeavour to make this one point of Mr. Haldane's mission a common cause with all serious people, is more likely to excite public disturbance than to prevail on the Company. I wish some Lord George Gordon may not avail himself of it. I cannot think it accords either with the spirit, precepts, or practice of the Apostles. I do not, for my own part, believe that the gentlemen already concerned have any more desire to meddle with the politics than with the commerce of India; yet the sentiments of one of them, and his zeal has been so notorious, that I cannot wonder if both the Company and Government are jealous, and if their jealousy be heightened, and the difficulty increased, by the methods taken to *force* their consent.

"I believe there is not a gentleman in Scotland more desirous of promoting the salvation of the Hindoos, than Mr. Wilberforce and Mr.

Grant; the latter has resided long in Bengal, and he thinks that if Mr. Haldane was now there, he would find many things very different from his expectations.

"I think nothing but my regard for you would induce me to interfere thus in the business. I beg you would assure Mr. Haldane and his associates, that I love, honour, and pray for them all. But when I see *you* upon the brink of taking a step, which may not only plunge you in difficulties (for your honest mind would not be deterred by the prospect of difficulties), but remove you from a situation in which the Lord makes you very useful, I cannot, I dare not, be silent. If you should find by the event, that you run, though with a good intention, before you were sent, you would repent of your precipitation. Let me entreat you not to be too hasty, nor to consult on one side only.

"After all, I apprehend, that if the consent of the Company is a *sine qua non*, Mr. Haldane will not go himself very soon. But my heart goes a *pit-a-pat*, when I think of the possible consequences of attempting to make such a general stir throughout the nation. But all things are in the Lord's hands. An excellent young man (as I believe) is ordained and going to the Mission Church at Calcutta. The Baptists, likewise, are going on with great quietness, and with great prospect of success.

"Could I write a quire, it would be all in the same strain, and therefore I hope your next letter will be as formerly, before the thoughts of a trip to India arose in your mind. I compare you now to a sentinel, who might suppose he could serve the army better, in some other post than that which his general has assigned him.

"I shall not cease to pray that the Lord will guide your determinations to what may be most for his glory, and your own comfort.

"Dear Sir, your sincerely affectionate,

"*Feb.* 17*th*, 1797. "JOHN NEWTON."

This letter awed Mr. Campbell. He did not attempt to controvert its plausible reasonings. Mr. Newton, therefore, wrote to him—what some other friends prescribed at the time,—"I shall not be sorry, if the Lord provide you with a *good wife*. This would strengthen my hope of keeping you at home, where, I am persuaded, your proper business lies." Whenever this proposal was made, he began to count his orphans by

his *fingers*, until he proved that his family was large enough already.

When Mr. Newton's *ultimatum* was submitted to her Ladyship, she caught at his concurrence in her opinion, and ventured to call the design "a flight." This summary view of the matter rather hurt Mr. Campbell's feelings. He explained his general views thus:—"Different situations in life have great influence on our manner of thinking. I am usually in the *heart* of the new schemes going on. Some of them are out of the old track, and thus *bore* Mr. Prejudice. When a new plan is divulged, some approve, others hesitate, and some condemn it. I esteem all these people, as they assail me. The variety of opinions throws me into a *maze*, which creates a depression of spirits. I am then unhinged and lose heart, until I *bolt* myself in my closet, and dash away man's opinion. I am necessitated to be less moved by every body's advice than I have been. Allow me, however, to add a fact,—I am as much swayed by the opinion of your Ladyship and Mr. Newton as most. This, from such a one as myself, can be no flattery to you." This was delicately answered thus: "I had, perhaps, no title to treat on such a subject. If you should be sorry for letting the opportunity slip, no embargo is laid against your going out at another time. Compose your mind, which you compare to a windmill at present. Be deliberate! 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' I am always afraid that the forward get farthest *benn* in your esteem. The reverse in mine. But the whole matter shall remain perfectly safe with me. I shall be glad if it is never heard of again. There is no cause to fear that you will be a slothful servant, wherever you may be

called to exercise your talents." Mr. Robert Haldane, as might be expected, took a different view of Mr. Campbell's duty, when he read these opinions. The following appeal might well make his mind like "a windmill:"—"If you think from what your friends have said, that you ought to stay at home, I certainly have no title to desire you to go to India. At the same time, I must say, that this is the most important step you ever took in your life. The argument of your friends cuts deep the other way. They advise you not to go, because, they say, there are so many able friends at the *head* of the mission. Surely, they have not considered that you, and another Christian under your direction, would have the whole oversight of an Indian city! The men at the head of the mission can assist but little. Almost the whole will depend on the person they send. We think you eminently qualified for such a station. The Lord has much people in Edinburgh to carry on all your plans. An imprudent missionary in Bengal might hurt the cause of Christianity for an age. An individual leaving Edinburgh, could not affect it materially. I say all this, because you told me that you were easily impressed with a thing at first. Be not therefore led away by the advice of your friends at once. Weigh the matter well yourself, with prayer to God, and a single eye to his glory. Call no man on earth father, but decide for yourself this most eventful question, that ever did, or probably ever will, come before you." This is powerful pleading, and disinterested too; for Mr. Haldane had pledged himself to all the expense of the mission; but Lady Leven and Mr. Newton carried their point. It is needless to say that this decision gave no offence to Mr. Haldane. No man

could ever question the simplicity of Mr. Campbell's motives; and he soon proved that he staid at home to work hard. He almost immediately submitted to Mr. R. Haldane a scheme of village preaching, to which he devoted himself. The letter containing it, was never opened until this morning, when I ventured to break the seal. It had never been sent; and as forty-four years have elapsed since it was written, it is not claimable in law. It runs thus: "The conversation I had with you on Saturday evening, together with the example of Mr. Clarkson, hath roused me to press through difficulties and inconveniences, that the name of Jesus may be known to the villagers contiguous to Edinburgh. Lasswade seems the best place to begin with. The minister, from all accounts, is not a labourer, but a loiterer; and the people nowise dissatisfied with scraps from Seneca and Shakspeare. In order that they may not be alarmed at a man preaching in a *coloured* coat, I wish to begin with a sabbath evening school, and after instructing the children, to sound the Gospel to the aged. I am as sure that I shall fail if God be not with me, as that I breathe. But if I fail, I shall blame my own unbelief, and cheerfully bear the stigma. I have also a strong desire to besiege Roslin next, in the strawberry season, when hundreds visit there. It is impossible to say what may be the result of such attempts, if you and my other friends will *back* me. I wish your brother to be one of a village board, and to consult with you and Mr. Ewing. I know that I shall be called imprudent, assuming, self-righteous, by my *cool* brethren; but I am disposed to submit to this reproach, if there be any prospect of doing good. I write, because I have not leisure to run over to your

house." But he found leisure, and thus threw aside the letter.

These enterprises, and many more of the same kind, he carried into effect with much success. But how he managed to do so, I cannot explain; for at this time he was extending his business, and multiplying his correspondents at home and abroad, and originating sabbath-schools, by letters and tracts, all over Scotland. Soldiers and sailors wrote to him for advice; the needy and greedy for money; the reclaimed outcasts for prayers and counsel; dark villages for itinerants, and chapel builders for help; besides the hundreds who ordered their Missionary Magazines, books, and Scott's Commentary, and paid their accounts, through him. Mr. Newton *knew* all this, and would not hear of any other mission for him. Mr. R. Haldane *saw* much of this, and as naturally thought him just the man for a city in Bengal.

The acceptance and success he met with as a village preacher, drew him on step by step to weigh the claims of the ministry upon himself. Still, he did not acknowledge to others nor to himself that he was preaching. He called it exhorting, to Mr. Newton: but, at the same time, questioned him upon the subject of a valid *call* to the ministry. Mr. Newton saw the bent of his mind, and wrote thus: "I know not how you draw the line, in your country, between preaching and exhorting. If I speak when the door is open to all comers, I call it preaching; for to preach is to speak publicly. Speaking upon a text, or without one, makes no difference; at least, I think not.

"I am no advocate for *self-sent* preachers at large; but when men whose character and abilities are ap-

proved by competent judges; whose motives are known to be pure, and whose labours are excited by the exigency of the occasion, lay themselves out to instruct the ignorant and rouse the careless; I think they deserve thanks and encouragement, instead of reprehension, if they step a little over the bounds of church order. If I had lived in Scotland, my ministry, I suppose, would have been in the Kirk, or the Relief, or the Secession; and if Dr. Erskine had been born and bred among us, and regarded according to his merit, he might perhaps have been Archbishop of Canterbury long ago. Much of our differences of opinion on this head may, perhaps, be ascribed to the air we breathed and the milk we drank in infancy. Thus I have given you my free opinion upon your *knotty* point. I leave others to dispute whether the husk or the shell of the nut be the better of the two. I hope to be content with the kernel.

"But whilst you have a secular calling, it is your duty to be active and accurate in it. Self likes to be employed in great matters—grace teaches us to do small and common things in a great spirit. When you are engaged in business in a right frame of mind, you are no less serving the Lord than when you are praying, exhorting, or hearing."

Such was the *spirit* of Mr. Newton's counsels to his friend: for it must not be supposed, from the brevity of these extracts, that the letters from which they are taken are short. Mr. Newton himself says of them at this time, "Whoever falls short, you do not. I have no correspondent to whom I write so *many* and such *long* letters as to yourself." He also urged on such lay preachers as he had described, "If all were like-

minded with Messrs. Haldane and Aikman, I would pray the Lord to increase their number a hundred fold. Give my love to them, and tell them that I rejoice in their zeal, their acceptance, and in their success. Why should not the Orkneys and the Highland Islands deserve attention as much as the islands of the South Sea? I hope gospel-zeal will, in due time, sail northwards to Shetland, and westward to St. Kilda, and all the intermediate islands." This appeal was not lost upon either Mr. Campbell or his friends, as will be seen anon. Mr. Newton had soon to say to him, "The account of your Highland tour is pleasant and interesting. I hear of no such sudden and general awakenings in our kingdom. You see how large a letter I have written to you with my own hand. Old SEVENTY-FIVE is as well as when you left him. Lord bless you and your friends, and me and mine." He might well write in this way then of Mr. Campbell and his friends. They had the same divine commission—necessity of circumstances—for "preaching the word every where," as the laymen of the church in Jerusalem, when persecution drove them into Samaria, Acts viii. 4; besides ministerial *qualifications*, which neither Presbyter nor Bishop could confer; aptness to teach, and hearts burning with love to the souls of men, and characters "*blameless*" enough for bishops of the apostolic age. And, without this apostolicity of spirit, what is any ecclesiastical *right* to minister in holy things, but an *unholy* perversion of ordaining power? Oh, when will the Church understand that apostolic succession is the *line* of apostolic faith and holiness! Any other line cannot be too much deprecated, nor too soon broken; for it is a line of *moral* "confusion," whatever ecclesiastical order it

may secure. Order is, however, both a good and necessary thing. The want of it *swampt* the Haldanian enterprise in Scotland. Rash experiments, and raw preachers, and trifling disputes, turned into a bye-word a design which would have "turned the world upside down," had it been as wisely conducted as it was nobly, generously, and prayerfully undertaken.

It was well for Mr. Campbell that he enjoyed the friendly counsels of not a few of the evangelical clergy and ministers in England, both when this enterprise began, and when it took a controversial form. He had thus a balance-wheel upon his motion, which, like the sound scholarship and settled polity of some of his friends, kept him steady; and that, too, without alienating him from any of his old friends. For Mr. Newton, although his oracle, was not his only adviser, when he began to co-operate with the leaders of the evangelizing enterprize. He consulted by letter, with his friends, Scott, Booth, Fuller, Charles of Bala, Stewart of Moulin, Claudius Buchanan of India, Dr. Erskine of Edinburgh, and Rowland Hill, as well as conversed with like-minded men during his first visits to England. This was the mould in which he was cast; and, as might be expected, he retained both its form and spirit amidst all vicissitudes in Scotland.

What was the real amount of his education before he began to study under the Rev. Greville Ewing, at Glasgow, I cannot tell. His cousin, the late Rev. Mr. Bowers, who was a scholar, and then in Aberdeen, invited him to study there, thus: "You shall have my pulpit at your command. It cannot be expected that you can acquire a great stock of *additional* (theological) knowledge in Glasgow. *You* do not require that, in

order to preach. I do not consider that you should make Greek your ultimate object. Prepare yourself for your class, but do not neglect other matters of equal importance." Mr. Newton wrote thus: "I hope the Lord will prevent you from studying yourself *out* of that simplicity with which you preached while in business. Study the *text* of the good word of God. Beware of leaning too hard upon human authority, even the best. Go to the fountain-head yourself, and call no man master. The Lord seems to have called you as he did Amos. I object not to your adding to your stock of general knowledge: but watch and pray that your studies may not rob you of life and unction, and betray you into a critical and dry way of preaching."

It has been felt as well as seen already, from his history, that Mr. Campbell was no mean theologian from his youth up. He had read much divinity, and written hundreds of the sermons he heard in Edinburgh by dint of memory, besides being "mighty in the Scriptures." He had thus far more theology to begin with than the generality brought away then from

"Colleges and Halls."

Mr. Ewing knew this, and was less afraid than Mr. Newton that study would impair either his simplicity or unction. Indeed, he was rather impatient for Mr. Campbell to begin, when he found his name upon the list of students. Hence he wrote, "I make no doubt but you have been necessarily detained from joining the class. But as the time of attendance is short, I have begun. The field is very extensive, and will require all our time to make even a superficial survey of it."

Mr. Campbell's acquirements as a student, seem to

have consisted chiefly in the power of consulting some of the best critics on the Scriptures, and in familiarity with Protestant theology. He acquired also a keen sense of the force and beauty of Scripture language; but whether from discernment in Greek or Hebrew, or from a "*quick* understanding in the fear of the Lord," which is both taste and philosophy, cannot be ascertained now. But whether native or acquired, his tact and taste were of a superior order, so far as the oracles of God were concerned; for if his brethren never discovered any strong traces of learning in his conversation or preaching, they never discovered any marks of ignorance, or of inattention to "the mind of the Spirit." Altogether, however, his attention to learning, although it qualified *him* for the work of the ministry, would have done little for a man of ordinary genius, piety, or experience. A young man who has not the ingenuity and vivacity of John Campbell, as well as his spirituality, could never be the writer or preacher he became, by studying only, as he did at Glasgow. These remarks have no reference to the *course* of study prescribed and conducted by the learned tutor; but entirely to the fact, that Mr. Campbell was almost as much engrossed with "labours of love," in Glasgow, as he had been in Edinburgh. And besides all this, he seems to have been almost the secretary of the seminary, whilst in it; for Mr. R. Haldane consulted him about every thing. He had to seek out and examine candidates for the classes, and to judge of the adaptation of students for certain places, and to arrange the movements and money affairs of those who were leaving or changing. In a word, he must have been, in reference to all the details of the academy, its *fac-totum;* no sinecure, judging from the cor-

respondence! Indeed, my only astonishment is, that he found time or composure to acquire the knowledge, which I knew him to possess; for, during all the time he was at Glasgow, he was absorbed with the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, and keeping up his extensive correspondence, as well as preaching or teaching almost every day.

In reference to these multifarious duties, as connected with study, his friend Mr. James Haldane wrote thus to him, "Mr. Newton's hints are much calculated to your situation. I forget to whom I showed them, but he remarked that you had got such a *settling*, that there was no danger of your being spoiled. By the way, I just think of another thing I heard—that in preaching you make too many motions with your finger, as if *drawing* figures. Some say that you must be learning mathematics! I have heard of your plans for usefulness, and sincerely bid you God speed. They will be a relaxation from study. Perhaps you can set some others to work, without occupying yourself too much. We should not lose a day, when we consider the salvation of souls, and the shortness of life! Still the prospect you have of usefulness, seems clearly to point out the duty of devoting yourself much to close study. But take care of your health. Your last letter was dated half-past one; for which I praise you not, although you may think me ungrateful."

Mr. Campbell had a reason for making all his studies bear upon preaching, which none of his Scotch friends knew at this time. His *heart* was in London, as the sphere where he could find his element, and as a centre from which he could itinerate with effect; and some

friends at Kingsland Chapel had set their hearts upon bringing him there. This led him to study most what would fit him best for such a place. At the close of 1799, Thomas Reyner, Esq., had written to him thus:—" We have been expecting and waiting for a minister to watch over us. Several have been proposed, but our way has never been clear hitherto. We are now of one heart and mind, and believe that the Lord has work for *you* here. We therefore say, 'Come and help us, and may the Spirit and presence of the Lord come with you.' It was thus for a suburban village, then but small and poor, that Mr. Campbell studied; and therefore general knowledge was his chief pursuit, because itineracy was his chief object; and Kingsland a post which he could leave in summer. His own account of his residence at Glasgow, written forty years afterwards, although meagre, is worthy of preservation.

"While attending the academy, under the Rev. G. Ewing, at Glasgow, for two years, and where I had also the opportunity of attending the lectures of Dr. Birkbeck, on various sciences, at the Anderson Institution, some things occurred worth recording.

" Soon after taking up my residence in that populous city, I proposed to have a similar institution there for the children of the *rich*, as I had in Edinburgh for two or three years before leaving it. The friends to whom I mentioned it, gave me every encouragement to attempt it. Mrs. Baillie, a zealous lady, whose house was in the very centre of the city, offered me the use of her large dining-room. The meeting was to be held from seven to eight every Monday evening.

" In the course of a month there was a stated congre-

gation of fifty or sixty young ladies and gentlemen, with some of their parents, through the active exertions of several friends, both male and female.

"We began with a short prayer, then read a few verses of scripture, and from one or from the whole, preached a sermon of twenty or twenty-five minutes' length; then added some memorable anecdote, when I had one to relate, then the service ended with a short prayer; I do not remember of its ever exceeding an hour, or having heard that any of the young people were tired. Since that period I have known several of those who attended having become Christians.

"I remember a young woman calling on me that I might answer a letter her mother had just received from her son. 'At the time of my father's death,' said she, 'my brother was a very thoughtless young man—instead of helping her, he sold every thing he could lay his hands on; after which, he left us, and became a sailor; he tells us, that afterwards he was pressed, and put on board the *Barfleur*, of ninety-eight guns; that some society had furnished him and others with a copy of the Scriptures, which he had carefully read, and had thereby been brought to a conviction of the sinfulness of his past conduct, and repentance for it; that he had besought, and hoped he had obtained God's forgiveness, but he could not have peace till he had obtained his mother's also, for the great wrongs he had done her; he also solicited her advice.' It was that I might fulfil this last request, that she brought his letter to me. I wrote a letter containing the best counsels I could offer, and sent it off to him, on board the *Barfleur*, at that time lying in Causand Bay. In about a fortnight I received a letter from eight sailors, including himself, who

had all been affected in the same way, by reading the Word of God, and who often met together for reading and prayer; and they requested I should write a letter addressed to them all, as a united band, which I soon did, and sent off; but as the fleet had sailed on a cruise off the coast of France, I heard no more from them for perhaps three months, when a letter did come from twenty-four sailors, to which number the little band had increased during the interval; and these expressed a desire that I should address a general letter to the whole; and if there was any particular book I would wish them to have, that I would mention it in the letter. They also informed me that a similar work had taken place on board the *Thunderer*, and the *Terrible* of seventy-four guns. I did address a letter to twenty-four, and said, that if the fleet should happen to put into Portsmouth, if any of them would call on the Rev. Dr. Bogue, with my compliments, he would most readily do what he could for them, and knew of none more capable of giving advice.

"The peace with France in 1802, took place a short time after sending off this, and a great part of the navy was paid off, and the seamen scattered in every direction; and I left Glasgow, so I never heard any more of the fruits of that charming display of the grace of God towards those poor sailors.

"Perhaps no important intelligence ever came to a country more unexpectedly than the peace with France, to which I have referred above; and perhaps ten years after the news came, there were few persons who could not tell you *where* they were when they first heard of it; for we were then 'like men that dreamed.' We had been at war with France for about ten years.

Bonaparte who was then at the head of that nation, had laid the rest of Europe at his feet, and was evidently aiming at the conquest of the *world*, and as he was in the prime of life, we did not expect there ever would be 'peace in our day.' I well remember all the circumstances, at the time I heard the truly cheering expression, 'Peace with France!'

"During summer, after attending worship morning and afternoon, in Glasgow, on the Lord's day, I always walked out to Ruglen, a borough town, about three miles distant, and preached in the open air at the side of the town; after which I walked two miles farther to Mr. Ewing M'Clae's lovely country mansion, where I stopped all night, breakfasted next morning, and then returned to my studies in Glasgow. When the days shortened, so that it was nearly dark before the service was finished, I intimated that if they could not obtain some house before next Lord's day, in which we could meet, that would be our last meeting till after the winter. On returning next Lord's day, I found they had obtained from the Magistrates the use of the Town-hall for our future congregations. Being in the centre of the town, rendered it very convenient. It was always well attended, even on the severest winter evenings, though the number increased as the fine weather returned. After preaching one evening, I had a pleasant, retired walk up, for two miles, to Mr. M'Clae's lovely villa, and enjoyed delightful Christian fellowship with the interesting family. Next morning Mr. James M'Clae went on horseback to town so early as seven o'clock. After worship, while at breakfast, Mr. James entered the room, made towards his father, took him by the hand, saying, 'I wish you joy on *peace with France!!*'

His father, jumping up, asked, 'What say you, James?' But Mr. James walked round the table, shaking hands with each individual, and wishing them joy; after which he took out the *Times* newspaper, and throwing it on the table, said, 'I present you with the Gazette.' Every eye was directed to Mr. James, and complete silence prevailed for some time, which was broken by a London gentleman, a relation of the family, saying, 'I shall set off for London to-morrow;' and the father saying, 'James, what stock of rum have we?' (they were West India merchants.) Mr. James then took the telescope and looked down to Glasgow, saying, 'the soldiers are drawn up on Glasgow-green, and are about to fire a salute!' I ran to one of the windows and saw them distinctly with the naked eye, though five miles distant, owing to the elevation of the house, which made the city appear as only two miles off.

"Was it not natural for me to think, by and by, how the minds of my four-and-twenty correspondents on board the *Barfleur* would be affected by the news, from the prospect of release from their bondage, of soon joining their dear relatives, and having the free enjoyment of the ordinances of religion? It was, and still is delightful to think of God's gracious conduct towards those converts on board the *Barfleur*, *Thunderer*, and *Terrible*, having, in the course of a few months, liberated their souls from the bondage of sin and captivity of Satan; and also from the severe confinement on board a man-of-war; thus permitting them to go home to their friends to tell what wonderful things God had done for them.

"The news of Lord Duncan's great victory over the Dutch fleet at Camperdown, in the early part of the

war, came as suddenly and unexpected to his family, as the news of peace with France to the family of Mr. Ewing M'Clae. On receiving Admiral Duncan's despatches, government immediately sent off a special messenger with the news to the admiral's family, who were then residing about thirty miles north of Edinburgh. On the messenger reaching them, and communicating the news of the victory, Lady Duncan retired to her closet to thank God for the preservation of her husband amidst the carnage of the day of battle. Miss Duncan fainted, and master Duncan took off his hat and ran over the whole house, waving it above his head, bawling out with all his might, 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' and perhaps the servants in the kitchen suggested that the fatted calf should be killed, and plenty of whiskey circulated among the neighbouring cottagers.

"On board of Admiral Duncan's ship, a rather singular circumstance occurred; one ball carried off five legs, both legs from two men, and one from a third. One of those that lost both legs, was named Covey, who was one of the wildest characters in the ship. He survived, and was taken to Portsea, where, by the grace of God, under the ministry of the late Mr. Griffin, he was effectually converted to the faith of Christ. From the story of James Covey, Mr. Griffin composed an admirable tract—hundreds of thousands were printed and circulated in Britain—being only four pages, an individual could circulate many at a trifling expense. It was soon translated into various languages of Europe. I remember seeing a letter from Stockholm, which mentioned that when the Crown Prince of Sweden first read it, he sat weeping over it.

"The second person who lost both legs by that bullet,

was a Lieutenant C——, whom I afterwards knew well, as he and his family occupied a pew in Kingsland Chapel for many years. He told me that when he and Covey were lying together on their backs, with the blood streaming from their legs, waiting their turn to be dressed by the doctor, Covey was singing 'Rule Britannia,' and 'I thinking what would become of my poor soul.' I remember one Lord's day evening, after Mr. Clayton, sen., had preached at our lecture, and came down to the vestry, Lieutenant C—— came in to thank him for his discourse; Mr. Clayton, after surveying him, said, 'When I look at your countenance, I think I see a mild man, but when I look down there, (pointing to his wooden legs) I think I see a man of war!' to which the Lieutenant replied, 'Mr. Clayton, believe me, I have thanked God more than once for the loss of those two limbs!'

"The late Mr. Buck told me that the engagement with the Dutch happened while he was minister at Sheerness. 'I remember,' said he, 'Admiral Duncan's fleet lying for some time at Sheerness, ready to sail the instant they heard of the Dutch fleet venturing out to sea. Well do I remember the bustle there was when the news came that the Dutch fleet had come out, the number of signal-guns that were firing for all on shore to come on board, of the number of officers and men that came running from all directions to get in time to their ships, and among them I met Lieutenant C——, who was in high spirits, boasting that they would blow up the Dutch mincheers! Very different were his spirits about a week after, when I saw him carried to the hospital on two deals, with both his legs gone—and handsome legs his were, and I think he knew it.' He had

to the end of his days the half-pay of a lieutenant, and forty pounds per annum for each leg. Lieutenant C—— said that in one sense it was not the ball which carried off the five legs, but a splinter which it had knocked from a gun-carriage.

"A short time before leaving Glasgow, a young woman called and stated that she had a brother dying of a consumption,—that he had been accustomed to sit under the ministry of Mr. Dale for several years, lived a very regular life, and they hoped he was a Christian; but gradually his religion dwindled away, till he gave up attending any place of worship. Ever since his present disease had begun, he had been in the most hardened state, nothing seemed to move him. She invited me to come and say something. Knowing that the word was 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword,' I determined to go, armed only with the Sword of the Spirit.

"I found him in bed, and after asking a few questions about his illness, I read to him a most striking passage in the book of Job, chap. xxxiii., ver. 14—30; simply making a few remarks as we went along, and then prayed a few minutes, and took leave of him. Next morning his sister called upon me to tell me good news; that chapter which I had read had at length roused her brother from his sleeping, hardened state, and he appeared at present quite a different man. Whether I ever saw him again, or heard more of him, I cannot bring to my recollection; and no wonder, for it is nearly forty years ago, and I was on the eve of leaving Glasgow at the time."

Mr. Campbell thus explained the steps by which he became an Independent and a student.

"The Circus was taken merely as a preaching-place,

and as a trial whether it would be prudent to erect a large place of worship, to be used according to the plan of the Tabernacle of London; to be of no particular denomination, but to be equally allied to all who held the doctrine of salvation by the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. All those who took an early interest in the object at first, were members of the Established Church. Rowland Hill was certainly neither a Presbyterian nor an Independent, nor a rigid Episcopalian; he had some plan floating in his head, which he never could intelligibly define;—he called it a *union* of all Christians, throwing away all their prejudices and particular forms, and uniting on the broad principle of Christian love; and instead of calling the intended place of worship a Tabernacle, he strongly recommended that it should be named Union Chapel. He highly disapproved of courts of review, like the General Assembly, the members of which might be said to be *foreigners* to the persons whose case they had power to decide.

"Mr. Hill's labours were chiefly confined to Edinburgh on the Sabbath, but during the week he visited other parts of Scotland, and every where he left behind him a powerful impression on the minds of the people. His addresses were novel to us all, and the burst of zeal he manifested for the salvation of his hearers, was equally novel; the intermingling of striking facts relating to himself and others, was what we were not accustomed to. No man could preach better gospel sermons than those we had been favoured with, but his manner of telling the truth was so different, that we seemed as if we had got into a new world. Had he come immediately after the days of George Whitefield, he would not have been so great a novelty; but the generation

who heard that man of God, had passed away, and a new one had risen in their room.

"Rowland was succeeded by a number of Independent ministers from England. Some of these preached on the nature of a Church of Christ; the materials of which it was composed; its statute-book, or laws, by which it was governed, viz., the New Testament. Such discourses led us to entertain *Independent* views of a church, and church government; which led to the formation of a Christian Church in the Circus, and the election of Mr. James Haldane to be the pastor thereof. After this, the number of church members rapidly increased, from persons converted during their attendance on the preaching of the Gospel at the Circus, and others who had long entertained Independent views of a church of Christ, from reading the writings of John Glas, especially his testimony of the King of Martyrs.

"These proceedings excited attention, and caused much speculation among ministers and churches of all denominations; for most of them lost some of their members or hearers, or both; which is not a pleasing occurrence to any minister or Society. The Secession from the Established Church of the Rev. Greville Ewing, of Edinburgh, and the Rev. William Innes, of Stirling, and their joining the Tabernacle cause, increased the alarm among many. The hue and cry soon circulated in all directions, 'That the object of all our exertions was the overturn of the Establishment; to which was soon added the overturn of the British Constitution." That many believed these aspersions was not surprising, considering the political state of the country at that time. We were at war with France and the greater part of Europe, and actually fighting for our political exist-

ence as a free people, when universal union was peculiarly requisite.

"Though French principles of liberty and equality were not so rampant as they were in 1792 and 1793, yet a considerable remnant of them were still afloat.

"It was at length resolved to build a large place of worship in Edinburgh, which was to be called the *Tabernacle*, as at first proposed. A central site of ground was soon obtained at the head of Leith-walk, only a few hundred yards from the Circus; on which a building was soon erected, capable of containing, I think, three thousand two hundred persons, allowing eighteen inches for each person. The under part rose like a gallery all over the place; the rise commencing at a little distance from the pulpit. There was a large gallery immediately above that, and a second gallery above it, which would contain about six hundred persons. I remember a treatise on the building of theatres was examined at that time by some who were interested in the Tabernacle, wherein it was stated that the mere *rounding* of the corners of a square building with mortar, was found, by experiments made, greatly to assist in hearing a public speaker. Of course this was attended to, and undoubtedly answered the end. I preached in it now and then, for about twelve months, as an assistant, before I came to Kingsland Chapel, which I found required the same voice to reach the five hundred which it contains, as it did to reach the three thousand in the Tabernacle; our corners in the chapel not being rounded. Mr. Robert Haldane defrayed the whole expense of building the Tabernacle. He then purchased the Circus of Glasgow, and fitted it up as a place of worship. It held about three thousand persons. Mr. Ewing became

the pastor, and it was constantly full of hearers, and a numerous church collected. Mr. Haldane also built a large Tabernacle in Dundee, in which Mr. Innes became the pastor. Another was built in Perth, Aberdeen, and various towns north of it, even to Caithness, the most northerly county on the island. At Wick and Thurso were Tabernacles that would contain nearly a thousand each, well attended, and many conversions.

"But how were these new places, rising up in every direction, to be supplied with preachers? The necessity to make provision for this, was attended to at a very early part of the Tabernacle career. About thirty young men were collected and placed under the tutorship of Mr. Ewing, to train them up for the ministry. The students were entirely supported at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane. When they had finished their studies, there were applications for them all from various towns in Scotland. A similar number, who had for some time been under preparatory study at Dundee, under Mr. William Innes, were afterwards removed to Glasgow to finish their studies under the tuition of Mr. Ewing. A third class was collected in Edinburgh, larger than either of the former: I think their number amounted to fifty: some of whom were married and had families, and all were entirely dependent on Mr. Robert Haldane for their support. Mr. Haldane had an expectation that the Rev. George Collison, then of Walthamstow, London, would take the tuition of that class; but on his return to London, from supplying the Tabernacle of Edinburgh, for a season, he saw reason to decline it. This disappointment deranged matters at the time: —fifty students from all parts of Scotland assembled, and no tutor to teach them; I was assisting Mr. James

Haldane, the pastor of the Tabernacle church at that time. They insisted on my teaching them what I could till a tutor was procured. I had been present at the examination to ascertain the piety and talents of most, if not all of them, previous to their reception as students, and entertained a most favourable opinion of all of them ; however, I resisted the proposal from a consciousness of unfitness, and as being a position I had never aspired to. It was urged that my engagement might not last a month, as they were writing in various directions to obtain a tutor, and what a painful thing it was to have so many young men completely idle. These and other considerations led me to consent to make a trial of it. Instead of its turning out only for a month, it was almost twelve months before I was relieved from my situation, by the appointment of Mr. Cowie, of Montrose, who had been a preacher in the Established Church ; but his views changing, he had got an Independent chapel built for him in that town, where I think he had been born, and where he was highly esteemed by many, and which he was very loth to leave.

"There was one exercise which we had every day during my superintendence, which some of the students, years after they had been in the ministry, told me they had reaped benefit from. It was this,—we went regularly through a gospel or epistle ; each student reading the verse that came to him, in rotation, and giving his opinion on the real meaning of its contents. When I could throw any additional light upon the verse or verses, I did it. I found this exercise profitable to myself as well as to them. The class-room was under the Tabernacle, which was of a suitable size for their accommodation."

What was his spirit at this time, and how little reference his studies had to a *stated* ministry, will be seen from the following sketches of his early itineracies:—

"I shall now relate some interesting circumstances which took place during a journey, which Mr. Haldane and I intended only for Arran, an island on the western coast of Scotland, about sixty miles in circumference. On the way to it, we visited the little island of Cumbray, which is about three miles long, and has one good looking village, where we preached evening and morning;—then went in a boat to the isle of Bute, which is about twelve miles long;—from thence sailed over to Arran, and preached in all the villages round it. On reaching the west side of it, we observed a long neck of land stretching towards the northern coast of Ireland. On inquiring, we found it was Kintire; towards the south end of which was Campbelton, the chief town, and having considerable population. As our parish extended to wherever there were *human* beings, and hearing that there was not one gospel preacher in the whole range of seventy miles, except in the chief town, we determined to pay it a visit. We engaged a boat, and left Arran in the afternoon, making towards that part of the coast where there was a little inn, which we did not reach till about ten o'clock at night, and dark. After scrambling over the rocks on the beach, the seamen led us to the inn, where we found the inmates fast asleep; but the landlord was easily roused, struck a light, and soon cooked us a highland supper; which is universally ham and eggs. He seemed to be quite exhilarated, being evidently willing to do his best to make us comfortable; so that it would have been cruel to have found fault with any thing. He had been in the army, and

readily joined us in our evening worship. He informed us that there were people living not far from him, who would come to sermon in the morning, in front of his house. But only three persons came, with whom we held a little conversation. We then proceeded to Campbelton, where we stopped for several days, preaching mornings and evenings on the green slope of a hill, to about a thousand people in the morning, and fifteen hundred in the evening; and twice in the neighbouring villages during the day. I remember, on a lovely summer evening, while preaching to a very large congregation, a female not far from me stood up, and, with a stentorian voice, said, 'Who are you?—speak Gaelic! You are like our Pinkerton, we do not understand you! Speak Gaelic!' I was surprised that no one came forward to compel her either to be silent, or to go away, though there were several respectable persons around the chair on which I stood. So I was obliged to stop and reprove her; and Mr. Haldane came from a distant part of the congregation, took her by the arm, led her out, and ordered her away; with which she complied When the service was over, I expressed surprise that none of the persons near me had interfered. They said they durst not, for she would have rushed upon them and torn their faces with her nails. 'That woman,' said one of them, 'rules the town, magistrates, and all of us. She knows the history of us all as far back as our grandfathers at least; in most families something wrong has happened;—if any offend her, she publishes over the town whatever bad thing has been done by any of their progenitors during past generations. In that way she rules the town.' The cause of her insanity was very affecting. A ship of war was stationed in their

bay for a considerable time, to suppress smuggling;—one of the officers had courted and married her. It was reported he had a wife elsewhere; at any rate, after the ship sailed, she heard no more of him; which so affected her mind, that she lost her reason, which has never been restored.

"We employed a man to go down to Kintire, and intimate four sermons a-day at the different villages, as advised by the friends at Campbelton. Some of the proprietors of that part of the county of Argyle had formed a plan for preventing our preaching. But they were too late at the first place where they had resolved to oppose us; for the service was over; but they informed us that we should not be permitted to preach any more. We told the gentleman who said so, that we knew we were doing nothing contrary to law, and would certainly preach at the places where sermons were intimated. He said, 'Very well, he should be there before us.' He, on horseback, attended sermon, witnessed tracts distributed among the people, and saw us mount our horses, without giving any interruption. Shortly after he and his man-servant galloped past us, which he did two or three times before we reached the next village [Whitehouse], where we were to preach. When near it, we saw before us the parish minister; the gentleman with the red coat who had been following us for two stages, and several other gentlemen riding into the village; from which we perceived that there they intended to exert their authority in opposing us. On Mr. Haldane leaving the inn to preach in the middle of the town, I went forward to preach at the next town; but was followed by the person in the red coat, and ordered by him, as a justice of

peace, to return to Whitehouse; which I did, and put my horse into the stable till Mr. Haldane returned from preaching; we then ordered our horses to be saddled, and I went to the gentlemen, who were assembled in the next room, to inform them we were ready to depart, and to inquire why I was charged to return to Whitehouse? They replied, pointing to a sealed paper lying on the table, 'There is a warrant to send you to the sheriff of Argyle; and the volunteers who are to attend you will be ready in a few minutes.' The parish minister formed one of this party, from whom we were prepared not to expect any favour; for the messenger whom we had sent forward to intimate when and where we intended to preach, told us that, when he was publishing our preaching to the people when they were coming out of church the preceding sabbath, the clergyman came down from the pulpit, ran in rage to him, held up his whip, saying, 'If you repeat that notice, with one stroke of my whip I shall send you into the eternal world!' I do not know if he be in that world; but probably he is; for it is about forty years since he said so, immediately after he should have been preaching the gospel of peace. It had the designed effect; for it completely silenced our messenger; for he was not a pugnacious man; and it was well he was not; for had he been a high-spirited highlander, there might have followed a very disgraceful combat.

"A sergeant, with a party of volunteers in their uniforms being arrived, we were told we might stop where we pleased; that the soldiers had only directions to see that we went to the sheriff. As the soldiers had no horses, of course our progress was slow. After dark we arrived at the town where I should have preached, and

learned that a congregation had assembled, and did not disperse till it was almost dark. We took up our quarters at a good inn. As it was our custom to have worship at all the inns where we halted, we had it there, and desired the landlord to invite as many of his neighbours to attend as he pleased. The room, which was a good size, was well filled, and our volunteers all attended. A chapter of the Bible was read, and an address founded upon it being given, and prayer offered, the company dispersed. Next morning at seven o'clock we set off, and had about fifteen miles to march to Lochgilphead to breakfast. While at breakfast, an old man called, who said, 'We heard of your coming, and of your having arrived at the inn; and though I had been a soldier in the German wars of 56, and seen many prisoners, yet never having seen any prisoners for preaching the gospel, I thought it was my duty to call upon you, and therefore am I come; but you will have some things to converse about among yourselves, I therefore wish you good morning." On conversing a little with him, he withdrew. After an interview with a justice of peace, to whose care we had been committed, we went forward to the sheriff, about seven miles farther, under the care of the post-master. The sheriff had been apprised of our coming, and inquired 'if we had taken the oaths of allegiance, &c.' We had not. 'Are you willing to take them?' 'Yes.' 'Then go up to Inverary, and take them, and I shall be satisfied.' We told him that the law said, 'that if *required* to take them,' (for the convenience of the subject,) 'they were to be taken before the nearest magistrate, and you are the nearest, and we are willing to take them before you.' 'But I have not a copy of the oaths, therefore cannot adminis-

them.' 'That is not our fault; we have been taken thirty miles out of our way for doing nothing contrary to law, wherefore we will *not* go to Inverary, except as your prisoners.' He went and consulted what should be done, and, on returning, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have nothing more to say,' and bid us good morning.

"On returning to Lochgilphead, Mr. Haldane and I set off on horseback to Whitehouse, where we had been arrested, to preach; in order to convince the people that they were doing nothing contrary to law by attending itinerant preaching, whether in the street or in the fields. At the first the people had been so intimidated by the threats of their chieftains, that only about six persons attended the sermon, and these were said to be strangers; but when Mr. Haldane returned, the whole town seemed to have turned out. During his absence I preached in the neighbourhood. I remember a curious intimation which a parish minister gave to his people on the preceding sabbath. It was told me by a lady who was present. 'I have to inform you that those preachers who have been for some time disturbing the peace of the country, are expected here also; but I hope you will give them no encouragement. It is possible they may preach and pray better than I do, but sure I am they have not a better heart.'

"On our return to Edinburgh, a worthy preacher, who had been born in Kintire, and had finished his studies at the University of Glasgow, and who felt keenly for the reign of ignorance and irreligion which prevailed in the greater part of his native county, consented to go and labour amongst them; and his labours were attended with signal success, which I was an eyewitness of when I visited him about two years after his labours had commenced.

"I found that his head-quarters were at the very town where we had been arrested, and that he regularly visited out-stations in the region round about. I remember the first evening I preached there, that the sergeant of the party who guarded us to the sheriff, sat at my right hand in his regimentals, which he had purposely put on for the occasion, and was now a converted man; and on my left sat the minister's man, also converted, whose case was somewhat singular. When Mr. Macullum first went there, of course this man was prohibited from ever going to hear him; but one evening Mr. M. preached in a barn adjoining to the minister's stable; indeed, only separated from it by an old gable. The man being in the stable when Mr. M. was preaching, and observing a hole in the gable, he naturally put his ear to it; for stolen waters are sweet. The gospel passed through this hole to his ear, up to his understanding, and down to his heart; so he became a new man; and his soul not being able to live without food, he was obliged to attend the ministry of Mr. M.; consequently lost his situation at the manse, or parsonage-house.

"The people had been very anxious to build a place of worship, but no proprietor could be found willing to part with a piece of ground for that purpose; but, in a singular way, their wish was accomplished. There happened to be a contested election, in which the minister took a different side from the landed proprietor in his immediate neighbourhood; which so incensed that gentleman, that, to be revenged on him, he gave to Mr. M. an acre of ground to build a chapel and a house for himself upon, and assisted the people to erect them;—there was also room on the ground for a garden. I

have slept in the house. Thus God can make even the wrath of man to praise him!

"I paid a visit with Mr. Macullum and a young man, to the western side of the islands of Arran, in order to preach at a few places, and to return to a station of Mr. Macullum to preach on the sabbath. The case of the young man was not a common one. He had been like his companions, very ignorant and careless; he heard Mr. Haldane preach, after being freed from his arrest, and went home greatly alarmed about the state of his soul: he could neither sleep nor work: his poor friends did not know what to make of him; some recommending one medicine, others to make trial of another. All failing, they were recommended to take him to the parish minister of a town a few miles off. His mother did so. He inquired of the mother, what was the matter with him? she said she could not tell, but he could neither sleep nor work for fear of the day of judgment and hell. The minister informed her, that a person had very lately come to the town to teach the people to *dance*, and was only to remain for a short time; he therefore advised her to put him for a month under *his* tuition, and he had little doubt but he would be relieved. She took lodgings for her son, and placed him under the dancing master for a month. Of course, he began to teach him how to make one foot point to the east, and another to the west, and so on. About the second day, he got tired of the foolish work, and ran home to his mother, declaring it made him worse instead of better, so he gave up the dancing.

"Not long after this, Mr. Macullum arrived, and commenced preaching in the neighbourhood. The young man went to hear him, and was greatly relieved under

the first sermon. During our visit to Arran, I had several conversations with him, and found his mind peaceful, and very desirous to be educated for the ministry.

"The Saturday being stormy, none of the sailors would venture to take us across the water to Kentire. On rising early on the sabbath morning, we found the wind very little abated, and the sailors determined not to venture. Hearing of a larger boat about two miles along the shore, we walked to it, and prevailed on the sailors to whom it belonged, to attempt the passage, which turned out a very rough one. But the greatest difficulty was, when we got within a hundred yards of the shore, which was strewed over with huge rocks, and foaming billows dashing over them. The sailors, of course, had taken down the sail; after which they paused for some time, till a large wave had retired past us, when all immediately exerted their utmost strength at the oars, and the helmsman steered the boat in a serpentine course among rocks, *before* the succeeding wave overtook us. It was the most skilful piece of seamanship I have ever witnessed. We preached near the spot where Mr. Haldane and I landed two years before, where only about three persons came to hear; now, we had a congregation of upwards of four hundred, the effect of Mr. Macullum's labours among them. On leaving them, about a dozen of the people walked on each side of my horse, telling what miserable creatures they were, when I first visited their country. One said, that he then acted as fiddler at all the dancing weddings round about, which he immediately gave up when his eyes were opened. 'The people said, I had broke my fiddle to pieces, but that was not true.'

An aged, grey-headed man then said, 'I was at that time chairman of a whisky-toddy meeting, that regularly met for the purpose of drinking whisky and water in the evenings. After Mr. Macullum came amongst us, one ceased to attend; then another and another did the same, till I was left alone in the chair. I began then to wonder what it could be that they liked better than good highland whisky. This determined me to go and see; so I went, and attended the ministry of our friend, and also found, that which I liked better than whisky-toddy.' Thus the chair was vacated, and the meeting dissolved by the force of gospel truth. Various others related their experience as we walked along, which I cannot now recollect, and have no written memorandums of them to help me. What was rather a novelty to me was, that I found the conversions as numerous among those who might be called the *aged* as among the young, which is seldom the case where the gospel has long been preached. But in that part of the county, I did not hear of any gospel preacher having been there in that generation, or that of their fathers; consequently, it was a kind of *heathen* part of Scotland; so it was, as among the heathens abroad under our missionaries: conversions are as frequent among the old as the young; for if the gospel does not soften, it hardens, is either the savour of life or death.

"After spending a few more happy days among these Christians, I took leave of them; and to give you some idea of highland travelling forty years ago, at least, on particular occasions, I shall mention a few incidents which occurred on my journey home. Remember, that like Paul, I did not go *into* carriages, but 'took them up;' mine were an umbrella and a small hand port-

manteau, which I carried under my arm, and proceeded on foot. On reaching Lochgilphead, I found a letter from Mr. Laird, of Greenock, stating that there would not be one minister next sabbath there, though containing 20,000 inhabitants, all being engaged to attend country sacraments; and if I could possibly come, I should have the largest place of worship in the town to preach in. It was so tremendous a storm of wind and rain that day, that I could not move; the next day being like unto it, kept me a prisoner; on the morning of the third day, the storm appeared somewhat abated, yet all said it would be impossible to cross Loch Fyne, which is an arm of the sea that runs about twenty miles up the country. I waited anxiously from six o'clock to nine in the morning, watching for any abatement of the tempest. Reports spread, of some vessels being wrecked in the neighbourhood. Not being able to satisfy my mind, unless I went and witnessed with my own eyes, the state of Loch Fyne, I took leave of my friends, who called after me, 'they would expect me back to dinner.' Walking pensively along, I came to the ferry, but only saw one man moving. I asked him if he could take me across. Smiling, he said, 'How can I? all the boats are on the other side, none of them have crossed for two or three days.' 'I see a boat under the water there, (pointing to it,) with only a little sand in it, could you not drag it out?' 'There is a hole in the bottom of it, Sir.' 'Well, but could you not mend it?' He significantly shook his head, and walked along the beach. As money once made a *lame* mare to go very well, I called after him, that I was anxious to get over, I would give him five shillings to take me! The word *shillings* operated like a steam engine on the

man's mind, raising his fortitude and activity. He immediately called to a man at a distance, to whom he whispered something in Gaelic; on which both set to work directly, got the sunk boat to the beach, and the water ran out by the hole in the bottom. The boat was cleared, a handful of straw was thrust into the hole; and, though rough weather, we reached in safety the other side, when I paid my fare with as much pleasure as Paul paid for his passage from Troas to Samothracia. The road from the ferry lay over a steep mountain. Half way up, I entered a thick cloud, which poured down upon me snow and rain. I got out of the cloud, or, if you please, came in sight of the world again, when I had descended about half way the other side of the mountain. In the valley I came to the river Glenderuel, which I had once crossed on horseback, in fine weather, and recollected some large holes into which one of our horses sank; and now, from the great rains, it was swelled to five or six times the breadth. Here I paused, being at a loss what to do. While musing, I overheard what sounded like the stroke of a hammer. Among trees, I found a man at work in a small thatched cottage. Finding he could speak a little English, I asked him how I could get across this river. Coming to the door, he said, 'Just go down there,' pointing to the river, 'and wade over.' I said, as he seemed to think it so easy a matter, perhaps he would, for a sixpence, take me over on his back. He said, 'Oh, yes,' and did it. He then directed me to go along the road on the side of the hill opposite, for an hour or two, when I should see a house about half way down the hill; 'that is a public-house, and there you can get what you want.'

"Not a house did I see for eight or ten miles; at length, when truly tired, I espied the house the man had described. On reaching it, I asked if they could give me any thing for dinner. They said, 'No.' 'What! have you nothing?' 'No.' 'How do you live yourselves?' They smiled. 'Have you any oat cakes?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Have you any cheese?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Have you any whisky?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Now you have every thing I want; how could you say you had nothing?' 'As you came from the low country, we thought you would not like any thing we had.' I do not recollect relishing a dinner more in my life. I felt that hunger was the best sauce, which reminded me of the lady's favourite lap-dog, that had lost its appetite.

"Observing a river in the middle of the valley below, I inquired how I should get over it, as there was no bridge. They said, 'Only by wading.' I got easily across it, being only about two feet deep. On crossing, I had immediately to commence ascending a mountain. On descending to the bottom on the other side, the road was up a long ascent of four or five miles, with a range of mountains on each side the narrow valley, about 2,000 feet high, which made it appear extremely solitary; and what made it more so was, the absence of every thing that had life, and a heavy fall of rain and snow. On reaching the long-desired summit, the road turned to the right down a similar narrow valley, dark and gloomy by the lateral mountains, and the blackness of its cloudy canopy. On reaching the bottom of the descent, the scene became awfully grand, from the shapes and stupendous height of the mountains, and the dark aspect of the clouds which clung to their tops, added to the approach of night, which I was sorry to

see. Exerting all my remaining strength to reach Denoon ferry over the Clyde, I soon reached the inn. Observing the master at the door, I asked if I could get a boat to cross. He said, 'You are a fortunate man, for owing to the storms we have had here, not a boat has been able to cross for two days. Most of these people you see running along the shore have been waiting for a passage all that time; but just now there is a boat coming from the other side with a new married couple, and if you run fast enough, so as to make up to them by the time it reaches the side, you will get over with it.' I got to it about two minutes after it reached the beach. The side of the boat being pretty high, and lying a little bit from the edge of the water, it was rather difficult to scramble up it. One strong young woman, who had nearly succeeded in getting over the side, lost her balance, and would have fallen into the water, had I not caught her in my arms, and pushed her over into the boat. The master desired us to sit close together on the weather side of the boat, to prevent the waves coming in. Notwithstanding of this, so much water forced itself over our heads, that the water in the bottom of the boat came half way up our legs. A man offering to bale it out with his hat, the master told him if he attempted it we should all go to the bottom. The wind blew hard, and frequently in severe sudden gusts, produced by openings in the surrounding mountains. However, we arrived safe at the opposite ferry-house. Having one pair of dry stockings in my portmanteau, I put them on, which made me feel more comfortable.

"The night was dark and wet, but I was happy to find a man, and the woman I had saved from a ducking,

were going to Greenock; so we set off together, though the rain poured down in torrents, which caused wide streams from the hills to run across the road, which could not be passed without wading. The female, who had not either her stockings or shoes on, repaid me by lifting me over those streams, to save my dry stockings.

"At eleven o'clock at night I arrived at Mr. Laird's, and found all the family up in expectation of my coming; being anxious about it, as they had given out my preaching in one of their largest places of worship on the next morning. Finding my dress drenched with rain, they hastily provided a complete change of raiment; then supper and bed. On the Lord's day morning I was delighted to find I was neither hoarse nor fatigued, but was enabled to preach three times to large congregations.

"Having resolved to return on Monday to Lochgilphead, which I had hastily left to supply Greenock, Mr. Laird having promised me a pony to Denoon, he ordered his man to have it ready immediately after breakfast; and one of his sons told me, when I was finishing breakfast, that he saw the horse was standing ready for me to mount. On this, Mr. Laird came up from his counting-house holding a letter in his hand, which had just arrived from Edinburgh, saying, if he knew where I was, to write to me, and say that there was something that required my *immediate* return to Edinburgh. So that, in the course of a few minutes, instead of being on a pony travelling to a mountainous part of Scotland, I found myself in a stage hastening to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The latter place I reached that night, being about sixty-four miles.

"On reaching home from Greenock, late in the

evening, I found I was not expected, nor did my friends know wherefore I had been so hastily called to come to Edinburgh. Though I had a curiosity to know this, I was glad to find it had no reference to the death of any friend, which I was afraid it might. Next morning, I found that my coming to Edinburgh was to see if I would consent to go on a preaching journey, of three or four months, with Mr. James Haldane, to visit all the cities, towns, and large villages in the north of Scotland, from Edinburgh to the Orkney islands. Being the employment which at that time I loved, I instantly complied, and commenced making preparation for the journey. In such journeys we generally travelled in a one-horse chaise; but on this one we travelled on horseback, seeing at that time there were no *made* roads in the two most northerly counties, Sutherland and Caithness. In the latter there was something like a made road across from Wick to Thurso, which a country boy seemed proud to tell me was the '*King's highway.*' I forget how long it took us in travelling from Edinburgh to Wick, in Caithness, but it must have been six or seven weeks; preaching three or four times a day, as we could obtain congregations. The first sabbath that we were in Caithness, Mr. Haldane preached at Thurso, and I at Wick, about twenty miles distant from each other. They are the only towns in that county.

"Before going to preach at the chapel on the morning of the Lord's day, a female called on Mr. Cleghorn, the minister of the chapel, informing him that her brother had been the whole night under the most distracting despair, and at times outrageous; that he was not in a state fit to attend public worship, but the family

wished he might be recommended to the prayers of the congregation. The relation affected both our minds. Mr. Cleghorn proposed we should unite in prayer before going out, that God would relieve the young man's mind, and give him peace, which we did. After the worship, we were informed that, in opposition to the advice of his friends, the young man went to chapel about the end of the first singing, and was struck at seeing a stranger in the pulpit; and that something in the first prayer had completely removed his horror, and introduced peace. How great is thy goodness, O Lord!

"Great events often result from small causes. In the case of this chapel, and the prosperous church that worshipped in it, and the same at Thurso, both resulted from a *scratch* on Mr. Aikman's leg! On the first missionary tour by Messrs. Haldane and Aikman, after preaching in Caithness they sailed to Orkney, and preached over that group of islands. On their passage back to Thurso, Mr. Aikman scratched his shin by coming against some part of the boat. Having what he called a *paper* constitution, in consequence of a residence of some years in the West Indies, the shin became inflamed, and he was advised not to commence his journey homewards till the inflammation was removed, which was not effected before the end of six weeks. This detained Mr. Haldane all that time, preaching daily, in Caithness; spending his sabbaths in the two towns of Thurso and Wick, as well as some of his week-days. Many were awakened, converted, and formed into Christian churches in those towns. Afterwards, Messrs. Ballentyne and Cleghorn, who had been students in the Secession, but had become Independents, were sent to supply them, and became their pastors.

"I remember one of the most respectable gentlemen in the county telling me, that Mr. Haldane's preaching made a considerable stir over the whole county. 'The clergy, who were all my intimate friends, said the bitterest things against Mr. Haldane, and those who gave him encouragement by attending his preaching. I joined in condemning him as wild, irregular, and enthusiastic,' said he; 'but I saw that his preaching made a deep impression on the minds of some of my family, who became his constant attendants. I could not conceive what more could be required of man than rectitude of conduct, which I considered myself possessed of already. My daughter was very anxious I should go and hear him but once, and judge for myself. At length I yielded to her importunity, and promised to go; which at last I did, though I felt rather ashamed to appear in the crowd, who were assembled in the open air. He was preaching on the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. While I listened to his reasoning from Scripture, concerning the righteousness and sacrifice of Christ being the only way through which we could obtain the forgiveness of sins, and everlasting life, I saw all my former conceptions of religion were erroneous; in fact, I turned over a new leaf, and left all my former principles behind, and resolved to take my future religion from the word of God.'

"Though constantly travelling four or five months every season, for several years, chiefly in gigs, but sometimes on horseback, we never once met with a serious accident. I only recollect the vehicle being completely overturned once. It had a heavy cover, which we had up to shelter us from rain. We were crossing an extensive moor on our way to Port Patrick; the wind blew

hard, and for some time we seemed in danger of being overturned; but we hoped that our two selves and a large bundle of tracts would prove sufficient ballast to keep us steady; and it would have done so, had we not got into a discussion about an animal near us, whether it was a *hare* or a rabbit. While thus employed, the horse went a little out of the way, and the right wheel was dragged up a sudden rise, which in a moment threw the chaise, us, and the horse, flat upon our sides. I got out first in order to hold the horse's head to the ground to prevent him from rising suddenly, and injuring his harness. The powerful wind quickly scattered hundreds of our tracts, but we did not view that as any loss, for we observed cornfields beyond the moor, to which point all the tracts were moving before the wind; consequently when harvest came the reapers would find them waiting for them.

"The first thing we attempted was to raise up the chaise, and set it upon its wheels; but though we exerted all our strength, we could not raise it one inch from the ground. We looked all round for help, but only saw on the side of a hill, at a considerable distance, something that looked like the habitations of human beings. We were surprised at the horse lying as quiet as if it had gone to bed for the night. The wind continued to blow strong, with rain, which disconcerted us a little. We then loosed the harness upon the upper side of the horse, and by the whip made him rise; and when almost on his feet, he fell on the side that was disentangled from the harness, which gave us the opportunity of completely freeing him from it all, which we considered an advance toward relief. We tried again to raise the chaise to stand upon its wheels, but the at-

tempt was as fruitless as before. While in this dilemma, we overheard voices of persons not far off, and on looking round we observed three men hastening towards us. They told us they had noticed for some time the *missionary chaise* travelling very heavily along the moor, and at one time while looking at its movement, they observed it blown over by the fury of the wind. They said, that though they immediately set off to our assistance, it took a long time to reach us, the distance being about two miles. They soon put every thing in order about the horse, and the united strength of the whole party got the chaise to stand upright, and all the luggage comfortably into it. We returned them our real heartfelt thanks for the great trouble they had taken in coming so far for our relief, and the promptness with which they had done it. They thanked us also for the discourses they had heard from us in some of the towns. We then warmly shook hands, and separated. We took care, for the future, to dispute no more about hares and rabbits, but attended to the head of our horse on the smoothest part of the moor, and got to our destination in time for preaching in the evening.

" In general, we were much pleased with our visits to the districts where our missionaries had been sent, and especially with the zeal and seriousness of the people. They talked of their having been all asleep before our missionaries came amongst them, but were now awake to their eternal interests. Some of the young converts we found had sometimes carried their zeal to rather an extravagant pitch. The most extravagant we heard of, was, a female rising from bed about midnight, and travelling some miles to warn a parish minister, whom she thought did not preach the gospel.

She actually succeeded in getting into his house, and up to his bed-room, when she awoke him, charged him with not preaching the gospel of Christ, and thereby ruining souls; warned him of his danger, and exhorted him to flee from the wrath to come. Her conduct in this matter was generally condemned.

"It has just struck me while writing to you, suppose this female had noticed the commencement of a *fire* in this same house about midnight, jumped out of bed, hastily dressed, ran the whole way, forced open the door, awoke the sleepers in every room, by calling out, 'Fire! fire! flee from the house.' How would this enterprize have been viewed by the public? Would she not have been extolled in all the Edinburgh and London papers? I trow she would, and a liberal subscription raised to reward her.

"At one place where we united with many in commemorating the death of Jesus Christ, the meeting was held in an open space in the middle of a lovely birch-wood, on the side of a mountain about four or five hundred feet above the lake; of which there was a fine view of nearly its whole extent. It was truly interesting to see boats full of people coming from various directions, but all pointing to one landing-place, viz., immediately under where the gospel trumpet was to be sounded. The whole scene was calculated to remind one of the Sea of Galilee, which certainly was at one time the most highly favoured spot that ever was in the world; but, alas! now among the least favoured! The congregation was numerous considering the population of the country, and seemed to be hungering for the bread of life, and to attend most devoutly to the various exercises of the day.

"Soon after this it was discovered to be more profitable to the landlord to let his ground in large farms, than in small ones; hence, perhaps, fifty or sixty families were deprived of their farms in order to make room for a single wealthy man. In this way *all* those who worshipped on the side of that mountain, were forced to leave the land of their forefathers, and flee with their missionary at their head, across the Atlantic, and up to the back settlements of America. The trial must have been painful in the extreme, for the more mountainous a country is, the stronger is the attachment of the natives to it. The governor of Canada many years ago ordered a tribe of Indians to remove farther back, to make room for emigrants who had lately arrived. The chief, at the head of his tribe, came to remonstrate with the governor. He said, 'Were we not born here? Are not the bones of our forefathers interred here? (pointing to the land) can we say to them, arise, and go with us into a foreign land?'"

CHAPTER XI.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE MAY MEETINGS.

"LONDON in May," although not, in 1802, the proverbial nor emphatic expression it is now, was even then a phrase full of meaning, especially to a Scotchman, fond of missionary enterprize and Catholic spirit. In 1801 Mr. Campbell had been a frequent visitor at the Missionary Board, in company with his friend Joseph Hardcastle, Esq., the first Treasurer of the Society; and thus became acquainted with Joseph Reyner, Esq., and Captain Wilson, of the Duff. As the friend of Newton, Governor Macaulay, and the Haldanes, also, he was cordially welcomed by all the Directors. This had much real influence upon his ready consent to visit Kingsland Chapel on the following year. Accordingly he fixed upon the month of May. This time was well chosen in reference to his health also; for he was now a student of theology at Glasgow, and thus needed relaxation after a long winter of hard labour at his desk.

The best relaxation from theological studies, is preaching. Accordingly, he made his journey from Glasgow to London, a preaching tour, for the space of a whole month. In the course of this itineracy he met with some characters and incidents which, as they develope his own character, are worthy of record.

After preaching for some days in and around Aln-

wick, where he formed a society for visiting the sick and dying, he got into the Newcastle coach at midnight, and soon found himself in the company of a Socinian and an infidel. They also soon discovered that he was connected with "Missionary work." The Socinian maintained the courtesy of calling Jesus Christ "our Saviour." Mr. Campbell assailed this as a contradiction in terms, as well as an inconsistency, if Jesus was a mere man. The Deist joined issue with him in this logic, but declined all disputation about revealed religion; parading his own discoveries in the volume of nature, and his own comfort from the deductions of reason. These went down so well with the Socinian, that he soon gave the Deist the right hand of fellowship. "They often embraced and shook hands together." But although hand thus joined hand against the Lord's Anointed, Mr. Campbell pressed both with their inconsistencies, and implored them to read the Bible again on their knees. Thus he was not satisfied with saying to them, as Bunyan did to the Doubters, "I see ye are *townsmen*."

In the course of his tour he visited Mrs. Newton, of Market Weighton, the sister-in-law of his friend Mr. Newton. How intimate he was with the family, will appear from this interview. He says in his journal, "How joyed that family were to see me! It quite overcame me. I had not seen them for four years. They had been praying last week—for poor me. Mrs. Newton allowed me to copy a sweet letter she had just received from her brother. After prayer we parted with tears." He preached during his stay at Market Weighton, and endeavoured to set on foot a Sunday-school.

Having preached at Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, he went to Oxford. He found in the coach a

clergyman, a lawyer, and an officer of dragoons. "The minister," he says, "swore frequently. I could not, therefore, for the Lord's sake, and the poor man's interests, remain silent. But I knew not how to open my budget. At last a thought occurred. I introduced the name of *Simeon*, of Cambridge. The clergyman did not know him. The lawyer said he had done mischief at Cambridge to the collegians. 'What! murdered, or stolen?' 'No, driven some *mad* by preaching contrary to the Scriptures.' 'What! does he require *more* religion than God commands?' 'Perhaps not; but he makes them enthusiasts.' 'What *is* that?' No answer. I said, 'No swearer has any claim to be called a Christion. God says, "Thou shalt not take my name in vain." The swearer stands up and says, "But I will." 'Is he not God's enemy?' They all stared, and were silent. When we arrived at Oxford, they invited me to call on them in London."

On the first Saturday in April he was in London, and dined with Mr. Newton, "who," he says, "was very glad to see me; but his sight is so gone, that he cannot see my nose. He put his hand upon my shoulder, and sat down by me. He said, 'I am glad to see you again on earth. I have a letter from a lady to whom you have been useful on your way here, by your preaching and conversation. It is for you.'

"Mr. Newton has a poor opinion of the East India Company. He said he would rather have £500 from the Bank than a £1000 from the Company. Mr. Bull (the friend of Cowper) was at table. The conversation turned on the want of teeth. Mr. Bull had only one tooth. An old lady present had none. Mr. Newton said nothing for a time. At last he said, 'I am learn-

ing to see God in all things. I believe that not a person knocks at my door, but is sent of God. Let us drop *trifling* conversation.' I was obliged to go away after dinner, although he was very desirous for me to stay tea, as ten ministers were to be there."

Mr. Campbell had a solemn task before him next day at Kingsland; to preach on the execution of two men who were hanged for highway robbery. They had lived in Kingsland. He read a letter from one of them in the pulpit. Many of their acquaintances were present, and wept, whilst he illustrated the text, "The wages of sin is death."

In the course of the week he was introduced by Mr. Hill to the Surrey chapel pulpit, where the notes requesting special prayer for special cases of trial and temptation were so many, and so new to him, that he put them in his pocket, and afterwards copied some of them into his journal. Next day he met a ministerial party at Mr. Newton's, when the difference between a tender and a scrupulous conscience was discussed. "Mr. Newton told us," he says, "of a Baptist minister who cut off some of his church members for eating the Lord's supper with Whitefield; but afterwards, on seeing Whitefield administer it, he was so affected, that he went forward and requested admission for himself."

At this time an addition to his black children was made, which pleased him much. He had gone to breakfast with Governor Macaulay, and found five of them present. The youngest was so much fairer than the rest, that he was surprised. The boy had been born in London, and sold by his mother to a chimney-sweep for a guinea; who again sold him to another for a profit. A lady had observed him at church standing

in a dark corner, and listening with great attention. In the course of a few sabbaths, she took him home with her, and asked who advised him to go to church? He said, nobody; but he had heard that good people went there to be made better. She was so pleased with his modesty and good sense, that she commended him to the Sierra Leone Company, who bought him off, and placed him along with their other African children.

We have now followed Mr. Campbell far enough in his English itineracy to ask the question, Had he any *ultimate* design in thus making his way into so many pulpits, and in forming so many ministerial friendships? Now whatever design any one in London had upon him, he certainly had none upon it then. Whilst preaching almost every day in and around the metropolis, he was solemnly pondering the claims of the northern counties of England, which he had visited. He had conversed with Mr. Parsons at Leeds on this subject; and now a paper of his upon it was sent to him by Dr. Simpson, of Hoxton College, for consideration. And he did consider it deeply. "I pray God," he says, "that matters may be so ordered in Edinburgh, that I may be *allowed* to labour in these benighted and barren regions. If he intends me to be useful there, I know he will open my way. I am simply waiting to see what is God's will, and resolve to study his leadings more than ever; persuaded that if God do not send me, I may as well preach to rocks and mountains."

At the same time he read Dr. Coke's report of the success of Methodism in Ireland. That work contains many high encomiums upon the zeal and labours of the preachers; and compared to a mere sabbath-day preacher's *duty*, they are wonderful. But Mr. Campbell could

appreciate them by experience as well as comparison, and said, "There are coal-heavers at Wapping, and brick-makers at Kingsland, who for a few shillings endure more fatigue than any *four* of us itinerants in Scotland, England, or Ireland. This thought, I am sure, has brought me so down into the *dust*, that I feel hardly any inclination to speak of any thing I ever did, except when I think it may stir up the person to do something similar." Many, on reading this anecdote, will remember that he spoke just in this manner and spirit of his travels and perils in the deserts of Africa.

Another thing which humbled him deeply at this time was, a remonstrance, in some of the magazines, against employing "false teachers" to procure collections for Christian societies. "I felt the force of this," he says, "and was convicted of much sin; having more than once, whilst Secretary to the Magdalene and Destitute Sick Society of Edinburgh, asked men to preach, whom I had every reason to suspect were enemies to the cross of Christ. I certainly did it ignorantly in unbelief; but I ought to look to the blood of Christ to cleanse me from guilt in this matter."

His friend Rowland Hill was afraid that he had rather too much of the *Independent* about him for an efficient itinerant. They discussed this point one night at Highbury, after a sermon at Mr. Lewis's chapel. "I asked Mr. Hill," he says, "on what church or churches did Surrey chapel depend? On none, it appeared. I found Union chapel was in the same predicament. 'Then,' said I, 'gentlemen, we are all Independents!' Mr. Hill had been calling the Scotch Independents too rigid. He said he would go down and see them again. Mrs. Hill, who was present,

offered to accompany him. 'You have not been *invited,*' he said."

His time was now spent, until May, chiefly with Mr. Newton and Mr. Hill. He preached frequently for the latter, and helped him to correct some of "the proof sheets of his Village Dialogues." He mentions, without any *regret,* that "the handle of the Surrey chapel organ broke in the second hymn; and so there was no music for the last." This rather pleased him than otherwise; for although he loved music, he had no taste for "praise by proxy."

His first visit, on May morning, was to his venerable friend Mr. Newton; and on the same day he formed an acquaintance with his future friend and colleague, Dr. Philip, then a student at Hoxton College. Little did he think, when he wrote the following note, "May 5, drank tea at Hoxton with Messrs. Philip and Gray," what that interview would lead to! That night, after supper at Mr. Reyner's, he had the privilege of reading the Report which was to be submitted to the annual meeting of the Missionary Society. This he felt to be both a high treat, and a signal honour. It was wisely given by Mr. Reyner. He had set his heart upon getting Mr. Campbell to Kingsland; and this courtesy and confidence was just the right magnet to fix his man.

The hospitalities of London in May are too well known to need description here. They brought Mr. Campbell into company with persons he had often longed to meet, but never expected to see. Miss Wesley was one of these; for the poetry of her father, and the zeal of her uncle, rendered her an interesting object to him, in spite of all his Scotch Calvinism. Besides,

he liked the idea that Mr. Wesley, and Mr. Newton, and himself were about the same height. That night, the party spent their time in "examining all the Scriptures on the latter day glory." "We sat up," he says, "till two o'clock in the morning."

Next day he dined with Scott, the commentator, then of Lock chapel. They had been correspondents before this visit, and differed somewhat in their views of the nature of faith. They were, however, of one mind as to the fruits of faith. Mr. Scott told him, "that such was now the taste for sound doctrine in London, that a young man known to belong to the Lock church, could get ten or twelve situations in business to choose amongst." Mr. Campbell urged him much to make the second edition of the Commentary more critical, for the sake of ministers and students; but he declined the proposal. This was not from any lack of critical apparatus. I have seen part of the stock of it in the library of his amanuensis, the Rev. W. Dawes, now of London.

Next day, (for every day was now "a high day,") Mr. Campbell met Dr. Fearon and several clergymen at Mr. Newton's, to breakfast. One of the clergymen had just lost a daughter, and was much cast down. Mr. Newton said to him, "Sir, if you were going to the East Indies, you would be glad to find a remittance waiting for you on your arrival. That little girl is just a remittance sent to heaven before you go there. I suppose no merchant on the Exchange ever says, 'O my dear ship! she has escaped the storms that were coming, and got safe into port, and I am very sorry!' We should not sorrow for the death of children." Some one present mentioned the case of a young man who had become pious on board the Hulks, and was likely

to be released by the Admiralty, because his letters were of a high order, and full of fears lest the bad company he was in might betray him again. Mr. Newton said, "Horrid as such company were, they were not so dangerous to piety as a set of *smooth* reasoners in the higher circles of life."

A few days after this, Mr. Campbell dined with Mr. Hardcastle, who showed him letters from Prussia about missions to South Africa; and also from Basle in Switzerland, on the state of evangelical religion on the Continent. These he seems to have devoured; for the substance of them is in his Journal. The Basle missionary spirit delighted him. I remembered this vividly, when I witnessed that spirit on the spot; and could have almost wished him out of heaven, during the hours I spent with the principal and students at the Basle mission-house. But I remembered, also, that he was with Blumhardt and Rhenius before the throne.

On the night before the Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society, he was introduced to the few Christians who had begun to feel for the Jews then. This was not altogether a new subject to him. He had taken an interest in one of them, years before, who made some noise in Scotland; and received from him some introductions to London. These "Letters of commendation," Mr. Campbell did not deliver. He preserved them, however, as curiosities; and no wonder; for they are unique as specimens of spunging. Lady Leven had opened his eyes to the character of this man. "Sad impostor!" she says. "He acted his part wonderfully in Scotland, and extracted a great deal of money. I am a little proud to say, that he never got a *baubee* from me or any of my family, that I know

of. Dr. Erskine can tell you much about him." Mr. Campbell had thus some strong prejudices to conquer, in reference to *converted* Jews. When, lo! next day, at Surrey Chapel, Mr. Hill, after reading prayers, led up a young man to the pulpit, and said, "This is a son of Abraham from Prussia, whose heart the Lord hath opened. He comes well recommended from Prussia and Holland. He is accepted as a Missionary, and will now pray with us. His name is Mr. Frey. He is not very familiar with our language: wherefore I hope you will make all due allowances for him." This appeal melted Mr. Campbell. "Almost the whole congregation wept," he says, "when Mr. Frey prayed for his Jewish brethren." From this time, as will be seen afterwards, he took an interest in Mr. Frey's enterprizes.

On the same day, his interest for the welfare of seamen was increased. Mr. Hill acknowledged the attentions Mr. Campbell had paid to him in Edinburgh, and invited him to dine at Surrey Chapel-house, with Messrs. Bogue, Burder, &c., after the morning service. Dr. Bogue gave an account at table of seven sailors, who had been condemned to die in common with the other mutineers at Bantry Bay, but were sent to Portsmouth, where they became truly converted to God, by the zealous efforts of the missionary students at Gosport.

Mr. Campbell was now in his element. Every day brought him into fellowship with "the excellent of the earth," in whom he had always taken delight; as well as enlarged the horizon of his hopes for the world. But dinners were short meals on "these days of the Son of Man." At three o'clock, Mr. Hill and his guests were in Haberdashers'-hall, to hear the annual report read; and at six o'clock in the Tabernacle, to hear the even-

ing sermon. The crowning honour of this day to himself was, that Mr. Wilks employed him to give out the last hymn, "reading two lines at a time." The complacency with which he records this is delightful. He was opening his lips, where Whitefield had wept and thundered, and for the first time, at a missionary anniversary; no trifling event in any minister's history. "But by this public appearance," he adds, "I was found out by both Scotch and English friends, whom I had not had time to visit." Their importunities, however, could not tempt out of the crowd. Next morning he breakfasted with the Tract Society at St. Paul's coffee-house; another important event to him, and to them too; for he continued to the end of his life one of the Society's most laborious and useful friends. After the meeting, Mr. Hill and Mr. Burder took him to hear the prayers chaunted in St. Paul's: but the only compliment to the service they could get from him, was paid to "the grand sound of the organ." Neither the chaunting nor the chaunters suited his Scotch taste. He was more pleased to be taken home, after the meeting at Haberdashers'-hall that morning, by Thomas Wilson, Esq., the treasurer of Highbury (then Hoxton) College. This began an acquaintanceship, long pleasing to both parties. What Mr. Wilson was forty years ago, let Mr. Campbell's notes at the time tell. "An excellent man,—the chief support of Hoxton Academy,—the manager of the chapel there—has been the means of introducing the gospel into various dark parts of England,—is also zealous for propagating knowledge amongst the young." A short time before Mr. Campbell's death, I showed him a list of all the chapels which Mr. Wilson has built in whole or in part. "Amazing!"

he said; "but, sir, it is just the *same* man, on a *larger* scale, whom I knew forty years ago, in Artillery-place, City-road, No. 16." After dinner, they went to hear Dr. Mason, of New York, at Tottenham-court Chapel. Both the preacher and the audience awed Mr. Campbell beyond any thing of the kind he had ever seen. They suited each other. His voice and thoughts were made for "multitudes," and required "multitudes" to bring them into full play. Mr. Campbell's opinion of him may be guessed from two remarks, which close his notes of the sermon:—"Dr. Owen did not think in order to write, but wrote because he thought:" "The gospel is too plain to be understood, and too gracious to be believed, by human wisdom."

Next morning he heard Dr. Hawker preach at Bermondsey church;—a strange contrast to Dr. Mason. Mr. Campbell seems to have felt this; for he took no notes of the sermon; and merely says of the preacher, "He appeared to feel what he spoke." In the evening he attended the Missionary Sacrament at Zion chapel. "The Jew," he says, "addressed the communicants in a very striking manner. Among other good things, he said, (holding the cup in his hand,) 'I take this cup because I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and because I believe that the blood it represents was shed for me.' He besought any of his brethren present to follow his example if they would have eternal life. Many were so agitated around me by his address, that they could hardly stand. Almost all wept." This feature in missionary meetings has long disappeared: but no opinion which has ever been entertained of Mr. Frey can be an apology for its absence. Our hands are indeed full enough with the Gentiles; but they will not

be *strong*, whilst empty of the Jews. "Dr. Bogue gave the concluding address, which was just like a father's to his children. He said, 'I would not be a member of a church which contributed nothing for missions. But some will ask, How long are we to be called on to give money? Shall I say, only for a few years? It would *hurt* the feelings of the friends of Jesus! They wish to continue their mite to this honourable and glorious work as long as there is money in their purse, and breath in their body.' Mr. Hill closed this service with the most zealous animated prayer I ever heard." This sketch of a missionary anniversary in the olden time, will not be unwelcome nor useless now, brief as it is.

In the course of this "last day of the feast," Mr. Campbell met with his old friend, Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, at Bermondsey church, and introduced him to Dr. Mason, of New York. Both had been hearing Dr. Hawker—not without pain; and therefore were glad of such a relief, as well as gratified to meet each other. "They seemed *happy* together." Well they might. Their kindred minds would have coalesced anywhere; and both were in full play, after hearing the *mawkish* theology of the Plymouth doctor.

After the bustle of the public meetings, Mr. Campbell was glad to get back to Mr. Newton's calm fireside and select friends, in order to recruit, and to treasure up his venerable friend's fine anecdotes and better sayings. Many of these will be found in another chapter; this one merely traces the progress of his public introduction to new friends and scenes.

The French Concordat excited, at this time, much interest, by the prospect it seemed to open for religious liberty, and thus for evangelical preaching in France.

Dr. Bogue was sanguine in his expectations; and Mr. Campbell so willing to believe them, that he went to the House of Commons to hear the views of senators on the Concordat. But that assembly did not interest him, although he heard Pitt, Tierney, Curran, and Wilberforce. They were too *toryfied* that night for his taste. Accordingly, he soon left, to visit Miss Wesley, who seems to have had a fund of anecdotes about the domestic habits of the Royal Family. These he recorded in his journal, at full length; but except one, they are all familiar now. It is characteristic of George III. "The King on his return from London to Windsor, is so glad to see his old servants, that he often says to them, 'I would shake hands with you, did my *situation* permit me to do so.'"

Dr. Bogue saw so much of Mr. Campbell's spirit at this time, and found him so prompt and prudent in all missionary enterprise, that he drew him out one day in the company of Drs. Haweis and Mason, on the subject of China; and then solemnly challenged him to go out as the first Protestant missionary to Canton. This step was pressed upon him by others. "Dr. Bogue was seconded," he says, "but it does not at present appear to me eligible." In all my intercourse with Mr. Campbell on the subject of China, I never heard any reference to this fact.

Next day he dined with Wilberforce, Babington, Thornton, and Macaulay. As might be expected, he enjoyed their company. They also so enjoyed his zeal for African children, that they wanted him to go with them "to a grand debate" in Parliament. "I got resolution," he says, "to prefer going to hear Mr. Fuller preach; but I promised to breakfast with Mr. Wilber-

force before I left London; for he seemed deeply interested about a bill for the instruction of children at *Cotton* Mills." He accordingly went to hear Mr. Fuller, and then spent the evening with him. Mr. Fuller said to him, "Sir, Mr. Newton rose to eminence gradually, not by taking a great leap. He has patiently collected a number of little things into a constellation. He never aimed at show, but simplicity, in preaching. Mr. Samuel Pearce was like-minded. He never aimed at eminence, yet he obtained it." On returning home late that night, across the Dalston-fields, Mr. Campbell heard the nightingales singing. He had never heard their song before. "They sung most charmingly," he says, "God seems to have designed them to cheer the gloom." Another thing which cheered him that night was, that he should sleep in a house where Mr. Wesley was wont to visit and preach once a year. "But," he adds, "Mr. Wesley went to bed at nine o'clock, and rose at four."

Amongst those who called upon Mr. Campbell at his lodgings at this time, was the Rev. George Collison of Walthamstow, whom he discovered at once to be "just the man for preaching at the Edinburgh Tabernacle." This interview led to a friendship which proved useful to others, as well as pleasing to themselves. Some days after, Mr. Campbell returned the visit, reading as he went and came, a manuscript, on "The Slaying of the Witnesses," by his friend Mr. Hardcastle. But he found "the whole country such an Eden," that he could not get on with the Apocalyptic treatise. Indeed, he gave up the study of prophecy, to study nature, that day; excusing himself to himself by saying, "Mystical matters never enter my pericranium." Whatever reflection these words convey or imply, was really intended for

his own head, and not at all for the treasurer's treatise; —the object of which was to prove, that as the legislative act of France abolished the Sabbath and Christianity for three years and a half, Paris must be the "street of the great City," where the witnesses lay unburied "three days and a half." Rev. xi. 8. Speculations of this kind really could not enter *his* head; for he met them with the child's question, "But is it *true?*"

The month of May was now drawing to a close, and the groups it had congregated in London, returning "every man to his house" and sphere. Mr. Campbell's visit, too, had to close with it. Accordingly, he spent Saturday morning, the 28th, with Mr. Newton, who gave him, "as a bone for the Scotch Calvinists to pick," Peter's "Elect *through* sanctification of the Spirit." 1 Pet. i. 2. But it was his *last* day with him; and therefore his venerable friend knelt down after breakfast, "and prayed in a very particular manner, that God would give (him) direction as to all his future movements in the world." That prayer had evidently no bearing upon China; for had it borne on that part of the world, and been breathed with Newton's fervour, such was Mr. Campbell's enthusiastic veneration for his wise and holy friend, that he would have re-weighed Dr. Bogue's proposal, as surely as he submitted it to Mr. Newton's judgment. He might not have gone to China, even if Newton had commended the step to him: but he would have set China next to Africa upon his breast-plate, from that moment, and kept it there all through life; for he would have done any thing proper in order to please him, except *read* prayers and wear canonicals.

On this occasion he felt that it was *Saturday*, and rose to leave soon after family prayer. But Newton felt that

he might see him "no more on earth," and therefore made him sit down again, that he might "fill all his pockets full of love to friends in Scotland."

Under the impression of all this, which was followed by the counsels of Dr. Haweis, with whom he spent the remainder of the day at Mr. Hardcastle's, he preached on Sabbath at Kingsland. Many took an "affectionate leave" of him in the vestry: but "*all* the children did so also;" and this was the compliment he enjoyed most.

On the 1st of June he left London for Glasgow, with his old friend Mr. Laird, of Greenock, and a Quaker, in a post-chaise. When within thirty miles of Ferrybridge, the equipage of the Archbishop of York drove up, and attempted to pass them. This, however, their driver had no mind to permit; and sported his pair against the coach and four. "The coach attempted to pass us, and also to overturn us, and had well nigh effected its purpose. The Archbishop's daughters were much afraid, and cried out vehemently. We got first to Ferrybridge, however; but I did not like such contentions for pre-eminence." This one would not have occurred, had Mr. Campbell been the postilion, or his Grace an itinerant like Paul.

When the party reached Kendal, they could find no conveyance to suit them, nor secure places in the mail for some days. Mr. Campbell, therefore, set himself to investigate still more minutely the religious state of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and although the guest of Quakers, managed to preach here and there during his stay. His inquiries and observation filled him with sympathy. "I am persuaded," he says, "that Jesus sent me here that the nakedness of the country may be

made known." He did make it known, but no very efficient effort was ever made in that quarter. Twenty years afterwards I found it much as Mr. Campbell describes it. Even Dr. Southey felt so much the need of another agency than the clergy, that he told me he would be *glad* to countenance a Methodist preacher in Keswick.

At length Mr. Campbell found a seat in the coach to Carlisle; but unfortunately "a gentleman got his finger crushed as the door was shut. He cursed his soul! I took no notice of this at the time. But when at dinner, I tapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'I prayed to God that your prayer against your soul might not be heard.' He thanked me, and although all vivacity before, his spirit fell."

Next day Mr. Campbell reached Glasgow, and sat down to scrutinize all his motives, feelings, and spirit, whilst passing through the varied circles in which he had mingled and ministered. The result of this self-examination humbled him deeply before God. "No man knows," he says, "the extent of depravity in his own heart. In our best estate, we should distrust our heart. Very little unwatchfulness, even a temporary slackening of our dependence on God, will break up the fountains of the great deep of corruption; and when it begins to boil up, if not stopped soon, it will bear every thing good before it. Jesus is not an unconcerned spectator of this; but keeps crying to the poor creatures, 'Look to me, and be saved.'

"I am determined to spend more time in my closet for prayer and reading the word, than I have done of late. At God's 'right-hand there are pleasures for ever-

more,' or like the stars in the evening, *new* ones rising every moment. Pleasures in glory shall follow each other in eternal succession."

The ready and confidential intercourse which Mr. Campbell obtained with the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, during his first visit to its Anniversary, had its origin from the following letter; by which it appears that he was the *first* person in Edinburgh to encourage the Directors to "expect great things" from Scotland. The letter was addressed to the Secretary, then the Rev. John Love. And as it led to "the *union* of the two kingdoms," in the Missionary enterprise, the answer also is given, that both may remember their first love and their first works. Mr. Campbell's letter, however, as given here, is but "the *scroll*," as he calls it, of the communication. But it is not the less like *himself*, for being the rough sketch.

REV. JOHN LOVE, SECRETARY OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"*Edinburgh*, *Nov.* 25*th*, 1795.

"REV. SIR,—I take the pen to address you as Secretary to that noble and truly philanthropic Society lately established in your metropolis, for sending the gospel of peace to distant climes. I believe as yet you have had no hints of encouragement from Edinburgh. Our silence did not proceed from inattention to your designs and measures. No: for months past a multitude of prayers for your direction and success have ascended from all the evangelical pulpits in and out of the Establishment; from a large number of private meetings of the friends of Jesus; and, we trust, from all the private dwellings and closets of the righteous. And more: previous to the general meeting of your Society, all the societies for prayer in Edinburgh, who correspond with each other, to the number of about twenty, had a *particular* night appropriated for prayer. And all that felicity, cordiality, union, and wisdom which was evident in your meetings, we view as answers to prayer, and tokens for good to come. My friend Mr. M'Kenzie, in Glasgow, re-

peatedly urged me to write you; but this I delayed, being averse to enter rashly into any scheme forming at a distance, till I examined and approved the plan. This I have now done. I approve; I join with heart and hand.

"I am somehow *warped* into the acquaintance of a large circle of the truly devout in this city, and Providence has assigned me an extensive epistolary correspondence with the country; so that I am in some degree qualified to inform you how Scotland's *pulse* beats in this great affair. Accept the following hints in the order in which they arise in my mind.

"The established ministers in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, (I mean all of them who relish *praying*,) to the number of fifteen, have statedly met for months past to pray for the spread of the gospel. They had their first meeting last week, to consider what *active* part they should take in the business. As they have not come to a final determination upon that point, it would be improper for me to give any information. But you may rest assured that they are not of a *Laodicean* spirit in this matter. By letters and conversations, from and with various ministers and private Christians belonging to different districts of the kingdom, also, I am fully satisfied there exists but *one* mind among us. And I do rejoice in soul to say, I most certainly perceive that true apostolic, primitive zeal is beginning to revive, and that the unchristian, unsocial, unmanly spirit of bigotry, which has too long blinded and brooded over these lands, is mouldering away. For these happy and hopeful appearances, bless the Lord, O my soul! Hosanna in the highest!

"I may likewise add, that should you be at any loss in procuring proper persons in England for sending on your missions, you may count upon a *corps de reserve* in Scotland. This observation is not founded on conjecture, but fact. So many from Edinburgh alone have volunteered in offering themselves as candidates for going out to Sierra Leone, that the directors of that noble institution will have to study whom to choose and refuse. These hints are not intended as *spurs* to make you draw upon us directly; for we ourselves have so many barbarians around us, so many Highland heathens in our vicinity, that we have no pillars to spare but in cases of emergency.

"With respect to pecuniary aid from hence, I am confident this will not be wanting. I trust we only need a treasurer. When the ministers of Edinburgh come to a final resolution, I know they will appoint both a secretary and treasurer. We have done much for matters of much less comparative moment than the present; consequently, I hope we shall act in consistency at this time. The encouragement greatly de-

pends upon the circumspection, prudence, and wisdom of those at the head of the plan. A few blunders in the managers would soon blunt the warmth of their supporters. I trust they well remember that many *eyes* are upon them.

"Now, my dear Sir, allow me to observe, that I look upon the universally warm reception which your plan has met with as a hint from on high that it shall succeed. I meet with great encouragement thus to hope from Isa. xliii. 5, 6. The Lord has only to *say*, 'Give up! keep not back!' and when he does say so, all the power, policy, and sophistry of hell shall not prevent his sons coming from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth. Our God has said a great deal in answer to the prayers of his saints, and he may say as above just now, in compliance to the united wrestlings of his redeemed in these lands. I know well that he *still* retains the character of the hearer of prayer. I for one can set my seal to this truth. I speak it to the honour of his majesty.

"If we are to be the chief means in evangelizing the heathen, it is one of the highest honours ever God conferred upon Britain. I am sure our own souls will not suffer in the business, whatever be the success; for such as water shall be watered again. Had ten righteous men been in Sodom, Sodom would have seen our Saviour's day. A strong testimony to the worth of one saint. If the regeneration of only *one* sinner be the result of all this stir, the trouble is more than compensated, much more. I hope my hints will not be unacceptable. May the Lord abundantly bless you all, and direct and succeed all your designs, so far as for his glory, is, and shall be, the earnest prayer of your unworthy companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, and

"Your sincere friend and servant,

"J. C."

ANSWER.

"*Gloucester Street, Hoxton, London*,
Dec. 4th, 1795.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter has been read with much pleasure by the Committee appointed for examination of candidates, &c., and shall be laid before the monthly meeting of Directors on Monday se'nnight. In the meanwhile, I beg leave to express my cordial satisfaction in *your* becoming a friend of this institution. The first promoters of it scarcely dared to hope for such degrees of success as have already attended their endeavours. And now, when I consider the magnitude and solemn

weight of the attempt, and compare with it my want of sufficiently deep humiliation, exalted faith, love, purity, and zeal burning like those of the martyrs, I can hardly avoid trembling; yea, in one sense I think I *ought* to tremble when putting forth my hand to touch such a fabric. But the insignificancy and vileness of instruments illustrate the glory of the great Builder, 'who quickeneth the dead, and calleth the things which be not as though they were.' I must acknowledge, however, to the praise of infinite wisdom and grace, that I can trace back in myself a preparation of *many* years, for entering with warmth and energy into the ideas of this design. And so, I find, it hath been with others.

"The opening of this scheme, together with the awful shakings and convulsions of European nations, encourage my hopes and desires of a season of signal revival, and of more solemn and manifest outpouring of the glorious Spirit of Jehovah, than hath been in general discernible for many years past. And the appearance of this at *home* is in my view necessary, to seal the certainty of substantial success, while we, as it were, travail in birth to bring forth the conversion of heathenish nations. What need, then, to imitate Him 'who in the days of his flesh offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears,' and that there should be, all over the land, a united and mighty cry towards those heavens where he now shines, burns, intercedes, and reigns. 'Awake, O arm of the Lord.' 'Gird thy sword on thy thigh, O most mighty.' 'O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down.'

"It will be peculiarly and inexpressibly pleasing to my mind to find that the seminaries of *my* country are able to furnish missionaries, well instructed in the kingdom of God, and uniting to exalted piety and zeal literary improvements and abilities, such as may command respect among the more learned and civilized Pagan nations. One or two such, united in each mission with others, who, though inferior as to advantages of education, possess the pure simplicity, patience, and zeal which are inspired from above, would, I apprehend, form that combination which, in respect of *means*, promises fairest for extensive and solid success.

"Your hint respecting the danger of mistakes in the outset of the work deserves the most serious regard. At the same time, while there is a *candid* disposition to rectify errors, and to improve by experience, our brethren at a distance will, we hope, discover that love to this cause which 'many waters cannot quench.' Indeed, there is need on all hands of that kind of faith, love, and patience which are, in the language of an old writer, '*well-breathed*,' and capable of enduring fatigue,

and of subsisting in fires and waters, and of gathering strength by long-continued, trying dispensations.

"I have only to add at this time, that a circular letter, appropriated to *Scotland*, will probably be soon transmitted, in order to excite the attention and collect the exertions of the friends of Jesus there. Hints of counsel, admonition, and encouragement will be very cordially welcomed and regarded.

"May the Lord create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion among you, and on her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night, and upon all the glory a defence! May he multiply grace and peace upon you!

"I am, dear Sir, with sincerity and affection,

"Yours in our Lord,

"JOHN LOVE,

"Foreign Sec. to Miss. Society.

"Mr. Campbell, Ironmonger, Edinburgh."

CHAPTER XII.

ITINERACIES WITH MR. J. HALDANE.

1803.

After his return from the stirring scenes and society of London in May, Mr. Campbell resumed his studies and schools in Glasgow, together with his occasional preaching in the neighbourhood, especially at Ruthglen. He felt a deep interest in Ruthglen from the first, and was wont to call it "my bishopric." Mr. Robert Haldane had both urged and enabled him to form a church there, of the first fruits of his ministry. "Draw upon me for ten guineas to begin with," he says to him, "and if more is wanted for rent, you shall have more. Take rooms as fast as you can, and begin without delay, otherwise it will be soon out of your power." 1801. He knew well that Mr. Campbell would not stop long at Glasgow, when the dark places of Scotland began to cry for help.

After his return from the May Meetings, he studied hard until the spring of next year, and then started with Mr. James Haldane for a long preaching tour in the Highlands. They wished also to see with their own eyes what had been the effect of "The Truth" in those quarters of the Highlands, into which the students educated and supported by Mr. R. Haldane had gone

preaching the gospel. They did not, however, travel together constantly, although they often met at fixed points. Having preached together at Dunkeld, Mr. Campbell went on to Kilmore. There a goodly congregation met him, and amongst them "a woman about a hundred years old." "Two years ago," he says, "there were no trees of righteousness in this wilderness. About thirty were brought to Jesus at the beginning of the gospel, and one now and then since. They were violently opposed by their neighbours. The elders of the kirk set up a prayer-meeting against them; but soon quarrelled amongst themselves, and dropped it." He then travelled up Strathtay, "the most beautiful and populous country I ever saw," he says, although he had called England an Eden. Mr. Haldane and he met amongst "the birks (birches) of Aberfeldie," and preached together, because the flourishing church collected there by the Society's Missionary, had been much disturbed by a man who came to chapel to *curse* them, and who set the sheriff's officer at defiance, even when the Fiscal ordered his arrest. Having "confirmed the souls of the disciples" at Aberfeldie, Mr. Haldane went up the north side of Loch Tay, and Mr. Campbell the south. Fever was now raging in the Strath, and thus prevented many from hearing the preachers; but it did not prevent them from visiting the sick and dying by the way. Mr. Campbell spoke with all he could reach, and prayed even at the bedside of the delirious. And in this there might have been no risk; for there is no reference to danger in his Journal. He was delighted to find that the ravings of the delirious ran, in general, in an evangelical channel. It proved to him that they had heard

the gospel from the missionaries. Of one young man, he says, "his ravings were delightful. He stretched out his hand, and said in triumph, 'God has sown a little corn upon the tops of the barren mountains of Breadalben, and it will grow in spite of all the world.'"

Mr. Campbell prayed even with those who did not understand English, because they could understand that he was praying *for* them. His *heart* was deeply interested in the neighbourhood where he now was. It was his father-land—and thus a *spell* on his spirit. "I preached at KILLIN. I was glad to testify the grace of God, where my father was born, and his fathers had lived. I visited their tombs, and read the inscriptions, still legible. The sight caused various solemn thoughts. Some of my relations who lay there, were friends of the Lord Jesus. I could hardly leave the spot! I returned to it with my *eyes* several times. At last a rising ground intercepted my view. My mind then mounted to the throne of Jesus, where these souls were. Then I visited the schoolmaster. Then I went with my cousin's widow to the house where my father was born and brought up. Thought I, as I stood before it,—My father has seen that tree, that rock; sat on that stone, run out at that door, waded in that river, crossed that bridge; but I never saw *him*, so as to know him! I viewed these things in solemn silence, and saw my father in them all. I have now a better Father! My father and mother forsook me (by death) when a little child; but the Lord took me up and provided for all my wants. O His goodness! How ungrateful am I!

"Then I visited the tomb of the ancient Earls of Breadalben. It is surrounded by trees, which have outlived their planters. The tree covering the tomb bears

the mark of many ages. I recollect *girthing* it with my brother, when we were boys. He is gone to the world of spirits! Death has made ravages since we were here. Mr. Stewart and his son Peter are dead. Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

On his arrival at Kenmore, he found Mr. Haldane, and they "compared notes" of their tour around Loch Tay with great pleasure; "for three years before all were at ease, although sitting in thick darkness: but this is a field the Lord hath blessed." He then returned to preach at Aberfeldie again, and at Weyms, to the people as they came out of the kirk. "But," he says, "when I stated to them that our best works could not bring us to heaven, and that Christ was the only foundation of hope, about a third part walked off with a sneer." As Laban says, "they have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" The minister stood at a distance, with his eyes on a letter: but, perhaps, his *ears* were with us. "Some ladies stood behind a stack of peats to hear." "The whole country is now reading the Scriptures. Even the enemies of the cross read them to get arguments against the missionaries. This must do much good. Preached next day at Aberfeldie again, and then went to the top of a hill to see the Pass of Killycrankie, where a great battle was fought in 1715." This hill-climbing made sad havoc with his boots and shoes in all his journeys. On this tour he wrote thus to his aunt: "By the bye, my boots were useless. I exchanged them for a pair which a man had *on*, at a house where I called. The masters and servants at several houses had pulled at my legs for a quarter of an hour, before the boots would leave them:

so I saw they would be a source of perplexity during the journey." Buttons also, and sometimes seams, gave way on these trips. Hence he says, "I shall soon be expert at *tailoring*. Mr. Haldane also is no bad hand at the needle." This climbing propensity he carried to Africa, where it was not so easy to exchange boots, or replace buttons. But with the same honesty, he told his aunt all the misfortunes it brought into his wardrobe. When he came down from the top of the Table Mountain at the Cape, which he had climbed with Dr. Philip, he sent her word of the tear and wear, and confessed that for two days after he could hardly walk.

"At Blair of Athol, the old minister is seldom able to preach, but thinks that as he has preached long in the parish, the people may put up with little. The laird said to one of my friends, 'Donald, I think you would hear the *deevil*, if he were called a missionary. Go and read your Bible, and forget these missionary fellows. Haldane is making *ten* per cent. by his tabernacles.' 'Weel, sir,' said Donald, 'if he were, he is doing *gude* to the people.'" It is no more necessary to refute the laird's calumny against "Haldane," than to vindicate the disinterestedness of the treasurer of Highbury-college. Whatever *power* Mr. Haldane sought or seized by his chapels, he never dreamt of profit.

The travellers met next at Dalwhinny, and although it was now June, "the snow was deep on the hills around, and falling thick. We had a great fire of peats; but it was so cold, that great coats were put on. Yet next day at Balder, we preached to about 400 people, at the side of a birch wood, which kept off the cold wind. Mr. Haldane preached *in* the wood of Avenmore."

Having preached throughout Badenoch, they came to

Inverness, where Mr. Campbell had to defend the Independent churches from the charge of Sandemanianism, before some worthy men who had been misled by false reports, and had but few opportunities of judging for themselves. Some of them "were men wondered at" by many. Mr. Campbell says, "they have got into a habit of sighing, and seem both melancholy and morose. This will not commend religion." He was right; but he did not know them fully. They were, indeed, almost hermits in spirit; but they were men of deep thought, and deeper devotion. They had been the friends of Mr. Cowie, of Huntly, and had found no substitute for him in Inverness-shire. And then, they had to weep in secret over the wild fanaticism of some visionary Highlandmen, who only "dreamed dreams" in religion, or created convulsions which seemed devilry. This extravaganza, however, had nothing to do with any church. It was the frenzy of a few obscure men, bewildered with devotional forms of "*The second sight.*" But it lessened the little circle of the good men, whom Mr. Campbell met; and thus deepened their natural melancholy. Some of them could, however, be cheerful. One of them, old William Fraser, of Tamnavuachan, was such another man of genius as Christmas Evans, of Wales, and had almost the worth and weight of a prophet. He was no "Sir Oracle;" but he was *oracular* in the originality of his thoughts; which were of that mystical kind, that like interpretations of the Apocalypse, had no charms for Mr. Campbell. This explanation pleased him when I submitted it to him; although he still maintained that they "sighed like a furnace," and held their fellowship meetings "too late and too long." This I could not deny; for the last of

their meetings I was in, began at nine at night, and William Fraser prayed more than an hour. But such a prayer! Another hour of it would have been no burden to either a Christian or a poet.

At Dingwall, Mr. Campbell preached to a large congregation, who all manifested astonishment, when he told them of a man he met at Kingsland chapel who had not been at worship for forty years before. "Mr. Haldane improved this hint at the close of the sermon, and asked the people whether they could have been *worse* than they were, if they had never heard a sermon in their life?"

Mr. Campbell now went down the Frith of Cromarty to Drummond, where an old man, who enjoyed his sermon, told him of a Scotch bishop who used to preach in that quarter. He asked one of his old hearers why he had forsaken him. "Because I got no good," said Donald Munro. "But should you not wait at the *pool*, Donald?" "No, I expect no good at *your* pool." "Oh, but did not the man at Bethesda get a cure at last?" "Yes, but he had some encouragement. He saw others cured now and then; but I never knew *one* who got good at your pool." Mr. Haldane and Mr. Campbell took care that their pool should not deserve this name in Cromarty. They preached "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel," and then went to see that sublime scene, the gorge of "The Terrible Rocks." "The precipices on each side of the pass, through which the river runs, are very lofty; but there is so much natural wood, that we could hardly get a peep at the bottom, although the ravine extends for a mile. An earthquake may have caused it; but as the rock seems soft, the river must have gradually cut deeper.

Many cattle fall down the precipices, and perish." These notices of natural scenery by Mr. Campbell, will prepare the reader to follow him in the deserts of Africa.

The north side of Cromarty Firth was once called "The Holy Land," because of its faithful ministers: but at this time, Mr. Campbell could not hear of "one who preached the gospel." He therefore laboured the more abundantly, as did his companion. Such was the daylight on the coast now, "that at 11 o'clock, P.M., Mr. Haldane read on the mountain from a very small Testament, with perfect ease."

When they reached Wick, "where a few years before only three families worshipped God," they found "the voice of melody in almost every dwelling." Here, some of their congregation "came twenty miles, as from John o'Groat's House, to hear them; but rarely any slept through fatigue." Mr. Campbell endeavoured to trace out in this neighbourhood the remnants of an "old Baptist church, of which a Sir William Sinclair had been the pastor." The Baronet regularly "washed the feet of every member, before eating the Lord's supper." "About twenty of them are yet alive." He found also a Mr. Sinclair, "son of Lord Caithness," with whom, and his dying Lady, he had a long conversation, and prayer.

He was now near John o'Groat's House. On reaching it, he was sadly disappointed to find "only the foundations of the old castle; the Laird having pulled it down, and built a granary with the materials." But he found a farmer there, whose "name is Johnny Groat." On his arrival at Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney, he was visited by Ballie Jamieson, "a happy-

minded Christian," who had been very intimate with his family in Edinburgh. "He told me," he says, "that he had once a great mind to court my mother. Next day I breakfasted with him. That night, I saw to read a small Bible at 12 o'clock."

He now sailed to some of the islands, where preaching was a rare thing. On one of them there was no inn. At ten o'clock at night, he and Mr. Haldane were in the streets of the town alone. They applied at a merchant's, who was said to be kind to strangers; but he was from home, and the mistress could not be found. They took the hint, and walked to a farm-house at the top of a hill, where they found a ready and cordial welcome. Next day, after preaching, they went into a house, hoping to be offered something to eat; but they got only a cup of milk and water. They then walked about intimating another sermon, until they were tired. Hunger now sent them to another house; but only servants were within, "and they could not venture to give any thing." They then "went a mile farther, and called on a slater, who made them heartily welcome to bread, cheese, and milk." After preaching again, they rode to North Ronaldsay, "on poor horses, with no saddles, which fatigued them more than walking could have done."

Mr. Campbell felt much interested here. "It was from this island," he says, "that the Romans saw the mountains of Fuley, in the most westerly of the Shetland isles, which they called the Ultima Thule. It is a beautiful island. The inhabitants live entirely on the produce; having almost no money transactions. The only tradesman is a smith. Their taxes amount to 17*s.* 6*d.* per annum, levied upon the ploughs. Liquor

is hardly known. Their wood is chiefly got from wrecks on the coast. They have not had a schoolmaster for a century, yet most of them can read. They have only two or three sermons a year; but the Baillie reads Scott's Commentary. The Missionary Magazine is their only periodical. The Baillie was waiting for me when I arrived. I now found a friendly home. On Saturday I preached in the parish kirk to almost the whole island, in the morning, and in the evening to the children: perhaps the first sermon ever addressed to *young* people here."

"We left Caithness, from nearly opposite to Johnny Groat's House, in the mail-boat across the Pentland Firth, for the Orkney islands; and in a few hours reached the island of South Ronaldsha, and from thence to the mainland, the chief town of which is Kirkwall, where we safely arrived in the evening. We had the opportunity of addressing large congregations in front of the Bishop's palace, an ancient building in ruins. I remember preaching one morning, a few miles from Kirkwall, to a numerous congregation of men and women, and intimated sermon at the same place at four in the afternoon. I was surprised to find almost the whole congregation composed of women. On inquiring the reason, they told me a ship of war had landed a press-gang, and the men had all fled to the hills. On walking to Kirkwall after worship, I found the alarm was general,—not a man was to be seen; and it was equally so in the town. On reaching the middle of the town, I met Captain G——, whom I knew well, a Christian, whom I charged with spoiling my congregation. He said he only came ashore that morning, and did not want to press a single man, but wanted the

magistrates to promise to furnish a certain number of men for his Majesty's navy. He, Mr. Haldane, and myself breakfasted next morning at Baillie (Alderman) Jamieson's, a venerable old Christian, well known in Edinburgh.

"While we were at breakfast, looking to the window, he all at once exclaimed, 'There's a glorious sight! Thank God I ever saw such a sight!' On this, we all looked towards the window, but saw only a narrow, gloomy street; and inquired what else he saw. 'Oh,' said he, 'the man who passed at that time was a *Christian*, a son of God, an heir of eternal life! How many millions of our world never saw *one* of these!'

"A little after this he said, 'Mr. Campbell, for many summers I used to visit your Edinburgh to purchase goods. On one of those visits I courted your mother, but she would not take me.' When leaving him, we observed on the inside of his ancient door numbers of chalk marks of different forms. On asking their meaning, he said, 'These are the last things I do before I retire to bed. When I make that cross, I say, a day nearer heaven! The 0 means, a week nearer heaven; then a month; then a year.' As he was then above seventy years of age, and now upwards of forty years have passed since we breakfasted with him, he must have had his heart's wish fulfilled many years ago. That man enjoyed a happiness which the possession of all the thrones in Europe could not confer; and when Jesus shall say to the north, '*Give up*,' Oh, how readily he shall fly to meet his descending Master and Lord!

"On a lovely morning, Mr. Haldane and I left Kirkwall in two boats, he to visit the western half, and I the eastern, of that group of islands. We had sent forward

notices of our visit, and where and when we were to preach. I was landed first on the island of Sanda, a low, flat island, of about fifteen miles in length. There are no towns, or even considerable villages upon it, nor any inns even of the meanest description, which is a great inconvenience. The population is very scattered, so that when I saw so numerous a congregation assembled in the evening, I was surprised; for not many houses were in sight. The people seemed to listen with attention, and immediately dispersed in all directions. When the worship was over, one man, however, asked me if I would take a bed at his house, which offer I most thankfully accepted. After supping on a cup of tea I went to bed, but I had not been long in it till I found the sheets grew wet with damp; perhaps not having been used for years, but lying folded in a chest. I jumped out of bed directly, and drew off the sheets, and slept between the blankets. Had I not done this, it must have cost me my life.

"Next day I walked a few miles to another part of the island, where I also preached to a numerous congregation, who all dispersed after I had intimated sermon to be there on the Monday at the same hour; but not one person invited my guide or me to any refreshment. I was exactly in the same situation Christ once was, as recorded last verse of John vii., and first verse of John viii.: 'And every man went unto his own house, and Jesus went unto the mount of Olives.' To beg I was ashamed, but seeing a good house near, I sent my man to ask the family to let us have something to eat; but as there were only servants at home, we could obtain nothing. There was a small house at a little distance, which the man said was the missionary schoolmaster's

(I suppose supported by the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge) house. I sent the man to tell him our case. He came back to tell me we were welcome to what he had; which I found was the heel of a cheese, that was so hardened with the late hot weather, that it would have required an axe or saw to make any impression on it. With vast labour the schoolmaster's knife succeeded in separating from it an ounce, or perhaps two ounces, on which, and a piece of oat cake, with a jug of water, my man and I dined. Had he had any thing else to offer, I believe he would have presented it. Poor fellow, he made no apology for it, being no doubt his own ordinary fare, except when he could procure a fish. If this be a sample of the fare of missionary schoolmasters in the Orkney and Western islands of Scotland, our missionaries in Africa, in the East Indies, &c., live comparatively like first-rate noblemen.

"Our next object was to reach the North Ronaldsha ferry, in order to cross to that island, which is the most northerly of the Orkneys. We had a most uninteresting walk for five or six miles, till we came to the ferry. While a boat was coming to us from the other side, I had a conversation with a woman in a poor hovel, who had been confined to her bed for eight or ten years, and who I hoped was a Christian. What a position for a child of God to be placed in! Perhaps it may be to answer greater ends than we are aware of. Most people who cross will hear of her affecting case, and some will converse with her. Some, discontented because of crooks in their lot, may be reconciled to their allotment by contemplating hers; and others, hearing her tell the comfort she derives from the gospel, may thereby be led to seek it from the same source.

"The boat arrived, which landed us in a short time on the island of North Ronaldsha. I had no sooner set my foot on shore than the best-dressed person I saw said to me, 'Are you coming up to the house?' I thanked him, and we walked together to his house, which was a very comfortable one. All the houses on Sanda and here are on the ground floor; to add a story, I suppose, would endanger their being blown into the sea, as there are neither hills nor trees to protect them. I understood that my landlord was the bailiff or steward of the island, which, though only three miles long, and no part of it above a mile broad, yet that it contains five hundred inhabitants, all of whom can read, though there be no schoolmaster; for they all teach one another. I asked him where I should preach in the morning. 'In the church, to be sure,' said he. I told him I had no right to preach in a parish church, for I did not belong to the Establishment. 'What's the use of it but for preaching?' said he. 'We belong to the parish of Sanda, and the minister is so afraid to cross our ferry, that he comes over only once a year to marry the people, and baptize the children, and preaches to us one sabbath. We shall ring the bell about ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when you shall have the whole island to hear you.' I found they had regular meetings twice every sabbath, when, instead of a sermon, the bailiff reads to them portions of Scott's Commentary on the Scriptures. Likewise, he reads to them the religious intelligence from the Evangelical Magazine, a copy of which comes to them every month from London. I considered it a great mercy to the people that their careless minister so *seldom* visited them; they were much better supplied than he could supply them.

The place was crowded morning and afternoon on the sabbath. I was gratified to observe their attention and silent orderly behaviour. On the Monday morning, after breakfast, the landlord invited me to take a walk with him, and he would show me one of the finest towns I had ever seen. I went, and when we had got to some fields at a little distance he said, 'Now there it is, what do you think of it?' I looked all around, and not seeing one house, I inquired what they meant by a town in North Ronaldsha. 'Do not you see the fine *oats* growing there? that is what we call a town!' said he.

"From the total absence of trees, to a person from the south, the island looks naked and uncomfortable, yet the inhabitants seem cheerful and contented—and having the truths of God regularly taught them, by the reading of the Scriptures, and Scott's Commentary upon them, there are good reasons for believing that trees of righteousness are growing amongst them, for God's word shall not return unto him void, without accomplishing the end for which he sent it—usefulness to souls.

"The tallest growth I saw on the island, was a cabbage in flower; of course no timber is produced on it for making roofs to their houses, doors, &c., yet they have been helped to that article for the last hundred years, in a novel way. A very large Dutch East Indiaman was wrecked upon their shore about that period, portions of which have been driven ashore every winter, by the fury of their tempests. I should like to see a panorama of the island during one of those tempests, surrounded with raging, dashing, mountain-billows, and five hundred human beings considering themselves perfectly safe on this green rock amidst such convulsions

of the elements, because God has fixed the boundaries of the ocean, by saying unto it, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

"I have given you all the leading facts which took place, as far as I knew, during my visit to North Ronaldsha; but is it not strange, that in looking over a London newspaper, forty years after, I should learn fresh facts that took place, and from the pen of the late Sir Walter Scott? What I read in the newspaper, was extracted from Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter, vol. iii. page 195, which was to the following effect:—

"'There are remains of their Norwegian descent [viz., of the Orcadians, or Orkney Islanders] and language in North Ronaldshaw, an isle I regret I did not see.

"'A missionary preacher came ashore there a year or two since, but being a very little, black-bearded, unshaved man, the seniors of the isle suspected him of being an ancient Pecht or Pict, and 'no *canny*,' of course. The schoolmaster came down to entreat our worthy Mr. Stevenson, then about to leave the island, to come up and verify whether the preacher was an ancient Pecht, yea or no. Finding apologies in vain, he rode up to the house where the unfortunate preacher, after three nights' watching, had got to bed, little conceiving under what odious suspicion he had fallen. As Mr. Stevenson declined disturbing him, his boots were produced, which being a *little—little—very little* pair, confirmed, in the opinion of all the by-standers, the suspicion of Pechtism. Mr. Stevenson therefore found it necessary to go into the poor man's sleeping-apartment,

where he recognized one Campbell, heretofore an ironmonger in Edinburgh, but who had put his hand for some years to the *missionary* plough; of course, he warranted his quondam acquaintance to be no ancient Pecht. Mr. Stevenson carried the same schoolmaster, who figured in the adventure of the Pecht, to the mainland of Scotland, to be examined for his office.'

"I have no doubt but Sir Walter's information respecting the blackness of my beard, was correct, for I had not shaved for two days, for want of convenience; and my hair at that time was jet black. It is also correct that I was then a little, or short man, for I am so still. But I recollect, when at the High-school of Edinburgh, where he was at the same time, that then I was as tall as himself: but his younger brother was a head taller than either of us. I remember also, that for years after leaving the High-school, I used to sit within a few pews of his father's, in the Old Grey Friar's-church, where his father, mother, sister, brother, and himself, attended as regularly as any family in the congregation. By seeing Sir Walter there, I observed that he soon got beyond me in height. He seems to have really attended to the discourses of worthy Dr. Erskine; for in his history of Napoleon, I have met various expressions, which I traced to Dr. Erskine as their source, though he might not be aware of it himself; but he does not seem to have been truly benefited by the ministry of that excellent servant of Jesus Christ; for his letters on the death of his mother, uncle, and aunt, who died within a few days of each other; and his consolatory letters to husbands on the death of beloved wives, might have been written by Cicero, Seneca, or any other talented

heathen,—and also, alas! he *swore* both by lip and pen, according to what is recorded of him in Lockhart's Life.

"Again, about the *Pecht,*—I do not recollect the smallest indication of my landlord or any other person on the island, looking to me as an ancient *Pict* (or one of those who inhabited a part of Scotland more than a thousand years ago) or as a person not '*canny;*' which in the north might be applied to a dangerous horse, or to a wizard or witch, or to one possessing what is called 'the second sight.' If Mr. Stevenson's story actually spread on the Saturday night, no wonder the whole people on the island came to hear me next morning; for, any where, it would be a novel occurrence to hear a person preach, who had lived in Scotland twelve or fourteen hundred years before;—however, the things which I preached to those dwellers at the north-end of the world, were far more ancient than that.

"There is a little mistake as to the time when the visit to North Ronaldsha took place. Sir Walter Scott, it appears from Lockhart, was in the Orkney Islands in 1814, while my visit was about fifteen years before that. I think it was in 1799. But in such a place where strangers are seldom seen, and where few occurrences happen, except such as take place daily; an occurrence of that kind could not soon be forgotten. It must have been one of the tales often told, to amuse, during the long and tedious nights of winter, when it is dark from three o'clock in the afternoon till nine next morning. That some of the circumstances related by Mr. Lockhart, are true, I believe; but to suit the taste of Sir Walter, I think he has embellished them."

Such was Mr. Campbell's opinion of this contemptible

squib; but it is not necessary to implicate Lockhart in the mean burlesque. Scott was as much inclined, as capable, to "shoot at the righteous."

"I left North Ronaldsha," he says, "on the Monday morning about eleven o'clock, for the island of Sanda, and walked to the central spot where I had intimated sermon on the Saturday before, and was delighted to find a large congregation assembled. The old gentleman on whose estate we were met, attended; and from feebleness sat in a one-horse chaise, with his lady beside him. I remember I preached from Acts xxiv. 24, 25. 'And after certain days, when Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess, he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ. And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.' What fixed the text on my recollection was, that it was the *last* sermon the old gentleman was ever to hear, as he died within the eight-and-forty hours after hearing it, and his death was the first news I heard on my return to Kirkwall. I was invited to dine at his steward's after sermon, where I was astonished to find as handsome a laid out table as I could have found in a gentleman's house in London. The old gentleman shook hands with me, thanked me for the sermon, and made an apology for his not being able to dine with us from feebleness.

"After dinner I walked to a ferry where I crossed to the island of Stronsa, and preached on the opposite side of it, in the evening, to a goodly company. Having next day to preach on the nearest island to Kirkwall, the landlady of the house where I lodged procured a boat

for me to take me over. We set off in delightful sunshine, but when about half way to the island, a furious gale of wind arose from the west, which blew directly against us, and of course we turned about the boat to return to the island we had left. The boat flew before it like a feather; indeed I never saw any thing skim over the water with such rapidity. While we were admiring its velocity, I remember a barefoot boy remarking that it was going so quick through the water, that the bottom of the boat was getting warm! It was a boy's fancy, and created a smile on every countenance. There was a fine beach before us, which the powerful wind made the slight boat ascend, I forget how many feet out of the water before its progress was stopped. Every two or three hours I visited the shore during the day, to see if any alteration in the storm had taken place, but always returned disappointed. The mistress of the house, who seemed to be a fine spirited, free-hearted, worthy woman, collected a good many of her neighbours to worship in the evening, to whom, after reading a chapter, I gave an address.

"In the morning I went to the shore to examine the state of things there, when, to my sorrow, I found every thing as opposed to my getting from this island, as on the preceding day. On returning to the house, and expressing how much I was disappointed, I remember the landlady said, 'What! are you getting tired already? I have seen people wait at my house two or three weeks, before they could leave the island; for when the wind sets into the west, there is no saying when it will change; and this is only the second day you have been here!' I think I got off the island that evening, but could not make the island I was engaged

to preach on the preceding day, but reached Kirkwall, when I found that Mr. Haldane, who was an old sailor, had seen from the state of the wind, that it would be impossible for me to reach it, got a boat from Kirkwall, and preached there in my stead.

"I recollect very little more that happened on the Orkney Islands, except that I left Kirkwall in the morning, and preached somewhere on the way to Stromness, about midday, and in Stromness in the evening; the only other town on the mainland, or, indeed, on the Orkney islands. Next morning I preached on an island near Stromness, I think also in the afternoon, and was then rowed, entirely by women, to the island of Hoy, where they landed me near to where Mr. Hamilton, the parish minister, resided. I went into the kitchen, where I found Mrs. Hamilton undressing one of her children before a good fire. She looked up, and recognized me directly, though she had not seen me since the day of her marriage, which was several years before, when I was her bridegroom's man. Before that moment she had not heard that I was in the Orkney islands, which made her surprise the greater. She was sister to the late Zachary Macaulay, of London, formerly governor of Sierra Leone. Mr. Hamilton, who had been at Stromness, returned in the evening. A goodly company of the neighbours united in family worship with the family in the evening, in the large kitchen, to whom I was asked to give an address.

"I noticed, in the morning, not far from the house, a high mountain which was one of the bleakest and most barren I had ever seen. On inquiry to whom it belonged, I found that no person that they knew laid any particular claim upon it. This was the first un-

claimed land I had ever seen; but since that period I had opportunities of seeing many millions of acres of good land, to which nobody laid claim.

Leaving Mr. Hamilton's house, after breakfast, he acted as my guide for some miles over as useless looking land as I ever saw; rows of mountains on the one side, and the sea washing the other. All at once we came to a level part of the island, where there was a good farm-house and much good cultivated land around. A number of people were engaged in hay-harvest, which had a cheering appearance. I was astonished to find a young woman in that remote corner of the world, who had lately returned from being a servant in Spitalfields, London. Mr. Hamilton returned home, and I preached to a tolerable congregation in the evening, and I think visited a few sick people.

"Next morning I met Mr. Haldane, by appointment, at a place where we could get a boat to carry us across the Pentland Firth to Thurso, which was from twenty to twenty-five miles. Perhaps there are few parts of the world where there are stronger currents running than in that Firth, owing, seemingly, to the shape of the island of Britain, which tapers on both sides to the north end, between which end and the Orkney-islands the Pentland Firth is placed. The tide from the Atlantic Ocean to the westward, presses upon the western side of Britain, which it cannot push before it; wherefore it is thrown to the north as far as Cape Wrath, round which it turns, and rushes through the Pentland Firth with amazing rapidity; so that a vessel going along with it, when the wind goes the same way, moves with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow. When the tide is from the German Ocean [alias North Sea] or

from the eastward, it presses upon the eastern side of Britain, and is also thrown towards the northern end, and finds no exit till it comes to Johnny Groat's house, and then it rushes into the Pentland Firth, and produces similar rapid currents as the other. When the wind and those currents are going contrary to each other, it produces dangerous navigation. On clearing Hoy, and getting towards the middle of the firth, we found that the wind was in our favour for making Thurso, but there was a powerful current against us, and from this adversity of wind and tide, waves were formed of such a shape as I had never seen before at a distance from the shore. Waves at sea slope, or descend on both sides, but those Pentland waves, in advancing towards us, presented a front as perpendicular as a wall; often when approaching an *eighth* or *ninth* such wave, which, every where, is much larger than the intervening ones, I would say in my mind, How is it possible that this small boat can pass through that wall of water three or four times higher than itself, without being filled? when lo! the instant the bow touched the wave it divided, and formed a gate through which the boat passed in perfect safety.

"There is a range of perpendicular rock, at least an hundred feet high, on the Caithness, or south side of the Firth, extending several miles along the coast, the most northern point of which range is called Dunnet Head. We longed to get to the westward of that most northern point of the island of Britain, but for about two hours I could distinguish little progress; but this apparent want of progress might arise from the extent of the cliff, and our distance from it.

"Writing of Dunnet Head, brings to my recollection

a circumstance connected with it, that happened a few years afterwards, which you may feel interested in. I think it was the year after I settled at Kingsland, that I went on an itineracy with Mr. Haldane as far north as the county of Caithness. During that visit I preached at the village of Dunnet, in front of the schoolmaster's house. About a year after my return to London, when attending some public service at Surrey chapel, a gentleman at the close of it asked me if I was not a Scotch minister. On saying I was a minister, and a Scotchman, he told me there was a Scotchman under sentence of death in Newgate, for forgery, who would no doubt be hung: that he was very anxious to see a Scotch minister; and if I would go and make use of his name, I should be permitted to see the man. I went to Newgate in a day or two after; the turnkey finding I was a Scotchman, told me he was a countryman of mine, and of the man I wanted to see; but he said there was no hope of a pardon for him, as he was condemned for forgery. On reaching his cell, I found there were about seventeen under sentence of death, about the half of whom were engaged in their small yard, playing at the hand ball. Poor fellow, he told me he had been for a good many years in the East Indies, and was at the taking of Pondicherry, and some other places, but had come home without having saved money: and as most people expect those who have been in India to have brought money with them, he did not like to go home penniless, which tempted him to forge the will of a seaman. This was discovered, and for this he was under sentence of death. On asking him where his friends lived? He said his father was schoolmaster of Dunnet, in Caithness. He was greatly struck when I

told him that last summer I had preached in front of his father's house. I asked him if he had a Bible? He said he had, but he had lent it to a man in another part of the prison. A man under sentence of death *lending* his Bible! I told him I had never heard of such a thing. I found it was true, for the next time I called upon him he had again obtained possession of his Bible. When I expressed sorrow that he should be so disturbed by the noise of those playful young men in the yard;—'These,' said he, 'are under sentence of death as well as myself.' There were two genteel men walking backwards and forwards in the middle of all the confusion, but were far from joining in it, for they were evidently very thoughtful. He told me they had been lawyers, and were condemned for forgery. I went up to a clever-looking man, who was quietly standing near me in the yard, and, after a little conversation, I asked him 'what had he been guilty of?' He said, 'it was only a highway robbery!' On getting back to the turnkey, outside the first gate, I asked 'if he could explain upon what ground the man could apply the word *only* to a highway robbery.' 'O yes,' said he, 'that is easily accounted for. He saw you particularly conversing with a person condemned for forgery, which, in their language, is called a *heavy* crime, and so is murder, because these crimes are seldom pardoned; but most of the other crimes are looked upon by them as comparatively light.' With respect to the man I particularly went to see, his mind seemed more deeply interested about the result of a petition for his life, which he had got forwarded to government, wherein he had stated the battles he had fought, and the sieges he had attended, than he was about the everlasting salvation of his soul.

An order came suddenly for *his* execution, and that of the two lawyers, which I viewed as a national murder—three lives severed from the world of hope for ever, and forced into the eternal world, ready or unready, and for what? For a mere comparative trifle, trying to cheat a few persons out of a few pounds. Though it had been a million of pounds—a mere bagatelle when weighed against lives.

"But I must return to my voyage in the Pentland Firth. A few miles after passing opposite to Dunnet Head, we came into a very tumultuous part of the sea, as if a number of waves, to a great extent, had commenced an irregular savage dance, dangerous to all who approached them. On inquiring of the seamen if the cause was known, they said, this part of the sea was always found in this troubled state, which was thought to proceed from a rough rock which covered the bottom for some miles in circumference, and its inequalities disturbed the strong current that was passing over it. By and by we arrived safe at Thurso."

In the autumn of 1803, he prevailed on Mr. Haldane, —no difficult task—to visit some of the northern counties of England. He felt so deeply for them, from what he saw during his own tour the year before, that Mrs. Haldane volunteered to accompany the itinerants. Accordingly, they started in a post-chaise for the borders.

At this time Mr. Haldane was a highly and deservedly *popular* preacher, in the best sense of popularity. Mr. Campbell often says of his sermons, "they were solemn and striking, and the people all attention." It will both illustrate and verify this, to say that the late Mr. Cowie, of Huntly, himself "the Whitefield of

the North," in the estimation of Rowland Hill, says, in manuscripts in my possession, that he was often both humbled and inspired by Mr. Haldane's "unction from the Holy One." This fact I recollect well, although I was too young to understand the sermons it refers to. Besides, he could not have been popular in Mr. Cowie's circle, had he not been a powerful preacher. It must not be supposed that Mr. Haldane and Mr. Campbell heard each other often on this tour. Whilst the one preached in the large towns, the other went to the large villages, alternately. At one place, where they had been the means of building the chapel some years before, Mr. Campbell was refused admittance into the pulpit. The congregation had connected themselves with the kirk of Scotland, and were afraid to open their doors to an irregular missionary, although their *regular* clergyman had been obliged to cut and run for improprieties a few weeks before. "But character is nothing here," he says, "if the minister can only speak well on sabbaths." "I crossed Wigton Bay with a reverend doctor, who was going to stand his trial before the presbytery, on serious charges against his morals; and was astonished to find him quite in good spirits, and passing jokes on the boatmen." Cases of this kind, happily, can no longer brave public opinion by levity or defiance.

Mr. Haldane preached at Garliston to a large audience, and after sermon Lady Euphemia Murray, the sister of Lord Galloway, called upon the itinerants, and took them over the grounds: Lady Galloway, when she saw them in the park, sent for them, and treated them with great courtesy. They found also that his Lordship was ready to give ground for a chapel in the

village, because the church was three miles distant. This prospect induced Mr. Campbell to stir up the people to work, by another sermon.

At Wigton, the principal magistrate supped with the itinerants at the inn. He had been in the habit, for some years, of giving preachers the use of the town-hall. "But when Mr. Haldane first asked his permission to announce preaching by the bellman, the alderman said, 'No, no, sir, you cannot preach here.' Mr. Haldane answered, 'I do not ask liberty to *preach*, but to *ring*.' 'Then, *will* you preach?' 'Yes, certainly.' 'Very well, you may send out the bellman.' But, poor man, he knows nothing about Christianity! We spoke seriously to him about his soul; and, as he is old, advised him to have done with borough politics." After preaching at Castle Douglas, Mr. Campbell went to the inn to sleep. Whilst waiting for supper, an English traveller arrived, and requested permission to join him. "I had no objection," he says. "He was a high-spirited man, full of anecdote, and a capital mimic. He could imitate all dialects from Aberdeen to Lancashire; I tried to say something for his soul's good; but he was so clever, that he warded it all off in a moment. At last he went out to see his horse fed. In the meantime, I had a quarto Bible placed on the table. He soon came in singing, and swearing at his dog. On seeing the Bible, he drank up his rum and water. I asked, if he objected to prayers. He said, 'Oh, no;' and I rang the bell for the family to come in. The servants, who knew him well, were quite tickled to see him. I read, expounded, and prayed. He behaved with great propriety. We then conversed a little, and went to bed." Next day, Mr. Haldane joined him at Kirkcud-

bright, to preach; but public attention was divided between him and "Doctor M'Gill, a rope-dancing quack," until the town-hall was opened to the congregation. Mountebank opposition was not uncommon then. No wonder! Other doctors than quacks opposed. At Sanquhar, five years before, the Antiburgher minister had inflicted church discipline upon some of his people for hearing Mr. Haldane. "But to-day," says Mr. Campbell, "some Antiburghers broke through to hear me, and one of them told the minister yesterday, that they *would* hear us." This resistance was gratifying, at a time when Antiburgherism had both the power and will to excommunicate such a man as the venerable, holy, eloquent Cowie, of Huntly. At Kirkonnel, Mr. Campbell had "only seven persons, including the bellman," to hear him. After preaching to them, he beckoned to some children, and began to question and instruct them. "I recollect," he says, "what Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, told me last year. He used to feel disappointed if he had not a large congregation. But one night, he tried to value *one* soul, and then multiplied that by seven. The amount was so immense, that he determined never to be displeased again, if he had seven hearers." Under this impression, Mr. Campbell went some distance to see a dying girl who sent for him. He found her equally pious and intelligent. "Shall I pray for your recovery?" he said. "She answered with great emphasis, 'Oh, no, let God take his own way.' Her mother told me (not in her presence) that some days before she said to her, 'Mother, I have twelve shillings and sixpence of my own: give it all but a shilling, for propagating the gospel.' Two days after, she said, 'Give it all, and keep my *cordial* to refresh

Mr. Campbell, when he comes.' Sweet creature, I admired the grace of God in her! Mildness, simplicity, and humility, *shone* in her. She was only about fourteen."

There is a remarkable anecdote follows this fact in the Journal; but I cannot decipher the name of the place. "An Englishman of large property at ——, was passing through a wood in his carriage, when some person exclaimed, 'The *richest* man in this parish will die tonight.' He went home, and took to bed, and sent for his physician, saying, 'I am the richest man in the parish, certainly.' In the morning, however, he heard that the *poorest* man in the parish had died. When told that the pauper was eminently pious, he said, 'Then he is gone to heaven, and, as an heir of glory, was really the richest man!' The gentleman became from that time serious, and soon introduced into the town the gospel which his neighbour loved, with much success."

Such were the joint labours of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Campbell at this time, and their hearts were as much united as their hands. How, then, did Mr. Campbell manage afterwards to eschew all the vagaries of Haldanism? Now he certainly did not escape the contagion, from any lack of effort to inoculate him with the virus. Even after he had settled at Kingsland, he was strongly urged to make his new sphere a focus of Scotch novelties. He was even solemnly warned, and sarcastically too, against preferring *usefulness* to order and discipline. What his answers to these appeals were, I leave Mr. Robert Haldane to tell: but the real secret of his stedfastness was this,—he could not turn to one of his many letters, long or short, from Mr. Newton,—

and they were his "Urim and Thummin" on such points,—without finding cautions against preferring circumstantials to essentials and usefulness. One of these followed him like his shadow, before Mr. Haldane began to tamper with him. It was on the subject of his friend, Dr. Charles Stuart's, peculiarites, which, in 1796, had somewhat unsettled him. "I am surprised," Mr. Newton says, "that my friend, Dr. Stuart's, peculiarities should have made such an impression upon you. You know the genius of the gospel, and that the kingdom of God does not consist in meats, drinks, or external punctilios. The doctor might have been a star of the first magnitude, if he could have kept his station at Cramond. What a pity that such a light should be shut up under a bushel; and that one who had tasted the kernel should waste so much of his time about the shell? He is still a good man, but he has shrunk the sphere of his usefulness, comparatively, to the *size of a button*. I trust that henceforth you will be shot-proof against all he can say on his favourite but *dry* subject. It seems he charges us who differ from *him*, with acting against our consciences. Is he then absolutely infallible? Pope Self will not say so much; but he acts as if he thought so. We may think Utopia a pleasant spot; but until we can *find* it, we must be content to make the best of men and things as they are."

Mr. Campbell saw a *prophecy* in the button-size sphere of usefulness, and began, although very reluctantly, to apply it to his old friends,—or rather, to dread that it would be fulfilled at the Circus; for nothing could make him think meanly of them. He even preserved with great care the letter of 1807, in which Mr. Robert Haldane told him,—"Your situation is

highly dangerous! The cry of *usefulness* drowns every other voice. How much seldomer do we hear of duty? Yet if the former be pursued at the expense of the latter, our efforts must be *abominable* to God. Are not you doing this in regard to the Lord's Supper? Are you not stumbling many who respect you, by your example?"

This tirade on duty *versus* usefulness, referred, be it remembered, to *weekly* communion, and to those ecclesiastical novelties of the Circus, which dwindled it, as a sphere of usefulness, into the size of a button, for a time. The late Mr. Orme, on reviewing this result, says of the changes made there by the Haldanes,—and he did not profess to be a friend,—"The authors of them, we doubt not, acted upon the whole from a principle of conscientious regard to divine authority. The changes arose from none of the principles of Independency, but in some things from the *want* of it."—*Cong. Mag.* vol. ii. p. 781.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS SETTLEMENT AT KINGSLAND.

Mr. Campbell attached great importance to his settlement in Kingsland. He wrote a brief sketch of the providences which led him to this spot, just before he died; but it is too brief for the event. It concludes thus:—"Now, you will be able to see how all my future life, for nearly forty years, depended upon a single thought, whilst stepping out of bed, viz., to bring Africa to England. It introduced me to Kingsland, and consequently to all the future events of my life. I have remained with the people these six-and-thirty years. The reading of their *call* deeply affected me I well remember."

The following letters to his venerable aunt, Mrs. Bower, will illustrate at once his deep love to her, and the *disinterestedness* as well as zeal with which he undertook this pastorate; for, be it remembered, he threw himself *blindfold* upon Providence. His own property, which was never great, never accumulated by business. All his profits went as fast as they came, to the service of the poor and perishing; and I suspect his capital did not always pass scot-free during emergencies. Indeed, this is but too true; for he had to teach a school soon after his settlement at Kingsland. However "full the

chapel (then) was of *rich* people," therefore, it was not their gold which tempted or rewarded him.

One of the first things he did during this visit, was to establish a Society in Kingsland "for visiting and relieving the indigent sick." This duty he urged in the prospectus in his own way: "We ought to be imitators of God, who openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing, from the *insect* to the emperor." The society continues to exist and prosper. His own letters to Mrs. Bower will best explain his prospects and position.

"*London, Oct.* 31*st*, 1803.

"DEAR AUNT,—You will wonder that I take such a small bit of paper, but my reason is good, I cannot at present get a larger. I arrived on Friday to dinner, in good health,—and never had such a kind reception in London, from all friends, as at this time. I lodge with a Mrs. Jones, at Shacklewell, an aged widow, who wished to have me to be company to her. The house is quiet, as she has no family, and only one servant; an excellent woman, who sits at table with us; and her company is so agreeable, that I am sure I should prefer it to that of a princess. My room is small, but pleasant. Large bunches of wine grapes are growing at my window;—if Mary was here, the window would need to be nailed. I dined with Mr. Newton on Saturday, and had a long walk with him, hanging on my arm, in Moorfields. I am full *taller* than the old man! He is much feebler since I saw him last, and seems not far from Jerusalem that is above. He does not appear sorry that the journey of life is nearly done, but waits calmly for his Master's summons. I saw Mary's father on Saturday, who is well, and I mean to dine with him to-day. I preached three times at Kingsland chapel yesterday. It was quite crowded forenoon and evening; in the afternoon they do not come so well out in London. They have got a gallery since I was here, part of which is allotted to boys, and part to girls, who sing in the most enchanting manner you can conceive. I never heard any thing like it. I met with much kindness from all connected with the chapel, and all wish me to continue with them; but the Lord reigns over me. The chapel is so *grand* and *glaring*, and so *full of rich* people, that I should almost blush to be *seen* in it by some of

my Scotch friends. They would almost think I had turned Roman Catholic,—but God has some very dear saints in it. I shall write you soon again. I trust and hope James and Mary are trying to make you as happy as they can; it well *becomes* them. Remember me to all friends.

"I am, yours truly,

"J. CAMPBELL."

"*London, Dec.* 26*th*, 1803.

"DEAR AUNT,—So I must sit down and write you per *return* of post, whether I am to return to Edinburgh this year! If you mean the year 1803, I surely cannot reach you before it expires, or I must depart hence along with my letter. If you mean by this year, twelve months to come, I surely can reply, yes, if the Lord permit. But I know your meaning, and I recollect my own promise before I left you, that I would be home by the end of the year; but if you saw how anxious the people are to detain me, merely for the sake of their *souls*, you would say, 'Oh John, do stay with them a month or two longer, you know you have not much to do at home; wherefore, do stay with them.' But the people wish me to stay *more* than a month, viz., for a lifetime; and what do you think one of their chief men told me the other day? Said he, 'I have been looking out for a house for your *aunt* and you' Said I, 'Sir, don't be in a hurry, have patience.' I am persuaded, aunt, you would like this place very well. I assure you it is as *near* a throne of grace as in Edinburgh. We have the very *same* sun and moon that you have in Scotland, and the same Bible. I think I see you coming full sail up the Thames: supposing yourself almost in a new world, and riding five miles along streets before you came to my parish, and asking where is Scotland now? You could take a trip to Aberdeen with as great facility from London as from Leith; you would only have a little more sea-water to pass over, and perhaps a little more sea-sickness to endure.

"Think seriously about the things on the other side.—I have not fully made up my mind what I shall do, but in the course of a fortnight I shall be able to write decidedly. I believe all will be well;—I know that God has never left me, nor forsaken me yet; and I read in my Bible that *he* is unchangeably faithful, and that he is very merciful; and should not I *believe* what I read there? Most certainly I ought.

"So Mary (for whom 'Worlds Displayed' was written) is so very busy that she has no time to write—busy at what? at making a cap! That won't do, Mary! Is she busy also at her Bible, at writing for her improvement, at reading the "Pilgrim's Progress?"

"I am, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

" *London, Jan.* 23*rd*, 1804.

" My Dear Aunt,—I would have written you sooner, had it been in my power, but till just now I could not speak decidedly about staying here or returning to Scotland. The church at Kingsland gave me an unanimous and pressing call to settle among them. After considering the matter for some time, I accepted of their call, provided they agreed to certain conditions, which I stated to them. After considering these, they consented to them. So that now they look upon me as their pastor. I am pretty certain if you had been here, and heard all the circumstances, that you would have advised me to do what I have done, (but I have got such a cold in my head, that I hardly know what I am writing about; wherefore I cannot tell you any thing about it.) I hope the Lord will make your way clear to come up here. I shall have a good house, and many friends ready to receive you and Mary with open arms. But you should write to Aberdeen, and consult with my cousin (her son) what is proper. If you were not to come, I could not think myself at *home* in London. The air is as good at Kingsland as at the Siennes; and it is as much in the country,—and I assure you there are several very anxious to know whether you will consent to come and live among them or not. I know that the thought of parting with a place and people with whom we have been long intimate, is painful; I have experienced the truth of this,—but remembering how short a time we have to remain on earth, will overcome that. Abraham was not a stoic; the command of God to leave his kindred and country tried his feelings, but he followed the will of God. He did not know to what country he was going when he left Ur, but *you* know where you are going if you leave Edinburgh.

" I am at a considerable loss for want of my books and papers, having to preach so frequently without any helps; but I must say, to the honour of Christ, that he has been very gracious, and helped me through wonderfully. It will be necessary for me to come down some little time hence, and get matters all arranged. I would have written to-day to Mr. Haldane, and also to my friends at Dalkeith, (the church of Dalkeith had invited him to be their pastor,) but I am so stupid with the cold, that I cannot write sense,—wherefore I must put off writing till the cold is removed. Remember me to James and Mary, and be sure to write me soon. Tell Mr. Knox I should like to hear from him, I hardly hear from a creature in Scotland. When I have finished this letter I must run to the other end of London (six miles) to preach.

" I am, dear Aunt,
" Yours truly,
" John Campbell."

"P.S. By the by, you may wish to know what the *stipend* is. We have never spoken a word about *that*. I did not wish that matter should interfere at all with my decision; but there is no danger but that will be all right enough. I know it is *proper* that it should be settled soon, and so it will."

The next letter contains an account of his ordination, soon after which he returned to Scotland to settle his affairs.

"———, 1804.

"DEAR AUNT,—When I finish this letter, I shall begin to pack my saddle-bags, with the view of leaving London to-morrow morning for Scotland. As I go round by Oxford, Birmingham, and Manchester, I cannot fix a day when I shall arrive with you. I think it is probable it may be to-morrow week (Tuesday), but it may happen to be late on Saturday night: however, this is not probable.

"My ordination was on Wednesday last. Mr. Brooksbank began the service by prayer, and reading suitable portions of Scripture. Mr. Collison gave a history of the Church of Christ, and asked of me the questions. Mr. Simpson, tutor of Hoxton Academy, engaged in the ordination prayer. Mr. Burder gave the charge, from Matt. iv. 19, 20. Mr. Knight, of the Tabernacle, then prayed. Mr. Townsend preached to the people, from Psa. cxviii. 25, last part,—'O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.' Mr. Pye Smith, tutor of Homerton Academy, concluded with prayer. Mr. Thomas, of Founders'-hall, gave out the hymns. Mr. Sutcliffe, of Olney, preached in the evening, from Gal. vi. 9.

"Yesterday (sabbath), I preached three times in the chapel, to good congregations. In the evening, after I had pronounced the blessing, the whole congregation stood up, and, without my knowledge, sung that hymn,—'Blest be the dear uniting love,—that will not let us part.' A great number of the people came afterwards into the vestry, expressed much affection, and bid me farewell. About sixty young people came also, some of whom gave me *both* their hands, poor things! I wish you would write to Aberdeen, and ask my cousin to come to Edinburgh, the week after next, or next week, if he can. Remember, I cannot stay long in Edinburgh; I will not stay one unnecessary day there. God has placed me as a watchman over his people, and I dare not be *one* unnecessary day off my watch-tower. An old gentleman, a Quaker, has kindly offered to take the management of furnishing of my house. I

consider this a particular providence, for he is remarkably fit for it, and has plenty of leisure, not being in business. I have the worst cold I have had for a long time: people around have poured in upon me honey, oranges, eggs, and Co., but none of them have yet been blessed;— however, Miss Macaulay's brother encourages me to think the journey will do it good; for going to Wales, last week, removed just such a cold from him. But mind, I am in perfect health. I shall have the company of a lady belonging to our chapel 200 miles of the way, which is likely to make it more agreeable. I suppose Mary will be able to repeat many chapters by this time—she has had *six* months to get them. I think I hear her say, 'I had so much *sewing*, that I had very little time to get them.' 'O Mary, Mary, that won't do.' If you was here, you would almost think you was in Scotland—for people from all parts of it, where I have itinerated, find me out. Mrs. Dickie, and her two daughters, were with us yesterday, by the by, and they send their love to you, and will be glad to see you in London.

" I am, yours, &c.,

" JOHN CAMPBELL."

Much as he was pleased with the respect paid to him at his ordination, by his brethren, and both before and after it by his flock, there was one thing touched the chief chord of his heart more than the kindness of both. Three Hottentots, and several Dutch missionaries, had just come from Africa to London. He was amongst the first to welcome them; and they "*took*" to him at once. He says to his aunt, "They spent their first sabbath at our chapel—*which was very agreeable to me!* The missionary whom God made the instrument of their conversion, gave us an account of his labours amongst the Hottentots. Then I put questions, through him, to the converts, and repeated their answers to the congregation. Then they sang a hymn together, which was very affecting." This scene more than revived his old hopes and plans for Africa; but only through the medium of the Missionary Society

now. Martha, Mary, and John, became the "*black-birds.*"

Nothing, however, could divert his attention from the welfare of the young. He had gained their attention by his little books, and he resolved to keep it by a magazine.

"Soon after my ordination over the church in Kingsland chapel," he says, "I felt desirous to have a magazine, entirely devoted to young people. Perhaps such a publication never had existed in the world; therefore a plan had to be invented, and the aid of suitable persons obtained for its execution. I think the first to whom I communicated my intentions, were the Miss Rutts, who had long been at the head of a large boarding-school at Hackney. They strongly recommended a Mr. John Neil, as a pious man, of good abilities, and a warm friend to the rising generation. They engaged to get him and me to dine with them, that we might be introduced to each other. I went accordingly to an after invitation to dinner, and was introduced to Mr. Neil. Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, and several other of their friends were present. I remember a lady saying, 'Mr. Fuller, I saw you on sabbath morning, hearing Dr. Mason, of New York, expounding the 23rd Psalm; what did you think of him?' 'As you have asked me what I thought, I'll tell you. I thought, There is a mind arrived at maturity!' On which, another lady, who appeared pleased with the answer, said, 'Oh, Mr. Fuller, tell us what you think of Mr. Newton?' 'Well, I have thought of him also; I do not consider him a man of the first talents, or a star of the first magnitude; but I look to him as a constellation, or as possessing a great number of little excellences; and I have admired

this in Mr. Newton, that he did not rush, like a meteor, all at once from obscurity into public notice; but began at the lowest step of the ladder of fame, and has been gradually climbing, step by step, till he has got to the very top of it.'

"I found Mr. Neil highly approved of the projected work, and promised what assistance he could. He introduced me to Mr. Edwards, as one willing to assist, and who continued for upwards of *thirty* years a laborious supporter of it. I found out a Mr. Marriott, a stock-broker, who took a deal of the labour off my shoulder; and Mr. William Gurney was a friend to it from its infancy. The friends met at Mr. Burchel's, of Doctors' Commons, where we came to a written agreement respecting the plan of the work, and the appropriation of any profits that might arise from its sale, &c. Sometimes we had about 200*l.* thus to divide amongst useful societies. I was editor of the first *ten* volumes; after which, it was committed to the management of a small committee, under whose fostering care it still continues. I think the number of its subscribers has sometimes been as high as 8,000.

"Many years after the birth of the Youths' Magazine, I began a magazine for children, at one penny per month! A magazine for a penny was a complete *novelty* then, though it had been attempted once before, but failed at the second or third number. The name given to it was the 'Teacher's Offering.' The circulation of it increased with singular rapidity every month, till it reached to between forty and fifty thousand a month. This astonishing circulation the publisher rather boastingly announced on the cover. On reading it, I went immediately to him, and pointing to the ad-

vertisement, said, 'There is a *stick* you have made to break your own head, (for he was the proprietor, I was only the editor,) and notice what I say, before six months elapse there will be six new penny magazines for children.' Exactly that number started before the six months were expired. So many competitors coming into the market, of course clipped our wings considerably; but a very respectable number of subscribers continued for years. It is several years since I ceased to be editor."

In regard to the editorship of the Youths' Magazine, it appears from a letter to the Rev. T. Aveling, from W. B. Gurney, Esq., that Mr. Marriott and himself conducted it during Mr. Campbell's visits to Africa; after which he ceased to be the editor. Mr. Gurney says, also, that the committee of the Sunday School Union contemplated such a publication *before* Mr. Campbell's settlement at Kingsland, and invited him to be the editor. Thus there must be a lack of memory on some side.

The Youths' Magazine was so useful at first, and its early volumes are so well remembered by many, that I implored Mr. Campbell to amuse himself, in his last days, by marking for me his own papers, at least up to the time of his first visit to Africa, that they might be known after his decease. He smiled, and said, "I doubt if I should *ken* some of them myself now." He did not, however, refuse to make the attempt: but he was soon unable to make it. This is the more to be regretted, because, had he gone over the volumes, he would have pointed out "the first fruits" of other men also; for he had watched with lively interest the literary as well as religious career of some of his juvenile

contributors. His own papers, in general, may be found out by his style.

The following fragment of one kind of his articles, at first, seems never to have been published: it is, therefore, preserved here as a specimen of that department.

The History of a Drop of Water.

"Suppose we could give eyes, ears, and mind to a single drop of water, what strange travels and adventures might that drop be able to relate! Will you allow my fancy to conceive part of the history of one, and let it relate its own tale?

"Though I am but a little drop, I found myself at the *creation* forming part of the Persian Gulph, when, by an element which you call wind, or air in motion, I was tossed hither and thither for some months, sometimes at the top of a mountain wave, and sometimes at the bottom. At other times I was driven towards the margin of the gulph, and dashed with amazing force and fury against a stupendous cliff, mounting almost to its summit; from which height I fell *slash* into mine own element. Soon after, the wind subsided, and all was quiet and had rest;—from being a troubled sea, we became a calm one. I now had a novel experience; some say it is effected by the attractive power of the sun; others, by the introduction of light air into every particle of which I am composed. Be this as it may, sure I am I ascended high into the air, in the company of myriads of other particles, and we were appointed to form what *you* call a cloud. Now I was puzzled to conjecture what was to become of me. I found I was moving towards land, and afterwards carried with vast rapidity up the country, till, in process of time, I felt myself gradually and gently descending to a lake at the head of Paradise; a part of which I was appointed to form. My journey in the air had completely changed my constitution; all my saline particles had entirely evaporated; I had become a drop of *sweet*, or fresh water. In this lake I and my companions, who composed it, enjoyed undisturbed repose; we lay with an exterior, or surface, as smooth and bright as a mirror. The first human beings I ever saw were Adam and Eve. They came gently walking arm and arm, along the side of the lake; at times holding up their hands, expressive of their admiration of the beauties of the lake; and, by their lifting up their eyes towards heaven, they certainly were admiring it as the work of their God and Father. This seemed to be the *first* walk they had taken there, for they were inspect-

ing every thing with minute attention, as if they had never seen it before. There was a lovely *water-lily* growing near where I was; Eve was attracted to it by its beauty, and in a very affectionate manner *hinted* to her husband her desire to have it. She had no sooner done so, than he, with a pleasant smile, waded in and brought it to her. I saw she was delighted both by its beauty and fragrance, and by his gallantry. They seemed to treat the lily as a text for conversation, as they quietly walked along. I suppose they had been but very lately created, and were surveying the estate God had given them. They were enjoying and examining every thing like *heirs* just come to their inheritance.

"I was appointed next to enter the root of a tree, which just touched the edge of the water. My work was to revive and render it fruitful. I ascended without any exertion of mine by the root to the trunk, and by it to the branches, and by them to the leaves, and through innumerable veins, which circulated moisture to every point. When I had performed my part, I was drawn forth by the powerful rays of the sun, and gently let down to the lake from whence I had come. After performing several similar *jobs* to grass and other trees, I found myself moving towards the lower end of the lake, where there were four outlets to its waters, which were the commencement of four noble rivers. It was my lot to enter one which to this day is called the Euphrates; in descending which, I had rather a troublesome journey. However, it brought me to the same Persian gulph from whence I had set out.

"As I approached the gulph, my former saturation began to return, which increased as I advanced, till I found myself as completely impregnated with salt as I was in my infancy, or, rather, when I was created. But as my element was not to be *idle*, I was not allowed long to remain resting in the Persian gulph. Again I was elevated high into the heavens, and for a considerable time assisted in forming part of those *mackarel clouds* which are so much admired in tropical climates, and which help to prevent the rays of a vertical sun from reaching the earth with such intensity as to burn up every thing that rises above the surface of the ground. After skimming for months in the higher regions of air, the summit of a high mountain by its attractive energy drew down a long range of cloud towards it, of which I formed a part. I had no sooner touched the surface of the ground, than with innumerable companions I sunk out of *sight*, and continued to descend perpendicularly through the bowels of the mountain, till my course was altered by coming in contact with a rock which lay horizontally across it, and directed us in a stream towards the side; when we oozed out, and

descended as a little rill to the bottom, where we were appointed to increase the waters of another stream, which, by similar contributions from other mountains, hills, and elevated lands, might become a formidable river. Away we went, rapidly and heedlessly, down a descent, till all at once we were tumbled over a cliff about a hundred feet high. Being dashed with such violence against a rock at the bottom, I was broken into a thousand particles, and rose into the air in the form of mist; but soon my divided particles were re-united, and joined their old companions, who were making a mighty uproar, which subsided on our clearing some rugged rocks that lay in a confused manner in the bed of the river. Indeed, we moved onward so peaceably and still, that the motion of a leaf might have been heard at either side of the river. After moving along for many days in this tranquil manner, considerable noise was heard a-head of us, which was occasioned by the river entering a long descent over *steps* formed out of a rocky bottom. Such occurrences in a river are now very properly called *rapids*, for down we all ran with great rapidity and confused uproar; for some of the steps over which we plunged might be called little cliffs, being several feet high. At length, after many days' journey down the river *Indus*, we reached what is called the Indian Ocean, and for a time formed part of that vast collection of waters. Some months after my junction to this vast ocean, and during a great calm, a shark in pursuit of a flock of flying fishes passed so close to me, that I was thrown out of the water, and fell on the back of a *turtle* that was fast asleep on the surface of the sea; from whence I was again drawn up into the air by the powerful rays of a vertical sun, where I long floated above an *unpeopled* world."

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This fragment is introduced, not so much for the sake of its own ingenuity and beauty, as to prepare the reader, if that be not already done, for the *tact* which Mr. Campbell displayed for minute observation, by sea and land, during his visits to Africa. He did not acquire much science whilst a student in Glasgow, but he made a good use of what he got, and was for ever on the outlook for more. Indeed, next to the holy unction which rested upon his spirit, his habits of observing man and nature were the secret of his *charm* as a preacher. He had always something *new* to say in his

own way, and *fresh* from the works of God. There was also a *witchery* in his mode of telling old and familiar things, which made them seem new. In fact, he was not comfortable in the pulpit, unless something *hit* his fancy, which he had looked at on all sides with his own eyes, and for himself. Accordingly, his preaching at Kingsland, if it never rose far above its first standard, never sunk below it, long as he was there. It was full of vivacity and originality from first to last. Every sermon might not be interesting as a whole, and none were *profound*, except in unction and experience; but each had something in it which could hardly be forgotten, and which all admired; and yet no one ever felt that Mr. Campbell was *trying* to be ingenious, or that he had prepared to give effect to certain points. Indeed, no one felt that he was conscious of his finest strokes, except so far as they rebounded upon himself, and made him spring up into "the third heaven" of devotional feeling. His oldest and constant hearers just thought and spoke of him to the last, as they had done at first, and as all the neighbourhood did,—that he was an *original* in the pulpit. But this never meant oddity, extravagance, or wit, in the sense of levity or rashness. It was impossible not to smile at times; but it was equally impossible to *laugh* at all. No one ever repeated, as a joke or a pun, any of Mr. Campbell's *odd* sayings. During fifteen years' residence in this district, I never heard a laugh raised at his expense as a preacher, nor of any one who went to be amused by his sermons. Not one of his *strange* sayings is proverbial in the neighbourhood; they are either so forgotten in, or associated with, the remembrance of his seriousness, spirituality, and prudence.

These hints are thrown out here, not so much in order to characterize his preaching as to show the cast of his mind, and explain the secret of his popularity as an itinerant; for he did not cease to itinerate when he became a pastor. The "*conditions*" on which he accepted the call to Kingsland Chapel were chiefly provision for this work. Accordingly, although he went to Scotland immediately after his ordination in 1804, he went again the spring of 1805, and was absent "four months and three days," itinerating all the time.

The following sketch of this long tour will both exhibit the Evangelist and the state of evangelical religion in various parts of Scotland at the beginning of the present century. He sailed in the *Clyde* packet for Leith, but was soon unable to preach, owing to "squeamishness." He was not so ill, however, as to do nothing on board: he warned the crew against the influence of bad example, by directing their attention to a vessel, on the Thames, from which a herd of young bulls were all following the example of one which had leaped overboard, although it seemed downing. He also drew from the mate the history of his shipwreck, and grafted upon them lessons for eternity.

On his arrival at Edinburgh, he preached that night to the children in the Tabernacle, and spent the next day in promoting a mission to America and the East Indies. "About a thousand people were present," he says, "when I gave an address."

He then went to Glasgow, and preached for Dr. Wardlaw and Mr. Ewing. During his visit there, he sauntered down the banks of Clyde, alternately reading, and admiring the scenery of Dumbarton and Benlomond, until he met with a friend from Arran and

Kintyre, the first scenes of his labour with Mr. James Haldane. He now learned, to his grief and astonishment, that the clergyman of a parish there had just thrown up his church, to settle in America, because so many of his people were converted by the missionaries. This infatuated man began by prevailing on the laird to throw the first converts out of their farms: "but, lo, the new tenants soon became Christians also;" and as the laird would not expel them too—"one of the former group having been drowned on leaving"—the parson went off in a passion; and, if to New England, he must have found his wrath increased ten-fold.

Mr. Campbell learnt also that a young missionary in Arran had laboured without any apparent success for some time, but had found out, "when on the eve of leaving, a few affected for their souls. This encouraged him to remain, and God wonderfully blessed his ministry to about fifty persons soon."

Cheered with this good news from his old diocese, Mr. Campbell returned to Glasgow, and preached to a host of children. It was, he says, "a pleasant sight, and put me in fine spirits." But the cities were not his object; he preferred to be a village preacher, although now "a London minister." Accordingly, he started on foot, through hail and rain, for Inchinnery, and knocked up his shoes before a horse, sent to meet him, arrived. When his shoes were repaired, he sailed in an open boat from Greenock to Helensburgh, but, owing to a storm, reached it too late for preaching. Next morning he went to Roseneath, across the Gairloch, to see the new castle of the old Duke of Argyle, then eighty-five years of age, and thus not likely to see it finished. "One buildeth and another inhabiteth,"

he said, and returned to Helensburgh to improve the death of a woman who had just died, crying out "for half an hour of longer life."

Next day he had to return to Glasgow on foot, a walk of twenty-six miles; after which he gave an address to the joint churches of Messrs. Ewing and Wardlaw, in the Tabernacle, and was up early next morning to visit two felons, "in a gloomy dungeon, under sentence of death for forgery, and in chains." They were very ignorant, but very willing to be instructed.

Next day was the Sabbath, and after preaching twice in Glasgow, he walked out to Carmyle, and both preached and examined a school. After the labours of the day, he met with a lady whom he had formerly visited when she was deranged. "I was glad," he says, "to see her in her right mind. Her derangement is said to have been produced by the solemnity with which the Bishop of London had concluded a lecture on the parable of the Virgins. Several persons started from their seats, and this lady lost her reason, when he exclaimed in an awful tone, 'The bridegroom *unexpectedly* came, and the door was *shut!* Watch ye, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Lord cometh.'"

Having walked to Dumbarton, and preached there to a large audience, he went on to Renton that night, and next morning he so walked himself out amongst the scenery of Lochlomond that he fell asleep after breakfast, and lost the opportunity of preaching at Luss. This pained him much; but he endeavoured to make up for his long nap by sending the *drummer* to announce another sermon at Renton that night.

Next day he walked back to Glasgow, sixteen miles,

to visit again the two men under sentence of death. " I asked them," he says, " a number of questions, in order to find out the state of their minds. Scott said that his mind dwelt upon the case of the thief on the cross: Adamson thought that he must make his heart good, before he could find mercy. I urged them to believe the gospel as glad news to the helpless and hopeless."

He then went to Edinburgh, to join Mr. James Haldane on a tour to the north of Scotland, in a chaise. At Dunkeld they visted, on his death-bed, the good man who had originated the Tabernacle there. " Although in the agonies of death, he knew me," says Mr. Campbell, " the instant I came to his bed-side." This scene he improved at family worship in the inn, after preaching. For once, he does not seem to have visited the ecclesiastical ruins of an old city. In 1539, Dunkeld had a fine specimen of the bishops of that time. One of his canons, the vicar of Dollar, was in the habit of preaching from the gospel or epistle of the day; and as heresy-hunting was rife then, the bishop warned him thus:—" If you can find a *good* gospel, or a *good* epistle, which make for the liberty (*tyranny?*) of the holy church, you may expound it; but let the rest alone." Forrester replied, that he never found an *ill* one in either the New Testament or the Old. The prelate thanked the Virgin that for his own part he had lived well for many years without knowing either Testament. " I content myself," he said, " with my portesse and pontifical, and if you, dear Forrester, leave not those fantasies, you will repent when you cannot mend it." The Protestant persisted, and was burnt by Cardinal Beaton, the Bonner and Laud, in *one*, of Scotland.—SPOTSWOOD.

There were both ignorance and superstition at Dunkeld at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Campbell remembered, when passing the Tay at Inverferry, that Mr. Ewing, of Glasgow, had once been in the boat, when a countryman gravely told him "that the devil had crossed twice in that boat, and almost sunk it by his weight; but the ferryman would take none of the *black man's* money." Such superstition is not rooted out of the Highlands yet. It was the presbytery of Dunkeld that rejected Dugald Buchanan.

He was now on *foot* again, having parted with Mr. Haldane, to visit his father-land in Bredalbaneshire, where he enjoyed more than ever "the birks of Aberfeldie and Acharn," because now they were vocal with the new song. He preached, in a birch-wood on the side of one of the lofty mountains, "to 300 people, and administered the sacrament to 150, and baptized a child." One poor woman, who until of late had never heard of London, asked him, "'How are the believers in the place you come from?' I answered, 'Very well.' She said, 'Oh, I am *so* happy to hear that. Are there *many* of them?' When I told her that there were many thousands in London, she exclaimed, 'Oh, that is *guid!* I am glad of that!'" An old highlandman told him that London—*Loong toon*—meant, the port of ships.

There had been much opposition to the gospel in Bredalbaneshire at first: it amounted, indeed, to persecution for a time, although the missionary, Mr. Farquharson, began his work in Sabbath-schools. Even at Killin, where, as the birth-place of his father, Mr. Campbell had some influence, the school was broken up. Threatenings rang along both sides of Loch Tay, and met upon the bosom of its calm waters. At one

time, no one but a poor widow would venture to shelter the missionary, "the persecution was so hot." But the scene was soon changed. Neither sulky lairds nor "solemn drones" could frighten the people away from the missionaries. The standard of Independency was unfurled in Glen Lion by a lion-hearted farmer, who set all threatenings at defiance; and his example was soon followed by the glensmen. Mr. Campbell found fifty of them united as a church when he went to pay his respects to this champion. He paid the same compliment to the widow who, at all hazards, had "done what she could."

When he came to *Killin*, a spot dear to him for his father's sake, he had to wait until *ten* o'clock at night before he could preach, because the people were up in the hills cutting turf. When it was dark, however, they came trooping home, and filled the meeting-house. Mr. Farquharson, who was God's instrument in this great work in the country, arrived just in time from Edinburgh to conclude the service by a prayer in Gaelic.

He then went into Glen Lochy, "that sweet sequestered glen, with its woods, rocks, waterfalls, and high hills," balancing the threatening of a woman, who vowed "that she would not *suckle* her child if a missionary baptized it," by the conversion of a young officer who had been a great opposer of the gospel, but now its warm friend, although both the clergy and his family opposed him.

On his return to Killin, he found Mr. Haldane, who had been as busy as himself every day. They had been there together two years before, and then they could not hear of one pious person; "but now," says Mr.

Campbell—and the record is written in a *bold* hand—"there are a goodly number of sweet disciples!" That doubled the charm of "the place of his fathers' sepulchres." Next day the itinerants walked to Tumble-bridge and Dalnacardoch, over rough roads on barren hills; "for it was as much as the horse could do to drag the chaise after him." They had a similar long walk to Kencusie, under "clouds pouring down rain, and over mountains covered with snow." Here they met with a pious blacksmith, whom the celebrated and eccentric Duchess of Gordon carried off for a time in her coach, as she did *Pitt* once. She wanted to *unriddle* the new religion, which had made such a stir. "Well, Gordon," said her Grace, as the coach drove off, "do you attend your parish church?" "No." "Why? Is not the minister a good preacher?" "His preaching was never profitable to my soul." "Is it true that your people hate music, Gordon?" "We are not fond of it." "But King David played on musical instruments." "True; but Amos says, 'Woe unto them that invent to themselves instruments of music *like* David.'" "Surely that is not in the Bible!" Thomas Gordon took his Bible from his pocket, and turned to the text. "So you carry your Bible in your pocket. Well, go and sit on the coach-box until I read the whole chapter."

When she called the blacksmith in again, she inquired what objection he had to *dancing* meetings. He said they were condemned by Paul, as "revellings." With Paul and Amos thus against her own favourite amusements, her Grace most ungraciously attacked the clergy more than Gordon had done, declaring that they "minded their farms more than their ministry, and

ought to have only a house and a cow's grass." After taking him "many miles with her," she rewarded him, and set him down. "But," says Mr. Campbell, "I recollect very little of the conversation they had."

On leaving Avenmore, the itinerants were overtaken by a man who had run four miles after their chaise. He had lost both his hands in battle, whilst a soldier. Two years ago, he had heard Mr. Campbell "preach at *Tillegorum*, where he came to mock; but God came to save: the sermon reached his heart, and now he exhorts his neighbours to flee from the wrath to come, holding up before them the two *stumps* of his arms to show how near he had been to damnation" when his hands were shot off.

After many windings in the Highlands, and much preaching, they came to Inverness, where Mr. Campbell's old friends, on seeing him, could hardly believe their own eyes, that a *London* minister would come so far north! He was, however, going farther north. "We were hurrying to Caithness, to reach it before Sabbath, if possible. The phaeton was put on board the ferry-boat, which put off before I could quit Fort George, and would not came back for me. However, I got on board by a small boat, and we had a fine passage to the Black Isle." They reached Tain at midnight, and found the inn "choke full of soldiers, and no beds. The house resounded with drunken men singing. We lay down upon a mattress on the floor, but not until two o'clock in the morning." After preaching here, they had to assist in *rowing* the boat which carried them to Dornoch, and then to walk, chiefly, to Helmsdale, where again they did not get to bed sooner than at Tain, and not more comfortably. They "slept well," however,

and started early for the Ord of Caithness, "a stupendous and almost perpendicular mountain, washed at the base by the German Ocean." They could hardly keep the phaeton from being dashed in pieces upon the road along this mountain. One of its springs did break; but they reached Portmock in safety, "still walking and leading." Mr. Campbell then started, on horseback, for Thurso, and again reached the inn at midnight. For a time he knocked in vain. Even when he succeeded in rousing a servant, he got only the key of the stable handed out to him. He had to put up the horse himself. But he knew where to go for a bed. He had been here before. The missionary was sitting up for him.

Next day was the Sabbath, and he wrote thus, when he arose, "God has brought me to the extremity of my journey. Seven hundred miles from home. Here I raise my Ebenezer. I know not what awaits me before I can reach Kingsland, (if I ever shall;) but His past goodness encourages me to trust God for the future." In this frame of mind he began to work hard in Caithness, preaching once or twice every day, and three or four times on the Sabbath, his conveyances varying from a family chariot to a Shetland pony, and his residences from a laird's mansion to a hovel "in which there were, in the same apartment, three calves, one sow, some ducks, a hen and chickens, an old woman, and himself." But whether he slept in a mansion or a hut, he was up early in the morning to survey the wild and majestic scenery of the coast, and to measure with his eye the height of waves and the weight of *rolled* rocks.

Here and there amongst the places where he had

formerly "gone preaching the gospel," he found or heard of some signal seals to his ministry. One in Wick, and another in Staxica, were authenticated to him by the Rev. Mr. Cleghorn, as now exemplary Christians.

At the end of a fortnight, Mr. Haldane, who had been working and rewarded in the same manner, joined him again at Dunbeith; from which they started for Helmsdale, with one horse. They rode and walked by turns, each carrying his great-coat "suspended from the point of an umbrella," as he toiled along the rough sides of the Ord. Here they were agreeably surprised to see, higher up on the mountain, nearly a hundred people on the heather, and an old man standing up in the midst of them, praying. This sight banished all sense of fatigue. They found that the party were returning from the sacrament at Clyne, and took this mode of resting themselves when they were weary.

Next day, to the joy of both, the phaeton met them, and they went on by the sea shore to Dunroben Castle, where Mr. Haldane preached to a regiment of volunteers, who, although "out on a *field*-day, were dismissed early, that they might hear a sermon." Their route now lay through Dornoch to Tain, and fatigue seemed at an end. But they had only rode a few miles, when Mr. Campbell missed his *umbrella*. It had fallen unnoticed. His umbrella, it is well known, was almost a part of himself, both at home and abroad; and as he deemed it in more peril than Dr. Johnson did his walking-stick, he almost ran back in search of it. After a trip of nearly three miles, he saw it in the possession of a man on horseback, who delivered it up on the first demand.

Before he got back to the phaeton he was "greatly

fatigued;" but he preached that night at Tain, from a tombstone in the church-yard, to a goodly audience. Next day he preached from the stairs of the jail at Dingwal, and the prisoners were allowed to come near enough to hear him.

They now went on to Inverness again, and, while crossing Beuly ferry, had the mortification to see the boatman tumble into the river, because he would not move the phaeton according to the mode they advised. He got out safe, and as the fall was his own fault, he shook himself, "and was quite silent." At night Mr. Haldane preached on the School-hill, near to the ruins of Macbeth's Castle, and Mr. Campbell next night in the Methodist chapel.

Whilst at Inverness he recollected, he says, "how highly Rowland Hill had spoken of the scenery around the Fall of Foyers." His party, therefore, went to visit it. On their return to the city, he preached on the hill, descanting upon "the sublimity of the mountain, the majesty of Lochness, and the beauty of the natural birch trees which overhang the falls; a scene which leaves an infidel without excuse, if he have eyes." "After sermon some of our pious friends told us that they had been quite surprised at our trip to see the country, and thought that we had minds *above* such things; but from the use I had made of the scenery, they now wondered that they had never seen the glory of God in it before. But they had been accustomed to it from their infancy, and thus, although good men, never thought of looking at the wisdom or power of God in it." This is true, but not all the truth. They had no *hallowed* associations with it. The person chiefly referred to had had too many wet, weary, and

ill-paid walks, as a teacher, to and from Foyers, to be enchanted with its charms; and the others sympathized with him. Mr. Campbell did not know this. The fact is, as hinted before, they were men of genius, but then looking at things through a jaundiced medium. Neither Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Haldane had such an eye for Nature as old William Frazer of Tannavuachin.

I cannot follow them further thus minutely. Similar services and incidents took place all over Morayshire, Banffshire, and part of Aberdeenshire. I must, however, record their visit to Huntly, my native village. Mr. Campbell says, "We called on Mr. Cowie, after Mr. Haldane had preached in the square till nearly *ten* at night. I preached next morning in his chapel to the young folks, who were all seated before the pulpit. The text was Prov. xix. 2. 'That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.'" My own memory records this sermon more fully than Mr. Campbell's journal. I was one of the young folks whom he addressed that morning; and, but for the impression made by that sermon upon my mind, I certainly should not have been his biographer. That, I am aware, would have been no serious loss to the church. Imperfectly, however, as I have performed the task, it would have been both less graphic and cordial, had he not been at my right hand all the time,—just as I then saw him with his *watch* in his hands, and his *eyes* speaking love to our souls, louder than his lips, explaining to us how our souls, although hidden like the machinery of his watch, moved our hands, and feet, and tongues. I never forgot the watch. Besides, he stroked my head when he came down from the pulpit. I feel his hand upon it yet.

To this living link between Mr. Campbell and myself,

the public are indebted for the papers he wrote in his old age, as materials for his life. Indeed, the only reason why more influential urgency did not prevail with him, was, that his other friends in London could not lead him amongst the scenes and society of his early visits as an itinerant in the highlands and islands of Scotland. Hence, also, the form of some of the papers in this volume. They seem written to myself, as if he intended me to be his biographer. But this is a mistake. At least, he never intimated such a wish to me. He intended that I should bring them out as his autobiography, before his death. This is the sole reason why some of them are addressed to me. But he died before half his plan was filled up. I know well what I expose myself to by this *egotism:* but I owe it to his modesty to explain how his scruples against any memoir of himself, from his own pen, were overcome. I *betrayed* him into the undertaking, and then tempted him on by hints and questions about "Auld lang syne;" and I am quite contented to bear the blame of catching him "by guile," for such a purpose.

But to return. Whilst at Huntly, Mr. Campbell paid a visit to the widow of his early friend John Leslie. From him he had derived many of the hints, and much of the spirit, which gave catholicity to his views and plans, and a charm to his Sabbath-school addresses. Accordingly, he treasured up his letters as "fine gold." And his own were equally preserved and precious in Huntly. "The widow," he says, "showed me a *drawer full* of my old letters to her husband. Poor thing! She stood with her back to the *door*, and would hardly let me away."

When he came to Aberdeen, Dr. Philip called upon

him, and sat an hour; but with as little anticipation of their future life in Africa, as when they first met at Hoxton College. He then preached along the line of the road to Edinburgh, and having visited his old friends there, he sailed from Leith to London. On reaching Kingsland again, he wrote, "Got home, after an absence of four months and three days, and found my heart filled with gratitude to God, who had kindly preserved me through all the journey."

Long as this journey was, he made another into the western highlands, in the summer of the next year; but although he began a journal with great care, he did not continue it many days. In regard to such long *absence* from his pastoral charge, it is easily explained. His people then had never had a stated minister, and supplies are easily found in London. Besides, he would not have become a pastor then, at the expense of abandoning his old bishoprics in the highlands and islands. Next to the Missionary Society, they were "always before" him, until events, over which he had no control, disturbed their peace and prosperity.

His precise standing, as a public man, in London, when he settled at Kingsland, will be best seen from his connexion with the great societies which arose at the time. "I attended," he says, "several preparatory meetings of *part* of the Tract Society Committee, who were the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. They called a meeting in the London Tavern to propose the formation of such an institution. Granville Sharp, Esq., was in the chair. About *sixty* persons might be present. The motions were all carried. Mr. Reyner had a paper to receive names. Mr. S. Mills came to him, and asked what sum he should put down?

Looking up to see who it was, he said, 100*l.* A Quaker, who asked the same question, got the same answer. I think both acquiesced. But not one present had the most distant idea of the magnitude to which the Infant Society would reach. Perhaps none thought of an income beyond four or five thousand a year. That it would ever reach 100,000*l.*, could not have been anticipated by the most sanguine; for there had been from the beginning of the world, no precedent upon which they could found such an expectation."

"Soon after the Bible Society, the London Hibernian Society was formed. I attended all the preliminary meetings, and at its formation was chosen secretary, which I continued to be until I went to Africa." This memorandum was written in 1830. In 1840 he was exempted from the mortification of seeing that *Catholic* Society *churchified*, for which he and his friend Robert Stephen, Esq., had deliberated and laboured so much, and to which Dissenters contributed so long and largely. Mr. Campbell was "not easily provoked," nor prone to hard or harsh speeches, but he would have called this, "Wheel about, a *Jim Crow* jump." He would have added, however, that Dissenters who give place to Churchmen, merely as Churchmen, and thus for no moral, religious, or natural reason, deserve to be *ousted* by usurpers.

"I had also the privilege," he says, "of attending the preparatory meetings for the formation of the London Female Penitentiary; many of them held at Mr. Pellatt's, of Ironmonger's-hall; a certain lawyer, who came to Christ, and *kept* by Christ, doing, gratis, the business of every religious society until his death."

Thus Mr. Campbell was intimately and officially con-

nected with the first movements of our great Catholic Societies. It must not be supposed, however, that he gained any thing but *pleasure* by this position. It was not even his ministerial *income*, which enabled him thus to co-operate with the Fathers and Founders of the institutions. He had to betake himself to the drudgery of keeping a school at Kingsland, in order to "make ends meet" for his subsistence.

He himself has left no reference to this fact in any of the papers he wrote to me; nor did I ever hear him mention it. It appears, however, in the following letter, written to his friend, the late Robert Stephen, Esq., by another friend. "Dear Sir,—Having every reason to consider you as the steady friend of my worthy pastor, I feel confidence in addressing you on his behalf. You know, as well as myself, that his circumstances require more than he derives from his pastoral labours at Kingsland. Hence his having undertaken the charge of a school, which, though originally suggested by myself, I consider as a burden he ought not to have to bear, if by any lawful means he can be relieved from it." This burden, however, he was bearing up to the time he went to Africa, and even after he returned.

This fact is introduced merely to illustrate the perfect disinterestedness which brought him to London, and characterized all his public labours: except, indeed, it be *selfish* in a philanthropic man, to throw himself into the best channel for gratifying his benevolent sympathies, and associating with the champions of religion and humanity. Now, this he certainly did, and felt no ordinary complacency in his success. Indeed, if he *gloried* in any thing human, it was in his being a party to the grand designs which made the dawn of the 19th cen-

tury a new era in the annals of time. That was a distinction then, and it is a renown now, and it will be "an everlasting name." If, therefore, to be somewhat vain of it, indicate imperfection, to be unaffected by it would indicate insensibility. Besides, Mr. Campbell had acquired no ordinary distinction in the best society, before he came to London, and he brought more influence and experience to the aid of the new societies than the generality of their ministerial founders possessed at first. In a word, they were more indebted to *him* than he was to them. This remark he would not have made, nor agreed to. It is, however, only bare justice to make it now, in order to rebut the sarcasm, that, "but for the Missionary Society, he would have been selling *nails* in the Grass-market." That old jest will be pointless, now that his position in the Grass-market is known.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO AFRICA.

The death of Dr. Vanderkemp, in South Africa, (whose life I hope to publish soon from his own journal,) and the critical state of both the Hottentot and Caffre missions there, led the Directors of the London Missionary Society to fix upon Mr. Campbell as their representative in that country. This was both natural and proper; for to no heart was Africa dearer, and but few hearts could have so fully sympathized with Vanderkemp's missionary spirit and plans. "He was just the man to follow Vanderkemp," said Mr. Bannister, the author of "Humane Policy," to me; and he had examined on the spot the influence of both upon the native mind.

Many of the circumstances which prepared him for such a mission, from his youth upwards, have been distinctly marked in the preceding chapters. Indeed, the only thing necessary to complete the account of his qualifications is, that he had made himself familiar with all Dr. Vanderkemp's movements, from their commencement to their close. The Missionary Magazine, which he projected in Edinburgh, and which he aided so much whilst he remained there, gave prominence to all the African intelligence which Vanderkemp sent home. It was, in fact, the *charm* of the work to him.

But although thus qualified to be "baptized for the

dead," it was not without great deliberation that he consented to be so. The following is the *original* outline of the answer which he gave to the Directors of the Society: —"Your letter did not reach me until yesterday. But I was not taken unawares, having heard of its approach. Notwithstanding this, I trembled before God, on perusing it, lest, like Demas, I should be overcome by the love of ease in this present world, or should undertake in the kingdom of our Lord what I was never designed for. Had I acted on first impressions, I should have sent a refusal; but I resolved to take time to consult God and my friends. The church, also, over which I am placed are of opinion, after prayer and consultation, that I ought to comply. I am also encouraged to think favourably of the proposal, by finding, for some time back, a disposition to lean upon the all-sufficient grace of our Lord. This, and this alone, connected with my responsibility to God, induces me to consent. Since I had the first hint of the design, I have been looking at it in all its bearings, and earnestly entreating counsel of God. I send this note because I think the Society entitled to the earliest notice of my views which I can give. When I can write more decidedly, you shall hear from me. Perhaps the Directors will nominate two or three of their members to confer with me. All depends on my place being suitably supplied. Without the assurance of that, there would be cause for constant uneasiness whilst absent."

The readiness with which the church at Kingsland agreed to give up their pastor for this mission is much to their credit; for the prospects of supply held out to them were not very flattering, and the results did not surpass them. This, however, was not

the fault of the Society. Mr. Campbell had a school as well as a pulpit, and it was not easy to find an occupant of both in the same person.

He was set apart to his new ministry in Miles's-lane chapel. Dr. Morison, of Chelsea, and myself, then students at Hoxton College, dined with him at the house of a mutual friend that day, and then conducted him to the chapel. The place was crowded to excess. The venerable Dr. Waugh, then in the zenith of his unction and glory, gave the charge, and, if possible, excelled himself on the occasion. The blaze of mingled love and majesty which irradiated his face was itself a sublime appeal to the hearts of all; and it brightened until some felt that the veil of Moses would have been a relief. He took for his text Jehovah's address to Joshua—"As I have been with Moses, so will I be with thee." He then paused, and, riveting his eagle-like and dove-like eyes on his friend, said, in his richest tones of tenderness and solemnity, "As I have been with Vanderkemp, so will I be with *thee*, Campbell!" Then, lifting his streaming eyes to heaven, and clasping his trembling hands, he exclaimed in holy triumph, "I have no doubt but the gread Head of the church will sanction this *accommodation* of his promise!" The effect was electrical. It seemed impossible that even Dr. Waugh could sustain the spirit he had created. Some of us, who were prepared to write, laid down our pencils until we saw what line of thought he could adapt to such a tone of feeling; but we did not take them up again until he was done, although he spoke for an hour.

Some idea of that address may be formed from its peroration, as given in Dr. Waugh's Life. There,

however, it is not given in connexion with Mr. Campbell's mission or name. The fact is, it, and not a few of the specimens of the Doctor's pulpit eloquence, were furnished by myself to the editors of his Life; but I omitted the occasion of it, that I might not be blamed for giving little of such a sermon. The passage ran thus: "Could I place the prophet Isaiah at the base of one of the lofty mountains in Africa, which you, my brother, are about to visit; and if, whilst gazing on its varied scenery, an earthquake were to rock it upon its deep foundations, until, like the Numidian lion shaking the dew drops of the land of Ham from his mane in the morning, it threw off from its hoary and heaving sides the forests, and flocks, and hamlets of huts, and cliffs crowned with lichens and lign-aloes; and were a whirlwind to rush in at that moment, scattering the broken and falling masses in mid air, as if playing with the *sand*-clouds and columns of the desert; still, the voice of the prophet, could it be heard amidst the convulsive war of elements, would exclaim, 'Though the everlasting mountains bow, and the perpetual hills be scattered, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation!' Go, my brother, and do thou the same, whatever dangers you meet in Africa. As God was with Vanderkemp, so will he be with thee, Campbell." On uttering these words, *our* "rapt Isaiah" suddenly sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

Under the influence of this appeal, Mr. Campbell embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, and the spirit of it he evinced in both "perils by sea and perils by land." In following him, however, over Southern Africa, the reader must never forget that it is Africa— as it was a *quarter* of a century ago, and not as it now

is—which appears in these pages. It is the more necessary to bear this constantly in mind, because the names of the principal mission stations there are now familiar as household words, and associated in the public mind with the philanthropic achievements of Dr. Philip, and the heroic enterprizes of Mr. Moffat, and the success of all faithful African missionaries. Neither slavery nor the Commando system of maurade and murder was then abolished or mitigated. Both enormities were then greater than Mr. Campbell durst safely tell even in England, after his second return from Africa. He saw no sure prospect, at the time, of a change in the colonial system, and therefore he did not "think it prudent to tell *all* he knew" on the subject. This also must be remembered by the reader. Not, however, that any one will be disappointed when Mr. Campbell speaks of slavery or colonial policy.

"On the 24th of June, 1812, accompanied by a missionary intended for Calcutta, I went on board the Isabella, at Gravesend, commanded by Captain Peache.

"When we crossed the line, the usual formalities of ducking and shaving those who passed it for the first time, or exacting a fine for the omission of this disagreeable ceremony, was minutely attended to by the seamen. On the 11th of October, when in full expectation of reaching Cape Town on the succeeding day, the wind changed to the south-east, and blew directly against us with much violence, and soon raised the sea mountain high. The following day it blew with redoubled fury, which obliged us to lay-to under a reefed top-sail and gib, driving away from our port. On the 14th, the storm continued tremendously awful; about three o'clock in the morning, we were almost upset by

a dreadful sea breaking over us: the tumbling of chairs, and the rattling of plates and glasses, prevented all sleep. Perhaps of all scenes which the human eye has an opportunity of beholding, such a storm, in such a latitude, is the most grand, majestic, and awful.

"In the evening the storm began to abate. On the following day, at noon, we found the storm had driven us more than a hundred miles beyond the latitude of the Cape, and two hundred miles further to the westward in longitude. At noon, we were able again to direct our course towards the Cape; but, on the 17th, when within about a hundred miles of it, violent squalls from the south-east drove us again out to sea; and in the evening the sea rose and raged as high and furious as ever. About nine o'clock the elements seemed conspiring to effect our destruction, which produced a very serious meeting for prayer, in the cabin, for our preservation from the fury of the raging storm. During prayer, the violent heaving of the ship rendered it almost impossible to remain in one posture. At one, next morning, a powerful sea broke over the stern, and came rushing down into our cabin: when at breakfast, the same thing was repeated.

"On the 20th, our allowance of water was a second time reduced. On the 21st, at five, P.M., a seaman from the mast head descried land, which, on the following day, we found to be the south side of the entrance to Saldanha Bay. Having seen no land for ten weeks, the sight was peculiarly gratifying. At eleven, A.M., Table Mountain, which stands immediately behind Cape Town, was seen from the deck. On the 23rd, at two o'clock in the morning, a squall, which lasted three hours, drove us again out to sea; but at noon, the wind

becoming favourable, we were brought by the evening within eighteen miles of our port, and next morning, at ten, A.M., by the good providence of God, we cast anchor in Table Bay, opposite to Cape Town; exactly four months after sailing from Gravesend. After feasting our eyes for some time on the splendid town before us, we all went below to dress, in order to go ashore as soon as possible, lest a south-easter (as they call it) should suddenly blow, and detain us for days on board, which frequently occurs.

"I found an unexpected welcome here from one I must tell you about. There lived in Edinburgh a respectable couple, who had two children. In consequence of the husband being a long time in a consumption before he died, they were greatly reduced in their circumstances. He was no sooner dead than symptoms of a decline appeared also in his widow, perhaps derived from him. From her circumstances, she was under the necessity of applying for public assistance, and the Sick Society received her as one of their pensioners. Being in my district, I was appointed to visit her weekly. The youngest boy soon after died, and the mother continued for several months wasting away in a decline; but during her protracted illness, she appeared to have obtained mercy through faith in Christ Jesus. When near her end, she told me that, having the hope of heaven, she had nothing to trouble her, except what would become of that poor boy, pointing to her son, Kenneth Duncan, who was then about his eighth year. The kind manner in which he had acted towards his mother during her illness, his prudence in laying out her money according to her directions, and his keeping so clean a house, had gradually produced in my heart an attachment to the little fellow, which disposed me to say to the dying mother, 'If you will leave your son to my care, I promise you that I shall do all I can for him.' I think her reply was, 'That is just what I wanted; now I shall die in peace.'

"After her funeral, I disposed of her furniture, which paid the rent that was owing, defrayed her funeral expenses, and supported the boy for nearly a year. At that very time I heard of one vacancy in the Orphan Hospital, for which there were about one and thirty applications. Properly to understand the issue, it is needful to know that what I am relating happened soon after the French revolution had taken place, and

when the mass of the people of Britain were ripe for a revolution in their own country, even to the dividing of the estates of landed proprietors among themselves. No wonder, then, that gentlemen of property were under peculiar alarm. There was a rich old gentleman, who had at that time the chief management of the Orphan Hospital, and who for some time had made it his *hobby;* he added, at his own expense, an additional wing to the building, to complete the original plan, and various other things; and, being aged, the Committee let him take a good deal of its government. Like others, he was alarmed for the safety of his property. His name was Thomas Todd, Esq. Dr. Hardy, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Professor of Church History in the University, wrote confessedly the best defence of the British constitution that had been published. Among several others, I got that Dr. Hardy to sign Kenneth's petition for admission into the hospital. On calling one morning on Mr. Todd with the petition and boy, he said, 'Oh, there are thirty-one petitions already for supplying that one vacancy!' However, I put my petition into his hand. On looking to it, he soon observed the name of Thomas Hardy; on which he looked to the boy, saying, 'You are a *lucky* fellow, there is a name here that secures your admission; look to me, boy, as your father; I will be a friend to you for the sake of that name.' You may believe this was a very important occurrence to me; for had he not been admitted, I had the whole of the support and education of the boy thrown upon myself; but by this decision I had it taken off for at least five or six years. His conduct was highly approved by his teachers; and, as a proof of it, when he came to the age at which he must go out of the hospital, the teachers petitioned the governors that he might remain another year, merely to be an example to the others; which was not agreed to.

"On leaving the hospital, he was bound apprentice to two brothers, who were clothiers, (whom I well knew,) for five years. He gave complete satisfaction to them during the whole of his apprenticeship, and by the end of which he had become a tall, good-looking young man, and very expert in business. They told me they could not afford to give him as a salary what he was actually worth as a clerk, wherefore they recommended him to a relative of their own in London, who received him into his counting-house.

"In process of time he went out as supercargo of a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, and to remain there as agent for a London house, where he got on remarkably well. On my first going out to Africa for the Missionary Society, we had a very long passage,—four months! However, one morning we cast anchor in Table Bay, about a mile from

Cape Town. After feasting our eyes in viewing the town, and the interesting mountain scenery by which it was surrounded, (which was the more interesting to us, from not having seen an acre of land for a quarter of a year,) I went down to the cabin to dress, in order to go ashore; and while thus employed, I heard some person outside the vessel addressing the captain in an angry tone of voice, which made me lay down my razor, and ascend to the deck to learn the cause. How astonished was I to find that the voice proceeded from my young friend, Kenneth Duncan, who was standing up in a small boat between two Malays. Most of our cargo belonged to him: in ordinary passages he should have had the goods a month before, and the want of them had caused both loss and inconvenience; and he was attributing the length of the passage to the ignorance of the captain. He was so engaged with the captain, that for some time he did not notice me, though I was looking over, nearly opposite to him. At length his eyes and mine met, which so overwhelmed him, that down he fell to the *bottom* of the boat; which, being small, he nearly overturned. On rising and getting to the side of the vessel, he climbed and got to the deck in a moment, and in a confused voice asked, 'What is it? what is it? You are the *last* man, knowing your engagements in London, I should have expected to have seen here.' I think, on seeing me, he must have suspected that, on some account, I had been obliged to leave England, and had come to him for help. Seeing his agitation, I told him, 'All was *right*, and if he would step down to the cabin, I should tell him my object in coming to Africa, which was a very important one;' and could not help expressing my surprise that he should be the *first* man belonging to Africa whom I should see after the ship had let down her anchor!

"On reaching the cabin, I immediately told the object of my visit to Africa, viz., as a deputation from the London Missionary Society, to visit their missionary stations, &c. With this information, he was satisfied that all was correct. He then told me that he had lately married the eldest daughter of the chief magistrate of Cape Town; that they had a large house, and he and his wife lived with her parents; that I was well known to the whole family, as he had often spoken of me to them; to which he added, 'And you will find yourself as much at home to-night as you would in your own house at Kingsland;' which I actually did. I saw the hand of God through all this, working in favour of the missionary cause in which I was embarked; for lodging with such a family as a friend gave me at once a respectability in the eyes of some, which I found helpful to my object. Sometimes, on going to bed at night, I could not refrain reflecting on the numerous links in the chain

of Providence, by which I was brought to that house and the bed on which I lay. The whole family were most kind and attentive all the time I remained under their hospitable roof. After two or three months passed over, living chiefly there, and part of the time at Mr. Kuyper's, of Stellenbosch, the hour of my departure for the interior came; my wagon, with twelve oxen, stood in front of the house; the whole family were assembled to take leave of me, which they did on the terrace, most affectionately, with several of their slaves, males and females. I never saw them more in the same position; for on my return, about a year after, I found the father was dead, the family removed to another house, and the young couple to a house of their own, to which I was invited to take up my residence so long as I remained in Africa, which I did very comfortably.

"When the day of my departure for England came, my friend Mr. Duncan, and another young friend, went with me in a boat to the brig in which I was to sail. When I took leave of my two young friends, how little I suspected that they were soon to be removed to an eternal world; but so it was that my friend, a few months after, was taking a ride on his grey horse, to which he was much attached, and had fallen from it; whether by a fit, or otherwise, remains unknown. He was found on the road insensible, in which state he continued till he died; of course, unable to explain the circumstances attending his death. His widow was afterwards married to a Cape gentleman, who heard, long before I went out a second time, that it was probable I should pay another visit to the Cape; he therefore kindly invited me, by a letter I received in London before I set off, to take up my residence under his roof, the same as I had done under his wife's, when her name was Mrs. Duncan. This I did during the whole of my second visit to Cape Town. Being saved board and lodging both times I resided at the Cape of Good Hope, through that little Edinburgh orphan boy, was a considerable saving to the Missionary Society, for these are very expensive at the Cape; and then my additional comfort, by living among friends instead of strangers, was very great."

"Thus ended a voyage, the beginning of which tried our patience, and the latter part our faith in God; to whom, in those mighty agitations of the elements, we looked as the God of the sea as well as of the dry land; who was pleased, in answer to prayer, to bring us in safety to the extreme end of the African continent,

which was the first part of it we had seen; such is the improvement in navigation since the days of perilous *coasting* voyages.

"Soon after my arrival in Cape Town, I received particular accounts of two earthquakes, which had happened some time previously, of a very terrific nature. The places of worship had been but thinly attended before these earthquakes took place, but now they were crowded.

"We received a license from government to preach while we remained in the colony, and having obtained from the Cape Society the use of the great meeting-house, we began preaching there, attended chiefly by soldiers of the 93rd and 83rd regiments, with some from the 21st light dragoons, to the number of three or four hundred.

"Mohammedanism had rapidly increased in Cape Town. They had about five mosques, where they assembled for worship. About twenty free Mohammedans join together, and rent a large house, to which they invite poor ignorant slaves, to gain them over to their party. By this method a large number of persons have been persuaded to join them, and rendered ten times more prejudiced against truth, and against all white people, or persons called Christians, than they were before.

"In general, the slaves are treated with tenderness in Cape Town. In the house where I lodged, they are treated as if they were their own children, and most of them would be sorry to leave the family. Their children are put to school, and play about the room where the family sit at their meals, with as much freedom, and receive as much attention, as if they were their own

children; but they are slaves! a condition which shocks humanity, though so different from slavery in general.

"I went to Stellenbosch, a town about twenty-six miles from the Cape, to reside, till wagons were prepared for proceeding up the country. I travelled in the post wagon, drawn by ten high-spirited African horses. Though the greater part of the road was over deep sand, yet they went about six miles an hour. On leaving the half-way house, we ascended a considerable hill at full gallop, which I found afterwards to be a general practice with horse wagons. In six hours we reached Stellenbosch.

"Visited our venerable missionary, Mr. Bakker, who labours in the instruction of poor slaves, week-days and sabbaths. He told me that that day (Nov. 21) nine-and-twenty years, a Dutch man-of-war, in which he was, after being almost a wreck by a long storm, sunk in the ocean, off the coast of America, when, out of three hundred men, only about forty were saved, by getting into boats on board another vessel, and he was one of the forty.

"I attended Mr. Bakker's slave meeting on the sabbath, which was truly interesting. About 180 were present. Some of their countenances, though jet black, were very engaging, indicating much mind; others were vacant. Mr. Kicherer, from Graaf Reynet, addressed them. Every one seemed to hang on his lips. One was singularly earnest in listening, which attracted Mr. Kicherer's attention so much, as to induce him, in the middle of his discourse, to ask him several questions about Jesus, which he answered with a happy smile on his sable face. I shall never forget his answer, when asked if *he loved* Jesus Christ. 'O yes, massa; me

dearly love Jesus Christ, massa!' Several came to Mr. Kicherer, after he retired to Mr. Bakker's room, and spake about Jesus. One female spoke with peculiar fervour, regardless of all about her. The scene was a sermon to me.

"Afterwards, I inquired respecting the slave who had so feelingly answered Mr. Kicherer's questions, in the middle of his discourse, when I was informed he had long been an excellent Christian. Formerly, his master would not permit him to attend Mr. Bakker, after he had frequently attended, without his master's knowledge. One day, when his master called him to his room, and threatened to give him a severe flogging, if he ever went again to hear Mr. Bakker, the poor slave, with Christian gentleness, said, in reply, '*I must tell the Lord that;*' and silently left the room. This simple saying so wrought upon his master's mind, that he not only permitted him to go, but likewise all the slaves in his house. This very gentleman and his lady attended the sermon by Mr. Kicherer, at Mr. Bakker's meeting. The slave thanks God for letting him be brought from Mozambique, his native country.

"Mr. Roos, wine-boor, or farmer, near Stellenbosch, having kindly offered to take me in his horse wagon to Gnadenthal, we left his house at five o'clock in the morning, December 29th, in his wagon and eight horses, with three slaves. We crossed Hottentot Holland Mountains, by the only pass in that part of the country. When I came to the foot of the mountain, and viewed a road almost perpendicular, and ascending to a great height, I should have pronounced it impassable, had I not known that others had passed over it. The whole front of the mountain was covered with a variety of

geraniums and other lovely flowers, which helped to cheer the mind while scrambling up the rugged cliff. I think a thousand men could defend this pass against all the armies in the world.

"The settlement is at the end of a valley, closely surrounded, except in one direction, with great mountains, whose summits were enveloped in clouds. As we passed the houses of the Hottentots, the inmates appeared, and saluted us in a very friendly manner, and the children seemed diverted. On arriving at the houses of the missionary brethren, we were received with much Christian affection. A more pleasant spot than where they dwell can hardly be imagined, and knowing that all was a barren wilderness when they came there, not long ago, added greatly to our pleasure when viewing it.

"The dinner was served by Hottentots and one Caffre girl, who waited with as much propriety and expedition as our best English servants could have done. After dinner, we made a circuit round the settlement, calling at several Hottentot houses, which were neat and clean; some had four apartments, which were whitened, and had some articles of furniture. Every house had a good garden, stocked with fruit trees, which are equally ornamental and useful. Their hedges were chiefly of the peach tree, at that time full of fruit, which, when ripe, they cut open and dry in the sun for winter. The growth of their oak trees surprised me; for those which appeared to me as having seen forty or fifty summers, had only seen eighteen.

"The Moravians had a settlement for some time here, seventy years ago, but, from persecution, were obliged to leave it, and return to Europe. They showed me an

aged woman who remembered the missionary; and they pointed out the grave of another female who died lately, and had been converted under the first missionary. She kept a New Testament during the fifty years' absence of the missionaries. She could not read; but she sometimes got another person to read it to her. Oh, how her soul rejoiced on the return of the missionaries! It was to her like life from the dead.

"After tea we ascended one of the hills, to have a complete view of the whole settlement, which is about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The gardens being very numerous, the whole resembled a town in a wood. I viewed it as a garden of the Lord, a field which he had blessed. I could not but reflect on the former ignorance and present knowledge of its inhabitants; and of Jehovah's dwelling graciously in many of its huts, far removed from the din of war, and the distractions of the busy world.

"On my return to Cape Town, I had the happiness to meet Mr. and Mrs. Milne, from London, on their way to China, to join Dr. Morrison; as also Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, from Calcutta, real friends to the missionary cause."

Whilst at the Cape, Mr. Campbell received many polite attentions from General Sir J. F. Cradock, K.B., the Governor, and from his Secretary. The latter allowed him to inspect the correspondence between the Government and the missionaries. The former assured him "that he was a hearty friend to missions, but did not approve the method in which they were conducted. 'Industry and the useful arts,' he said, 'were not sufficiently connected with Christian instruction;' adding, with great *naïveté*, 'I am the son of an archbishop,

and thus have had opportunities of acquainting myself with the nature of religion beyond many.'" At dinner his Excellency placed Mr. Campbell "next to him, on his right hand." "No *blessing* was asked before dinner; but Lady Theodosia Cradock asked me to return thanks. I sent Master Cradock, the Governor's only son, a complete set of the Youth's Magazine, with a copy of each of my publications. He is an amiable and clever youth, and will, I have no doubt, both read and lend them. He told me that he had read my 'Worlds Displayed,' and the 'Picture of Human Life' before; which, to be sure, was gratifying to me. My little books had thus got into such families as in England."

At first he was so overcome by the change of climate, that he was not able to preach often. One sabbath morning he went to hear the Navy Chaplain, and the text was, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "The text itself," he says, "was a suitable sermon to me. It exactly fitted my circumstances. O that I had more love to Jesus Christ, and more unshaken dependence on him! Then, the dangerous enterprise before me would all be smooth and easy. But, besides other difficulties, scarcity of water, a burning sun, wide deserts, and war between the colony and the Caffres, are all before me!" Soon after, his old friend Mr. Kicherer, and Mr. Voss, came to him, and cheered his spirits by brighter views of the deserts. But he must have been in very low spirits; for he says, after spending an evening with the Colonial Secretary, "it is very mortifying that, although I can remember all he said about missionary affairs, I cannot recollect one of the many private anecdotes he told me, of Pitt, Dundas, Fox, Pulteney, Wedderburn,

Anstruther, and Dr. Parr. My memory formerly was good. Perhaps, if I *ever* return to England, I may remember them."

Whilst at the Cape, he instituted the inquiries about Madagascar, which Dr. Milne prosecuted at the Isle of France, that led to the *martyr-mission*. "I had a hand in that mission too," he was wont to say with great solemnity.

"My wagons being packed, I left Cape Town on a long journey to the interior of Africa, to visit the various missionary stations, with some other objects. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Milne sat with me in the wagon for the first two miles, when he took leave, and returned to Cape Town, saying he should never forget that short journey as long as he lived.

"The one wagon was drawn by twelve, and the other by fourteen oxen, so that our speed in deep sand was not great. Cupido, a converted Hottentot, drove the one, and Britannia, a Gonacqua, the other: John and Michael, Hottentots, were leaders of the oxen; and Elizabeth and Sarah went with us, to cook and wash for us. We proceeded on our journey, except a short halt, over deep sand, until four o'clock, when we halted at water. Our females soon lighted a fire, and provided a cup of coffee. Proceeded at seven, P.M., and at nine got out of the road among sand-hills; and, in a hollow, one of the wagons stuck so fast, that it was half an hour before it could be extricated. About midnight we again lost the road, and searched for it an hour before it was discovered. About four o'clock in the morning we reached the house of Mr. Roos, who was up at that early hour, in expectation of our arrival.

"In consequence of two of the oxen straying, our

departure was prevented till eight in the evening. At eleven the wind began to blow very hard, and by midnight increased to a violent storm, which obliged us to halt on the highway until daylight. Though I spent a wakeful, uncomfortable night, the Hottentots, in their sheep-skins, slept as sound as on beds of down. Next morning we were three hours in ascending the pass over Hottentot Holland Mountain. It required four-and-twenty oxen to drag each wagon up the steepest part of it. At nine, A.M., we halted at the side of a brook during the heat of the day, which at noon, to me, was almost insupportable. In the evening, as we proceeded, we killed a grey serpent, which shone in the dark; and, as it moved, made a rattling sound, as if to warn people of its approach.

"Halted, during night, at Mr. Wessel's, from whom we received an additional supply of ten oxen, left in his care by the late Dr. Vanderkemp, when travelling to the Cape, twelve months before, which greatly assisted our fatigued oxen to get forward. At eight A.M., we came to a small salt brook, in which one of our wagons stuck so fast, that we were detained nearly an hour: four-and-twenty oxen with difficulty pulled it out. At ten we stopped at what is called River-without-end. Having caught a scorpion near the tent, we tried whether naturalists were accurate, in relating that, if that animal be surrounded with fire, and sees he cannot escape, he will sting himself to death. However, it died as quietly as any other animal, only darting its sting from it, as if to oppose any ordinary assailant. Many circumstances related of animals, particularly those of a venomous nature, by ancient writers, are equally fabulous. Taking notice of another animal, which exactly

resembled an animated piece of straw, with wings and legs, we inquired of the Hottentots concerning it; they said, the boors named it 'Hottentots' god.'

"We crossed the Slang, or Serpent River, the water of which was brackish. The boor in the neighbourhood is obliged to bring his water from the hills ten miles distant. The country around is thinly inhabited, and the people are destitute of all means of information respecting the present and future world. When will this wilderness be transformed into a garden of the Lord? It is an exalted display of the power of Christian principles, for a missionary, from love to Jesus Christ and the souls of men, to leave European Society, and retire to this gloomy wilderness, merely to do good to its scattered and miserable inhabitants.

"The night becoming so dark and rainy, that the road could not be discerned, we were obliged to halt until the morning. In a few minutes the Hottentots constructed their portable house, made of rushes, resembling a stair carpet, about six feet wide, which they raised upon its sides, making the two upper parts to meet so close for a roof, and the two ends for doors, that the rain was excluded; they had also a piece for a carpet. I crept into it, and found it very comfortable. In this rush house, wet as it was, they sat in the dark, singing hymns for about an hour.

"March 17. Early in the morning we awoke, and were happy to find that the rain was over. At six, the oxen were all yoked to the wagons, ready to render all the assistance in their power. They serve silently, without ostentation, boasting, or desire of reward: allow them to eat their Maker's grass, and they ask no more. At Cape Town, I was told that our table would be plenti-

fully supplied with game by the Hottentots; but had our lives depended on such precarious means, we must all have perished.

"When the wagons were descending a steep part of the road, I remarked to Cupido, my wagon driver, that it was bad; he said it was a *moy pat,* or fine road, compared to some that we must yet descend. When dark, we halted at a place called Hell. We soon kindled a large fire, for fuel was plentiful. Cupido's heart was warm, for he spoke to us at worship of the sudden coming of the Son of man, till a considerable part of a candle had burned to the socket. At one time he compared this to the sudden attacks which the wild bushmen make. When a person offered Cupido a glass of Cape brandy, as he must be fatigued, after so long a walk, he refused it, saying, 'I have never tasted spirits since the Lord opened my eyes.' I was afterwards informed, that, before his conversion, he had been a great drunkard.

"The vast variety of flowers, and flowering shrubs and trees, in Africa, is truly wonderful. They proclaim the handy-works of the Lord; and he must have a reason for affording such a display of his wisdom and power to the inhabitants of Africa. Some say it results from the climate and soil; but this conveys no more information on the subject than if, when inspecting a noble edifice, one should tell me it was produced by hammers and chisels. True, these were the instruments, but an architect and his assistants were the agents; and they had a particular design to answer by rearing such a building.

"I took a walk along the banks of the March River till I came to two hills, whose rocky sides nearly touched each other, leaving only sufficient space for the passage

of the river. I sat down upon a rock in this solitary retirement, and put my feet into the water, which, from the sun's powerful heat, was lukewarm. While sitting on this rock, out of the view of all human beings, I recollected I was in the land of lions, tigers, wolves, etc. While retiring from this truly solitary retreat, as I walked on the sand of the river, observing the footsteps of a man, I shrunk back, like Robinson Crusoe; but, on looking around, I found that the footsteps must have been my own.

"Left March River, and soon had a view of Mussel Bay, in the Indian Ocean. The road was strewed with dead beetles, most of which die one of the most painful deaths conceivable: their entrails are eaten away by some little insects, from which they have no means of defending themselves. I found some creeping along with little more than their hearts left.

The Hottentot chief of Hooge Kraal, whose name is Dik-kop, (or thick-head,) with about sixty of his people, came to the wagons to solicit that a missionary should be sent to them. They all heard Cupido preach at sunset. They remained sleeping around the wagons till next morning. I went with them on one of their horses, to see their kraal, three miles from George, in the direction of the sea; the huts were hardly visible when very near their kraal, being so low that they are under the necessity of creeping on all-fours into all of them, except the chief's, in which I could stand erect, around which the whole population collected.

"I entered the hut, and sat upon a stool, surrounded by as many Hottentots as I could pack into it. I asked if they were unanimous in desiring that a missionary should settle among them? All said, 'Yes.' 'Why do

you wish for him ?' 'To be taught by him the same things that white people are taught.' When I asked, 'What things ?' all were silent. When thus engaged, a very aged man, almost destitute of clothing, rushed in, and sat down at my side, kissed my hands and legs. On asking if he knew any thing of Jesus Christ, he said, 'He knew no more about any thing than a beast.' The joy was excessive when I told them a missionary should come and settle amongst them. Wrote a letter to Mr. Pacalt, at Zwellendam, to come; gave it to the chief to carry to him, who promised to go with his wagon to Zwellendam, and assist the missionary to remove thither. The young people were delighted, and went about leaping and dancing for joy, promising to attend school from sunrise to sunset. It seemed the happiest day that had ever been seen at this kraal, in which every thing was wretched in the extreme. The people were filthy in their persons, and only covered with tattered sheep-skins, and ignorant as the wild beasts of the desert.

" We left George, for Papoon Kraal, where we were detained by rain for several days.

" There are various ways of helping forward the missionary work. The poor slaves and Hottentots, who had neither silver nor gold to give, assisted to unyoke, and afterwards to yoke, our oxen to the wagons, which is always a troublesome business. A black man offered to drive our spare oxen a stage, and Mr. Standard, a boor, here offered to lend us oxen to take us over the kloof, which was a long, steep, rocky ascent; indeed, his wife told us that the kloof was so distressing to their beasts, that had one of their neighbours offered twenty dollars to take two of their wagons over it, she would

refuse, but she did this for the cause of God; and well she may, for she owes even her own soul to the missionaries, as God's instruments; and her husband, I trust, is equally indebted to them, and many others scattered over this part of Africa.

"Mr. Standard yoked thirty-two excellent oxen to our two wagons, and happily we were once more in motion. After travelling about four miles, we reached the cliffs, which had engrossed a great part of our conversation for several days past. I confess they exceeded, in difficulty of passing, what I had previously conceived. The steep descent continued for about half a mile; there was a step in the rock, about two feet perpendicular in height, which went directly across the path, and which the wagons must descend; also a quick dangerous turn in the descent, where the rock was smooth, like glass. There one of our wagons took a swing, and was nearly over the edge of the path; had it gone over, it must have fallen down several hundred feet. On reaching the bottom, we crossed the river, about two hundred yards above its entrance into the sea. The cliff that was then to be climbed, deserved to be called 'the hill of difficulty;' however, up the oxen went, and after many a lash, and many a fall, and the loss of some blood, they dragged all safe to the summit, and we went forward on our journey with cheerfulness, until a little after sunset, when we halted in front of a wood, which our Hottentots said was infested by elephants, none of which, however, were seen or heard by any of us.

"Our road next morning lay across the wood, which had a most venerable appearance, from the extraordinary loftiness and great thickness of the trees. In the middle of it our attention was completely drawn from

the trees of other ages, to a long, rocky, and steep ascent in the road. The first wagon, though twenty-six oxen were yoked to it, was two hours before it reached the summit; and the second, with the same oxen, was three hours. The bustle and the anxiety of our minds during these five hours were considerable. The last wagon, at one part of the road, was about two hours in moving forty yards; sometimes from the oxen falling, or ineffectually drawing, because not drawing at the same time, or getting into disorder, or resting. Another person and myself were busy filling up holes in the road. This minuteness of description in the early part of the journey, will assist the reader to form a correct conception of African travelling.

"Halted at Wildeboom (Wild-tree) Place. We spent much of our time while here with Mr. Barkhouse, son of the boor, who lives near. He is rather a singular person, having been dumb from a child. He never was taught any trade, yet he is a good carpenter, wagon maker, founder, and smith. He makes every thing about a musket, except the barrel and the lock, with many other articles, especially cutlery; and all are executed nearly as well as if done by the best workmen in Europe. He knows exactly what every thing he does ought to be charged. While I was with him, he pointed significantly first to his ears, then to his mouth, and then to the heavens; evidently intimating that the God of heaven had chosen to make him what he was, deprived of two of the most valuable faculties of man, hearing and speech. His bed-curtains attracted my attention, being entirely composed of rushes, and they looked very well.

"After dinner, I walked to a brook of excellent water, to indulge myself with a draught. A slave, about thirty years of age, who had watched my motions, came running to me, and asked if he should bring me a basin to drink from. On bringing it, he seated himself by the side of the brook, and told me that all the slaves there would like to go to the schools, (a name given here to missionary stations,) to learn to read; but, said he, 'we have to work, and cannot go, but could not one of them come to us? We work from six in the morning to six in the evening, and should have plenty of time before and after that to learn.' Had I possessed the power, I certainly should have instantly created a missionary, and there have left him with them. I asked him, in my broken Dutch, if there would be a sufficient number of people in the kloof for a missionary to labour amongst. 'Oh, plenty! plenty!' said he; yet it would require a telescope in some parts of the long kloof to see from one house to another. But the man was in good earnest for instruction. I gave him some encouragement to expect assistance. I inquired of the family how they spent their sabbath, seeing they were so far from any place of worship. They said, 'In reading good books.' In the winter, they have sometimes much snow and ice in the kloof; for though it is a valley at the bottom of hills, yet it lies several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and, for want of cultivation, the ground in general is damp.

"In Africa, generally, wherever there are frogs, you will find water, and in a still evening they are heard when half a mile distant; so that, by their croaking, they seem to call upon the thirsty to come and drink.

Does not this show the kindness of God's providence, and that many animals may be useful to man in various ways of which we are ignorant?

"At eleven A.M., Cupido preached. He spoke of every thing coming from God. He asked, 'Who made the trees? You will say, They came from other trees. Well, then, who made the first tree? It could not be man, or he would be able to make them still; but it is beyond the power of man to make a tree: it must be God.'

"A boor kindly sent some bunches of grapes, and some excellent milk. He offered a cheese for a bottle of our wine, to which exchange we readily assented. He afterwards sent his own bottle for the wine; it held twice as much as our bottles!

"We considered our progress to be slow; but slow and swift are only comparative terms. The mail-coach in England moves slowly compared with the flight of a pigeon; and that is nothing when compared with that of a planet; and even that of a planet is slow when compared with the motion of light. We saw a lunar rainbow in the evening.

"March 20. About noon, while halting, we were joined by a wagon belonging to Bethelsdorp, and also by twelve horsemen, a patrole, who were searching for Caffres among the woods and bushes; the colony being at war with that nation. When commencing our last stage to Bethelsdorp, we were joined by three wagons going to Uitenhagen, so that the six wagons and patrole made a formidable appearance while travelling along the open plain. About midnight, I understood we had got near the settlement, by some of our people firing off their muskets as signals of our approach, which were

soon answered by some discharges from the settlement. Many of the young people, in high spirits, ran out to meet us; then came Mr. Read and the other missionaries, with many of their Hottentots, who all gave us a hearty welcome. From the solitary road on which we had been long travelling, a concourse of people and the sound of many voices produced a peculiar sensation; indeed, I felt as if instantaneously introduced into a new world."

He felt this more on his second visit. Bethelsdorp was then a flourishing town; now it was but "a miserable village." Before he died, the church there numbered 105 members, and had schools for infants, children, and adults.

"On the sabbath, which was the day after arriving at Bethelsdorp, I had, for the first time, an opportunity of commemorating the death of our common Saviour, with a church of Christ almost entirely composed of Hottentots.

"On the next day, I visited their cultivated land, which extended for upwards of two miles on both sides of Little Zwartkops River, and also had an opportunity of seeing all the cattle brought home in the evening, and was delighted to see such a multitude, and nearly all the property of the Hottentots. Visited next day the Drosdy, at Uitenhagen, where the landdrost, and the civil and military commanders of the interior districts, Major Cuyler and Colonel Vickers, reside, both of whom gave me a friendly reception. As government had offered to the Missionary Society one or two places, in what was then called the Zuurveld, (now called Albany,) on the confines of Caffraria, Colonel Vickers, who had travelled over that district, pointed out in a map

where I should be likely to find situations suitable for missionary stations.

"On Saturday, Cobus, who is blind, and his wife, came from four hours' (on foot) distance, with their child to be baptized on the morrow. They are both members of the church of Bethelsdorp. The wife knew the Lord first, and soon afterwards poor Cobus was deprived of his sight; but God opened the eyes of his understanding, and he says he never was so happy as since he believed in Jesus. Indeed, from the pleasant smile on his countenance when he spake of the Saviour, peace was evidently within. His wife said she had obtained this child from the Lord, and wished to give her again to him; that she had no wish that her child should be great or rich, but she wished she might have grace, and be a child of God.

"On returning to my lodging, a person, whom Dr. Vanderkemp redeemed from slavery only five years ago, followed me to my room. Among other things which she mentioned, she said she had three sons dead, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. On saying so, she turned her face to the wall, and wept bitterly, and could not, for half an hour, be pacified. The scene was extremely affecting. I wish some advocates for slavery had been present, who assert that Africans have no affection for their offspring." This woman was the mother of Dr. Vanderkemp's native wife.

He thus recorded his opinion of slavery, after having carefully studied the condition of slaves in the colony. "Till now, I was never *thankful* to God that I was not born a slave. I have been accustomed from youth to consider the inhabitants of Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, as a kind of *savages*, because they make their captives

slaves. Now, I consider these people very little inferior to ourselves. We have long treated black people in the same way, and ought to be considered savages by Africans. Are the deeds of African savages worse than those of European? Have Africans slain as many human beings without provocation, or sent so many into slavery? Let the white man answer these questions, and he will find the *odds* against his own colour. I can perceive here no inferiority of intellect, except what may be put to the score of education."—"I had been accustomed from my youth to hear, even from the pulpit, the expression, 'As savage as a Hottentot.' Hottentots are not so savage or dull as our peasantry, or as the Dutch boors. The wife of a boor may be seen in the morning, singing her hymn, with her psalm-book in one hand, and the *sambuk* in the other, lashing her slaves."

Before leaving Betheldsdorp, he wrote thus to Mrs. Bower:—

"*Bethelsdorp, South Africa,*
March 31*st*, 1813.

"DEAR AUNT,—About six weeks ago, just before I set out upon the journey to this place, I wrote to you, and likewise to Mary, with a second duplicate of my letter to Mr. Macauley, which I hope you have received. Since I left Portsmouth, I find by my book I have written seven times to you and Mary, which is pretty well in nine months.

"After travelling five weeks and thirteen hours, we arrived at Bethelsdorp. We travelled night and day, but chiefly in the night time. We had the use of *two* moons during the journey, and happy were we to have this company. I hope you will not suppose we have two moons in Africa shining together. No. In England you have a new moon every month: it is the same here. We enjoyed one in February, and the other in March. At first, I confess I was not fond of sleeping in the wagon, with boots and great coat on; but I soon got so accustomed to it, that I thought no more of throwing myself back to sleep for the

night in a wilderness, than going to bed at Shacklewell. The nights in Africa are sometimes very cold, yet it is wonderful, though much exposed to many a cold blast while asleep, I did not catch one cold; and yet you know how apt I was in England to take cold, if exposed for a few minutes to the least draught of air. We came on pretty well for provisions. At one farm-house we procured bread, at another a sheep, at a third milk and butter; in this way we lacked nothing on the journey, except sometimes a good sleep, which could not always be had, when the oxen travelled without halting from five o'clock in the afternoon till five next morning. Many a tiresome walk I had, when the road was so rough that I could not sit in the wagon; for you must remember they have no springs, like your coaches. You will perhaps wonder how people can venture to travel in the dark through a country almost only inhabited by wild beasts; but I have never felt the same timidity for the wild beasts of Africa, that I have done for the wild *men* of London. I have felt more tremor in coming from Islington to Kingsland at night, when there were no lamps, than I have yet felt in Africa. Ask Mr. Gosling, who has been in India, if he did not feel in a similar way. I write you these facts, because some people may be entertaining you with relations of the lions, tigers, and elephants of Africa.

"It was very foolish in me to leave London without my great coat. I was obliged to get an ordinary one here, and another almost a quarter of an inch thick, to wear in the night time. Few houses here have glass in their windows, but they have good shutters to close in the night time. We had two female Hottentots to dress our victuals and wash our linen. You would have called them clever *queans*, had you been here: indeed, I have often wished that you and Mary had been with me; only perhaps you would have been so reluctant to go over seven or eight thousand miles of sea again, that you would have been for remaining among the Hottentots in preference to returning to Kingsland.

"Bethelsdorp has a poor appearance, as the most of the people live in huts made of reeds, which have fallen into decay. They have been prevented building more permanent dwellings, by their always expecting to get a place from Government more fertile. The place would look better were it beside their corn-fields, which are two miles off, on both sides of a river. I have not seen so much cultivated ground in one place in Africa; but they cannot have the town there, in consequence of the river being brackish water. The ground on which Bethelsdorp stands is barren in the extreme, for want of water; as it stands on high ground, on each side of a brook of good water, which cannot be had so

high up. Hence there are no gardens, or trees, or bushes about the houses, which gives it what we call in Scotland a *bleak* appearance; but there are a number of 'trees of righteousness' in the hovels, that I like to look at, as heirs of the crown of life. I could easily get a few orphan Hottentots to bring with me to England, could we get their passage for nothing, and could they live upon *air* after their arrival in England; but I must not attempt it. My health is good, but I am very lame since my arrival here. I thought it was a sprain, but I begin to think it is a bone in my heel out of its place: it tries me a little, but I have hope it will be well at the time when I am called to walk. I think we nearly walked the one half of our five weeks' journey; but unless my heel gets better, I must run all risks, by remaining in the wagon. You cannot form a conception of some parts of the road: as steep as coming down the side of Arthur's Seat Hill. You may think this nonsense, but it is fact. When I first saw such places, I thought it impossible for heavy-laden wagons to be dragged up and down them; but the oxen effected such feats a dozen of times. I will try to write two lines to Mary soon; but after I leave Graaf Reinet, you cannot hear from me for a long time, because the journey for months will be out of the colony, where no civilised society is.

"I am, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"Some time ago, B——, a member of the church at Bethelsdorp, was travelling to a distance, and halting at a farmer's, near the mouth of the Camtoos River, he collected the farmer's slaves together, and informed them that the Son of God had come into the world to save sinners. What he said caused a great stir among them, about the salvation of their souls. A poor slave from Mozambique, opposite the island of Madagascar, was particularly affected. The providence of God afterwards brought these slaves to work at Uitenhagen, which afforded them an opportunity of attending the preaching of the gospel there. The poor Mozambique slave made rapid progress, though he was but little acquainted with the Dutch language. On returning home

to their masters, at the Camtoos River, he became their minister, meeting with and exhorting them daily.

"When the boor became acquainted with what was going on, he was very angry; however, they continued to meet in a little place which they had fitted up for the purpose. Upon one occasion, some of the family went, unperceived, within hearing of them, and there listened to what was going forward. The boor's wife, while listening to her poor slave preaching Jesus of Nazareth, and the resurrection, felt the force of truth upon her heart. She invited the company to meet in her house, when she read the Scriptures to them, and the slave prayed and exhorted, and this practice is still continued. The boor met Mr. Read lately, who declared that his slave must certainly speak from the Spirit of God, for, said he, 'he knows more than we Christians, who have had the Bible all our days, and he could not surely get all his knowledge in the short time he stayed at Bethelsdorp; and he cannot read.'

"Walked about the village with three of the brethren. In the first house we entered were four boys driving about a mill, of a peculiar construction, for grinding wheat. A young woman was feeding the mill, by gradually pouring wheat into a hole in the centre of the upper grinding-stone, and a little girl attended the sack which caught the meal as it fell. At one end of the house they were making soap of sheep's fat and the ashes of a tree that grows in the neighbourhood, which they say is preferable to potash. At the other end of the apartment, two female tailors were sewing men's apparel. In the next house we entered, several men were employed in cutting the skin of the buffalo into furniture for wagons, and harness for oxen. In a third

house, I examined many large mats they had just finished; these are used by the purchasers instead of carpets, and for beds.

"Having remained about three weeks at Bethelsdorp, constantly engaged about the general concerns of the station, my next object was to inspect the large district of Albany, to find out a proper situation for commencing a new mission.

"For this purpose I left Bethelsdorp, April 9th, 1813, accompanied by my friends, Messrs. Read and Ulbricht, missionaries: the former designing to travel with me to all the stations; the latter only to Albany. Most of the inhabitants came out to witness our departure, and bid us farewell. Upwards of a hundred Hottentots followed us for some time; but as we proceeded on our journey, they gradually left us, and returned home.

"At ten A.M., crossed the Zwartkops River; and further on we halted at a salt lake, about a mile and a half in circumference, which supplies all the surrounding country with that necessary article, by the collecting and transporting of which, several of the settlers at Bethelsdorp obtain part of their living. Though we only halted for a few minutes, our people filled two sacks with salt, to serve us on our journey. The whole bottom was covered with a crust of firm salt, about an inch and a half thick; but what we collected was found lying loose at the side, being gradually driven thither by the wind, which blows chiefly from the south-east. At noon, crossed the Coughas River.

"Immediately on arriving at the beach of the Indian Ocean, we were obliged to ascend a narrow and nearly

perpendicular path across a wood, made by elephants, which also was troublesome, in consequence of some of the trees projecting over the path, which obliged us to cut down large limbs or branches of them, to make room for the wagons to pass. Limbs of trees, broken off by the shoulders of elephants when passing, also formed obstructions. I examined one of the footmarks of this huge animal, which appeared to be about fifteen inches across. Had any of them, when coming down that long and narrow pass to drink in the river, met us, I know not what might have been the consequence, as there was no room for our wagons to turn; and elephants, it seems, will not give way; as for our bullets, being only lead, they would hardly have felt them. Many of their footsteps were but newly made, which our Hottentots knew, from the grass which they had pressed down not having risen up. However, by a kind Providence, we got safely through the wood, which extended upwards of a mile across, and bade farewell to the eastern coast of Africa, and the Indian Ocean.

"We were now in a trackless wilderness, where few men passed through, for there were no paths, except such as had been formed by wild beasts going to drink. In about an hour after leaving the pass across the wood we came to a pool of water, near which we halted. Though we had now about thirty Hottentots in our company, not one of them had ever been before in that part of Africa. In the afternoon, two of the people fell in with an elephant of a large size, but they were afraid to molest him by shooting at him, as there was no place for refuge near. The lightning and thunder commenced in the evening.

"Before sunrise I heard a volley of muskets fired off,

but knew not on what occasion, till the news was brought that a large buffalo was killed, which afforded great pleasure to the Hottentots, who, from their habits, wish to live almost entirely upon animal food. On reaching the spot, I found them busy in skinning the animal, which appeared to be a half larger than the largest of our oxen, with formidable horns, which are now in the missionary museum. In about an hour they had cut up the buffalo, and put the pieces into three wagons, after which we proceeded on our journey.

"The Hottentot manner of drinking water from a pool or stream is very curious; they throw or heave it up with their right hand into their mouth, seldom bringing the hand nearer than a foot's distance from the mouth, and so quick, that, however thirsty, they are soon satisfied. I tried frequently to imitate this practice, but without success.

"Graham's Town is named after Colonel Graham, who commanded the troops sent against the Caffres, when they were driven beyond the Great Fish River. The situation is pleasant and healthy, and enjoys sufficient water all the year for its present population; but should it increase, they will be obliged to devise means for bringing water from a distance. The houses which compose the town at present are built of mud and reeds, and none of them are designed to be permanent dwellings. It is the residence of the deputy landdrost, and the head-quarters of the military stationed in Albany. Some of the officers have already good gardens, though the town has not existed a year." It is now a thriving town. In 1840, its Auxiliary Missionary Society raised 100*l.*, and its Ladies' Working Society realized, by the sale of their work, 115*l.* for the schools. The church

is almost equally composed of Europeans and Hottentots, and the chapel is too small now for even the English congregation; such has been the success of Mr. and Mrs. Locke, in a few years.

"In consequence of two oxen having strayed, we could not leave Graham's Town till four P.M.

"Caffreland being near, Caffres are often lurking among the bushes, but the soldiers have never been able to seize one, they are so expert in pushing through what to others is impenetrable underwood. They wrap themselves up in their carosses, or skin cloaks, which is their only dress, and, leaping into the closest thickets, will get through without a scratch, where none can follow so as to overtake them. Now and then they listen to hear if their pursuers are near, when they dart forward in another direction, and always escape.

"The descent at Bruntjees Hoogte is long and winding, by the side of a steep mountain. In rainy weather, when the road is slippery, it must be very dangerous; for should the wagon slide only a few inches to the left, it must inevitably be precipitated many hundred feet, to the bottom of the mountain. Near the end of the descent, we found a Caffre family sitting by a fire, consisting of husband, wife, and daughter. They said they had come from the Sea-cow River, in consequence of the Bushmen constantly killing the Caffres, and were returning to Caffreland. The man was tall, strong, and a fine figure, and slightly covered with a skin cloak; had several rows of beads round his neck and over his breast. His wife and daughter had a little more dress. The former was in a decline, and her weakness had prevented their proceeding with their friends, who had

gone on before. We gave some wine for the sick woman, with a little bread, for which they seemed grateful. When the girl had drunk the half of her share of the wine, her father seized the rest, and drank it himself, saying, with a smile, 'It is good.' He had six assagays, or spears, with him. These people were painted nearly the colour of mahogany, their countenances agreeable, hair short and woolly. The hills on our right were covered with lively green, and seemed to consist of different stories, by means of regular strata that projected beyond the grass, adding greatly to their picturesque appearance. At eleven A.M., halted under a hill. Our Hottentot, Cupido, was born in this part of the country. He had halted the preceding day at a boor's where he had preached in his simple way, who, on his leaving, gave him a horse to overtake us.

"We were met by our friend, Mr. Kicherer, parish minister of Graaf Reynet, with a horse wagon, in which he conveyed us with speed to his hospitable home. Glad was I to find that Mr. Burchel, who lately returned to Graaf Reynet, from making botanical researches higher up the interior, was not gone; but had kindly postponed his departure in expectation of my arrival. He was the first person who travelled direct, or in a straight line, from Graaf Reynet to our missionary station at Griqua Town, beyond the Great Orange River, by which route he thought we might accomplish the journey thither in a month. He returned by another way, which would require two months; but he recommended the shortest, as one of his Hottentots had consented to be our guide. During the afternoon I saw Martha and Mary, who were in England ten years

before. They recollected Kingsland chapel, because they had spent their first sabbath in it after arriving in England.

"At Vanderkervel's Place, where we spent the sabbath, Mr. Read, after preaching, asked Cupido and Boozak (converted Hottentots) to speak to the people, if they felt inclined, on which both addressed the heathens. Boozak said to them:—

"'Before the missionaries came to us, we were as ignorant of any thing as you are now. I thought then I was the same as a beast; that when I died there would be an end of me: but, after hearing them, I found I had a soul that must be happy or miserable for ever. Then I became afraid to die. I was afraid to take a gun into my hand lest it should kill me: or to meet a serpent, lest it should bite me. I was afraid then to go to the hills to hunt lions or elephants, lest they should destroy me. But when I heard of the Son of God having come into the world to die for sinners, all that fear went away. I took my gun again, and, without fear of death, went to hunt lions, and tigers, and elephants. You shall soon have an opportunity to be taught the same thing.'

"Examined a cave on the side of a high cliff, separated from an opposite cliff, equally high, only by a few yards. Had great difficulty in reaching the cave. Michael mounted first, but, while ascending the rock, his feet slipped, when he rolled down into a pool of water, completely over his head, which appeared to the other Hottentots a mere trifle, for they only smiled and pressed forward. A friend from Graaf Reynet, who was tall and strong, carried me over on his back. It was no easy matter to climb up the cliff to the cave's

mouth, from the steepness and smoothness of the rock. A light being struck, we ventured in, with three candles. On the roof of the cave, which resembled that of a cathedral in miniature, hung hundreds of bats, fast asleep. Our lights awoke many of them, and they flew about us, to the no small danger of extinguishing our lights. Within the cave we sunk half way up the leg into their dry dung, which had the appearance of gunpowder, and probably had been collecting for many centuries. The bats hung by their feet attached to the roof, and so close together, that, at first sight, they appeared to be carved work on the roof. After viewing different apartments in the cave, which was singularly gloomy, we found considerable difficulty in returning, for the bats began to awake, and fly about, at one time putting out two out of three lights that we had, by flying against them.

"At Mr. Vanderkervel's they brought me four Bushwomen, and five or six Hottentot women, covered only with sheep-skins thrown carelessly over their shoulders. I addressed them by means of Mr. Kicherer, and a Hottentot girl, who understood the Dutch and Bushman languages. None of them seemed to know any thing of God, except one woman, who said her grandfather had told her there was a God, or Great Master. They appeared much pleased to hear that they were soon to be taught the same things that white people know. They showed me a Bushboy, who, when first brought there, they said, was as wild as a lion, and would bite any thing that came near him; no doubt from the horror he felt at being brought amongst white people, of whose murders of his forefathers he had probably often heard.

"On travelling a little farther, we came to M. Pinnar's Place, the last habitation of white men in the colony. While conversing with some Hottentots, by means of an interpreter, I observed one man smile as if much pleased, on hearing that people were coming from a far country to instruct them. I visited a hut, standing at the foot of a hill behind the boor's house, in which lived an old blind Bushman. We found him asleep in a sheep-skin, which was his only dress; indeed there was not another article in his hut. On awaking, he slowly sat up; and from the blackness of his skin, his long beard, and probably not having smiled for many years, he had an uncommonly grave and peculiar appearance. A friend from Graaf Reynet was my Dutch interpreter, and a Hottentot girl, about twelve years of age, interpreted into the Bushmen's language, kneeling on the ground, with her black sheep-skin thrown over her shoulders, and her clasped hands under her chin. She repeated to the old man what she was told, with a gravity that astonished me. A small group of children were staring into the hut. The poor man absolutely knew nothing; and when the girl told him that an institution was soon to be established, to teach him and others the things of God, which would make them happy, he intimated, in a very significant manner, that he understood what she told him, but that the report coming from white people, he would not believe it till it took place.

"I was warned against going out of sight of the wagons, as wild Bushmen might be lying concealed among the rocks or bushes. We now commenced keeping watch after sunset. I observed that the Hottentots watched chiefly on the lee-side of the wagons; the reason

for which I understood to be, that neither lions nor Bushmen ever make an attempt from the windward side, because then the dogs soon smell them and give the alarm.

"Being now beyond all roads, the boors having told us that the ruts of our wagon wheels would be visible for four years, and all who came after would travel according as they led, for centuries to come, they begged us to travel in the most level and direct way we could.

"When approaching a fountain of water, where we intended to halt, two of the horsemen came galloping towards our wagons, on which my wagon-driver told me they had seen a lion. On inquiring how he knew that they had seen a lion, he said he knew it by their faces. Like all Hottentots, he had excellent eye-sight, for, at the distance they were, I could distinguish none of their features. On reaching us, they informed us that two lions were crouching among the reeds below. All the wagons immediately drew up on an ascent opposite the place where they lay, with their wheels firmly chained, lest the roaring or appearing of the lions should terrify the oxen, and make them run off with the wagons, which frequently happens on such occasions. Thirteen men then drew up, about fifty yards from the lions, with their loaded muskets; and such as were only to be spectators stood upon a heap of rocks, about fifty yards beyond them, guarded by three armed men, lest the lions should not be wounded, or only slightly, and be able to rush upon us. When all was thus in readiness, the men below poured a volley of bullets towards the animals, when one of them, the male, made off seemingly slightly wounded: but the other, was dis-

abled, so that it remained in the same position. The dogs ran towards her, making a great noise, but ventured no nearer than within five or six yards. On the second fire she was shot dead. A bullet was found under the skin, which she must have received long before, as the wound was completely healed. She had received many wounds from our people, especially a severe one in the mouth. She is now standing quietly in the Missionary Museum. The male ran up an ascending valley, between hills immediately opposite to where we found them. He halted twice, eagerly looking back for his mate, after which he went out of sight.

"The conversation at supper naturally turned upon the feats of lions and lion hunters, during which we heard the roar of a lion behind the tent, at no great distance; a little after, the roar came still nearer, which we believed was from the male lion, which had come in search of his mate. If he found her carcass, the boors who were with me said he would eat it. They asserted what is very horrid, that the Bushmen often throw their children to the lion to preserve themselves, which has greatly increased the desire of those animals for human flesh, especially the flesh of Bushmen; so much so, they said, that were a lion to find a white man and a Bushman asleep together, he would take the Bushman, and leave the white man. At present, in this part of Africa, it is said that these ferocious animals kill more Bushmen than sheep.

"Now we parted from our friends, who had accompanied us thus far to the boundary of the colony. At sunset we came to water which had been collected in holes during the late rain: this induced us to halt. Some of our stragglers brought us three young Bush-

men, whom they had met on a journey. They possessed more lively and interesting countenances than the Hottentots. Their father, an old man, they said, was lodging in a hole among the rocks at a little distance. We informed them that we had come from a far country, had taught the Hottentots many good things, and designed to send teachers also to their nation. They said they were glad to hear it; and one of them offered to accompany us on our journey to the Great River. The other two went off with the food we had given them for their father: they carried along with them pieces of burning timber, to frighten away lions.

"May being the first month of winter in this hemisphere, we found water in the bottom of a large dish completely frozen in the morning. The Bushman's family came to us at eight in the morning, consisting of the father, his two sons, with the wife of one of them, carrying a child about ten months old. When we engaged in prayer, (the nature of which had been explained to them,) they lay prostrate on the ground, in imitation of our Hottentots. The woman had rather an interesting appearance; her eyes indicated natural talent, and her child looked well, notwithstanding its copper colour. She gave me three rings made of cord, which her child wore on its arm; and I presented her with some beads to put in their place. The child wore nothing more than a few strings of berries as substitutes for beads, interspersed with circular pieces of the ostrich egg-shell. When preparing to shave, I held my looking-glass before each of them, who all expressed astonishment at beholding their own faces, which they knew to be their own, by opening their mouths wide and holding out their tongues, and perceiving this to be

done at the same time by the figures in the glass. They all turned away their heads, and held up their hands before their mouths, when they first saw themselves, being disgusted with their own appearance. The woman, in order to be quite certain that it was herself she saw in the glass, turned round her babe that was tied to her back, and on seeing it also, she seemed satisfied. They were clothed in sheep-skins. At ten, two lions appeared at a little distance from us, which were first noticed by the Bushmen, who are much afraid of them. They told us, that some time ago a lion came and dragged a man out of his hut, and then devoured him.

"Our being accompanied by the young Bushman, at this period of the journey, seemed a particular providence; for had he not been with us, we neither could have found grass, nor water, nor wood for fire in the evening. We had not seen a blade of grass during the day; but a little after sunset he led us out of our track, up a narrow pass between hills, to a small sequestered valley, where there was a fountain of water, grass, and abundance of fire-wood. When I saw all this store so unexpectedly, I looked to the lad, as Elijah may be supposed to have looked to the ravens that fed him in the wilderness, as God's instrument for fulfilling his will to us in answer to prayer. He was cheerful and happy, appearing to consider himself perfectly safe with us; which was wonderful, considering how cruelly his nation had been treated by the colonists, in former times. We soon made a large fire of the turpentine bush, which was plentiful, and afforded both light and heat. The night became so cold, that while writing in the tent, I was obliged to have a hot stone under my feet. About

ten, a wolf came to see what he could obtain from us; but our fires, and the barking of our dogs, obliged him to keep at a distance.

"In the morning, I overheard the Hottentots telling the young Bushman the fine things he was likely to get, when we should arrive at Cape Town. They told him, that probably he would get a looking-glass to see himself in, like that which I had held before his face; but, turning round his head, he said he did not like it. We sowed some peach and orange seeds near the fountain, which, if they come to perfection, may furnish the natives with food in their season.

"Departed at noon, travelling over red ground, generally covered with tall heath. In the evening, a few of us, with the Bushman, walked considerably in advance of the wagons in search of water; he told us there was no fountain in that part, but in consequence of the late rains, holes near the foot of the mountains were likely to be full of water. When it was dark, we heard a Hottentot call out, *Water!* from a distance, but could not ascertain from what direction the voice came. 'Oh!' said one of the Hottentots, 'it is this way; for that carane (a fowl) we heard has just risen from water;' and so we found it; but there was not a blade of grass for the poor cattle—only heath bushes. We observed a Bushman's fire, upon a hill about twelve miles off. A short time after our fire was lighted, our horse Hottentots brought a young elk they had caught, about the size of a large calf, which was killed for the next day's provision. They saw five lions in company, when chasing a flock of elks; and the lions followed the example of the elks, in running away.

"For three days we had been ascending, but now be-

gan to descend, which we expected would continue till we should reach the Great River. At noon the thermometer was 68°, at one it rose to 80°, and at two o'clock to 86°. I did not expect to find the heat so great, even in the middle of an African winter.

"Our Bushman had been generally asleep since joining us, except when eating, but he was now running with remarkable speed after our advanced party, to point towards water. He knew nothing about finding grass, it being no concern of Bushmen, who possess no cattle. A group of thirteen hills were in sight, all shaped like a sugar-loaf. Our oxen, for want of grass, had fasted nearly two days; but at three P.M., our hopes of relief were raised by observing smoke rising at a distance, as a signal from our horsemen that water was found. On reaching it, we were delighted to find both grass and water. On the oxen arriving, it was pleasing to see them running to partake of both, after fasting so long. Observing four lions a little to the eastward, we sent eleven men with muskets to endeavour to drive them away, to prevent their disturbing us in the night time, which they effected.

"In the evening, I invited our young Bushman to the tent, with his interpreter, in order to have some conversation with him. I inquired what he thought to be the worst thing a man could do. It was some time before we could make him comprehend the meaning of a *bad* thing; for he said he had never heard that one thing was worse than another. When he appeared to form some idea of the meaning of *bad*, I asked what he thought was the worst thing he had ever seen done in his kraal. He said they had often quarrelled, and when any of these quarrels ended in killing one another, it

was fine; good sport; it showed courage. He said all their quarrels were about their wives. Being asked if he should consider it bad if any of the kraal were to take away his wife while he was with us, he answered, 'Bad, bad.' He said it was fine to take others' wives, but not fine to take his. He said he never stole. At length he acknowledged it was bad to quarrel, steal, murder, and to commit adultery. On being asked which of these he thought was worst, he said he could not tell.

"I then asked him what he thought was the best thing a man could do. His reply to this question was extremely affecting. 'All my life,' said he, 'I have only seen evil, and never any good, wherefore I cannot tell what is best.' The questions appeared to him, however, as mere sport; for, in the very midst of the conversation, he complained that he had a bad cap. He informed us that a boor once came and attacked their kraal, and they knew not why; but he, and those with him, killed ten men, women, and children. We asked if his father had given him any good advice before he left him to come with us. He replied, 'My father said I was going with strange people, and must be obedient, and perhaps I should get something; and, while with them, he would take care of my wife and child; and, when I got educated and returned, I should be able to teach them.'

"Next day, our men who were in advance, saw three lions pursuing a herd of quachas, who fled towards them: on seeing which, our men fled also towards the wagons, followed by the lions, but they did not disturb us. In the evening, some of the Hottentots were employed in teaching the Bushman the letters of the alphabet. After which he came into the tent, when I

asked him what he thought the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. *Answer.* I do not think one thing more wonderful than another; all the beasts are fine. *Q.* If you could get any thing you wished, what would you desire to have? *A.* I would have plenty of beads, knives, tinder-boxes, cattle, and sheep. *Q.* What other countries have you heard of? *A.* I have heard of the Caffres, Dutch, and English; but I have not seen any English. *Q.* What kind of food would you like to have every day? *A.* Bread, and sheep's flesh.

"I have observed three ways which our Hottentots have of baking bread. 1. They place the dough of a loaf on a gridiron over the fire. 2. They cover the loaf with hot ashes on the ground. 3. After sweeping the ground on which a fire has been for some time, they place the loaf there, and cover it with a pot, which they surround with fire. The last is the best of the three methods, and the most like that of eastern nations.

"We continually met with a species of grass that is very troublesome. If the seeds are attached to the outside of our dress, they will work their way upwards to the skin, which produces much uneasiness. Our clothes required to be cleared of those seeds after every walk. We were now in constant danger of falling into pits dug by the wild Bushmen for catching beasts. They are five or six feet deep, at the bottom of which is generally stuck a poisonous stake, and the mouth is concealed by a slight covering of branches strewed over with grass, that the unsuspecting creature, treading upon it, may sink down and be taken.

"I preached to our Hottentots, from 1 Thess. i. 8—10, applying the words to the believers at Bethelsdorp, to which station our Hottentots belonged. I smiled at

the remark of one of our Hottentots, (Boozak,) after all was over. 'The truths from that passage,' said he, 'have made me as light as a feather.'

"On reaching the summit of a long ascent, about two o'clock, we had a view of the wished-for Great Orange River. The longing eyes of all were directed towards it, admiring its grand and majestic appearance, all expressing a strong desire to drink of its pure waters. Now that we beheld this tempting object, we grudged every minute that detained us from it. It might already, in a certain sense, be called 'a river of life;' for even the sight gave fresh strength, vigour, and animation to every one of us. We found it further off than our wishes at first led us to conceive, for we did not reach its banks till three o'clock, when every one rushed towards it, and drank eagerly till satisfied. Neither the thickets with which its banks were covered, nor the steepness of its sides seemed any impediment to the cattle approaching it; they rushed heedlessly forward till their mouths reached it, when the motion of every raised tail of the cattle indicated real satisfaction and enjoyment. As we had eaten nothing since the preceding day, from anxiety and haste to reach the river, we had no sooner satisfied our thirst than we felt our hunger, and hastened to remove that also. The cattle had thousands of acres of high grass at hand, to which, on quenching their thirst, they instantly and eagerly ran.

"Two Bushmen came to us in the morning, in consequence of hearing the report of our muskets. They engaged, for a little tobacco, to carry a letter to Mr. Anderson, our missionary friend at Klaar Water, which proved to be two days' journey beyond the Great River, requesting that he and some of his friends would come

to our assistance in crossing this formidable stream. After receiving the letter, the Bushmen continued waiting for some time, and we could not conjecture the reason why they did not set off immediately; nor could we inquire, as none of our interpreters were at hand: at length, supposing they expected the tobacco previous to performing the service, we presented each with a piece; on receiving it, they immediately proceeded on their journey.

"We proceeded along the banks of the river in an easterly direction, among tall withered grass, in the following order:—1. Eight Bushmen riding on oxen. 2. Our baggage wagon and twelve oxen. 3. A Bushman on oxback, and our guide on horseback. 4. My wagon and ten oxen. 5. Our flock of sheep and goats. 6. Our third wagon and ten oxen. 7. The chief and his son, on oxback. 8. Our spare oxen. 9. Our armed Hottentots, walking scattered. The whole formed a curious caravan.

"In the morning we visited Bern's kraal of Bushmen, standing on a barren spot, covered with gravel; but the scenery about the river in front of it was charming. Boozak, our Hottentot, sat in the middle of a group for about two hours, telling them what he knew of the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he had sent into the world to save sinners. The interest which a young man, who sat immediately beside him, seemed to take in what he said, I shall not soon forget. After it was over, this young man said, 'From what I have just heard, I feel as if I were a new man; as if I had entered into a new life. I wonder that God has preserved me from lions, tigers, and elephants, which I have encountered, that I might hear the things which I have been

told to-day.' His eyes were constantly fixed on the lips of Boozak, and a most significant smile hung upon his countenance.

"Bern, the chief of the kraal, informed us of a ford a few days' journey higher up the river, where we might cross without taking the wagons to pieces, and floating them over on rafts. On receiving this information, we instantly commenced preparation for moving; but why he concealed this information for four or five days I knew not, unless to secure our company in his neighbourhood. A little after sunset we at last began to move forward, to the great joy of our dogs, who expressed it in a very diverting manner. The poor creatures at the kraal felt very different from the dogs, for they expressed regret at our going away.

"At nine next morning, the heat began to be oppressive; the swallows and butterflies were flying every where around, which rather surprised me in a month which answers to December in England. Pretorious, a Bushman belonging to our company, who had lived a considerable time at Bethelsdorp, on making a confession of his faith in Christ, was baptized in the Great Orange River, which was a solemn and affecting service, no doubt the *first* time that ever such a service took place in the wild Bushman country.

"Bern, the Klaar Water chief, sent thirty oxen across to us from the other side, to assist us in getting forward; the stream carried them down with great speed while they were swimming across: all got safe over except one, which returned, and could not be forced to enter the river again. Two men followed the oxen on what are called wooden horses, which are composed of a thick branch of a tree, with a long pin stuck into

it. On this they lie flat, suspending their clothes on a stick, and driving themselves forward by their feet, like a person swimming. A third person crossed on a real horse: for a considerable time nothing was seen above water but their heads.

"My wagon was the first that entered the stream, having three mounted Griquas to prevent the oxen turning out of the right way, and thereby being carried down the stream. Four of our dogs were carried down the river, but got ashore somewhere below. By and by none were left behind but two dogs, which had been too timid to cross; they were howling and running backwards and forwards in great distress. They both, at length, ventured in, and were successful in reaching us, to their extreme delight. They leaped upon their masters as if in ecstacy, and, could they have spoken, they seemed as if they wished to say, 'We are truly glad to see you again; and are not you equally glad to see us safe over?' We received a hearty welcome to the country, from Bern, a Griqua chief, whose oxen had drawn our wagons for the last two days. We dined on guinea fowls, shot by our people. In the evening, our congregation was much increased by the Griquas. Mr. Anderson, from Klaar Water, arrived about ten o'clock at night, whom we were truly glad to see.

"We took leave of Bern and his people, who were going to the other side of the river to hunt lions, and then quitted the Great River; but had not travelled above an hour, when Bern's horsemen overtook us, informing us that immediately on our leaving the river it began to rise, and soon became impassable; no doubt in consequence of great rains having fallen higher up the river. This intelligence made us admire the good pro-

vidence of God, which brought us to the ford at the proper time; for, had we been four-and-twenty hours later, we might have been detained many days, till our provisions were entirely consumed. Some have been detained six weeks by the swelling of this river.

"Halted a little while, to visit a Bushman's kraal, whom a Griqua captain (or chief) employed to watch his cattle, for which service he allowed them the milk of the cows; and though all the Bushmen are thieves, they are generally found to be faithful herdsmen. Their appearance was wretched; covered with dirt, and little clothing, yet they were cheerful. They had some fine naked children running about. At ten we arrived at the settlement, and received a cordial welcome from the people.

"In the morning, between two and three hundred people assembled in their meeting-house, for morning worship. Visited several families living at a little distance from the town. In a hut a black girl was grinding wheat. On a flat stone she laid a handful of grain, and with a round black stone she bruised about twenty grains at a time, by repeated strokes; when these were beaten into flour, she removed it to the side, and brought forward a few more grains to be bruised in the same way. I remarked, that a hungry man could eat faster than she could grind.

"Some of the people had small gardens, producing pumpkins, beans, peas, Indian corn, cabbages, tobacco, etc. The garden of the missionaries was large, and very productive. The plum and peach trees were tall and thriving. Visited the smith's shop, in which several of the natives were at work.

"After attending to a variety of concerns of the set-

tlement, we bade the people farewell for a short time, and departed for the city of Lattakoo, of the population and civilization of which I had heard various reports. About five o'clock, as the sun was going down, while sitting in the front of my wagon, a Hottentot came running, to say that five lions were a little way before us, on the side of a low hill on our right, and wished to know if we should proceed. I asked what the lions were doing; he said they were playing. It struck me they had *dined*, or they would not be playful. After consulting, we thought we might proceed, only that the Hottentots should load all their muskets, and have them in readiness, in case we should be attacked by them. On approaching nearer, I could distinctly see them. They continued their rough play until we were exactly opposite to them, when the front wheel of my wagon came dash against a rock, which was concealed by the long grass among which we were travelling; the evening being still, the lions heard the sound, and turned immediately towards us, looking down upon us. A very large male lion, with a frightful mien, was the most conspicuous, and standing in the middle of them. We walked silently past without molestation.

"A Bootchuana man came to us, complaining that he had a son detained by the white men in the colony; but we could give him no information concerning him. When leaving us, he called several times to his dog, *Bussera men-tay*, which means *affectionate wife!* Halted a little at this man's kraal; went into the chief's hut, and sat down upon the only stool in it. He went behind and brought out an empty snuff box, which he began to scrape, as if to find snuff: *I understood him*, and gave him a supply from my box.

"We halted at John Bloom's Fountain, named from a runaway from the colony, who became the head or chief of many Bushmen, Corannas, and Hottentots, who lived on the plunder of other kraals. Residing chiefly at this fountain, it was called by his name. Part of the ground near it is full of reeds, ten or twelve feet high, with many birds' nests hanging like bags from them. In the afternoon we halted at Blink Fountain, at the foot of Blink (or Shining) Hill, so called on account of a shining ore found there, resembling the lead of which pencils are made. This the surrounding nations grind to powder, which they use in the same way as hair powder is used in Europe. The red stone with which these nations paint their bodies comes also from this hill, and forms an article of trade amongst them. The hill is low, with a flat top, where there are several huge rocks, of a brown colour, curiously shaped. We ascended to these rocks, the inspection of which amply repaid the labour. Most of the stones lying about appear as if they had been in a state of fusion.

"A Hottentot having lighted up a fire near an extensive field of tall reeds, the fire was communicated to the reeds, contrary to his intention, which spread over the whole plain, as far as the tall reeds extended, and produced one of the grandest objects I ever beheld; it resembled a city in flames: but, grand as it was, hardly any of our people turned round to observe it. There was however, a reason for this: they were hungry, and were either eating, or expecting soon to eat, with which nothing must interfere; yet they often fast long without uttering a complaint. Three things, exclusive of religion, comprehend all that engages the attention of South Africans—money, food, and tobacco: the won-

ders of God's creating power around and above them are viewed with insensibility. Two or three of our people, having noticed my attachment to flowers, brought me a curious flower, the first of the kind we had met with; but they brought it without interest.

"Blink Mountain is a kind of Mecca to the nations around, who are constantly making pilgrimages to it, to obtain fresh supplies of the blue shining powder and the red stone. We went with a lighted candle to explore the hair-powder mine. On descending from the mouth, with some difficulty, we went towards the interior of the mountain, sometimes walking half way up the leg in black-lead dust. The arched roof was full of projecting pieces of the shining ore, and large caverns appeared on each side, as we advanced. The ceiling, or roof, at one place, part of which we could reach, appeared as if carved by the art of man. On touching this supposed carved work, we found it had life, and on examination, perceived it to be composed of a multitude of bats, hanging asleep from the projecting rocks on the sides of the cave. Moving them backwards and forwards, neither awoke nor made any of them lose their hold of the rock on which they had fastened their claws; but holding the candle at a little distance under one of them, as in the cave in Sneuberg, awoke it, when it flew to another part of the cave. We penetrated into the mountain about a hundred feet, when it became so low and narrow that we could proceed no farther in that direction. We examined a passage leading to the right, which descended deeper, till we entered a large cavern, the floor of which was strewed with the bones of animals, and some parts indicated fires having been made in it; perhaps by people taking refuge from ene-

mies, for it had too gloomy and terrific an appearance to be chosen as a residence, even by wild Bushmen.

"We entered the Matchappee country. A wolf, which entered into the midst of our sheep, was shot. Halted near the Krooman Fountain, from whence the river of that name proceeds: it is the most abundant spring I ever noticed. About a yard from the rock out of which it comes, we found the river to measure three yards in breadth, and from fourteen to eighteen inches deep. On going a few yards inside the rock, we found a small cave, from whence went four passages in different directions, from all of which streams of water flowed. Within, the water was almost lukewarm; but outside, it was cold.

"When almost dark, the oxen took fright, dragging the wagons at full speed in different directions. At seven, the same scene was repeated; which was alarming while it continued, lest the wagons should be dashed against each other, or be overturned. We heard no lions roar, which is the general cause of such an occurrence.

"Two Matchappee men joined us, who had been hunting. One, in a lively manner, asked many questions of our Griquas. When any thing said pleased him much, he repeated the principal word in the sentence five or six times, with a loud voice; which I understood was designed to show that he was attending to what was spoken, and was likewise pleased with the information. They soon left us, unobserved. This being the shortest day in the year, we observed the sun set about a quarter to five o'clock. Our days resembled fine summer days in England, and our nights those of winter, for cold.

"After crossing the river, we immediately began to ascend rising ground; many footpaths became visible, all running in one direction, which indicated our approach to the city. On reaching the summit of the hill, Lattakoo came all at once into view, lying in a valley bounded by hills on each side, stretching about three or four miles from east to west. On descending the hill to this African city, we were rather surprised that not one person was to be seen in any direction, except two or three boys. Though come within a hundred yards of the houses, still no inhabitant appeared. When my wagon got to the entrance of the principal street, or wide lane, one man appeared, and made signs for us to follow him. Proceeding amidst the houses, every thing remained as still as if it had been '*a town to let;*' this continued to be the case till we came opposite to the king's house, when we entered by a gate into a large square enclosure, in which were a multitude of people assembled, all maintaining perfect silence; three rows of tall men, armed with spears, were arranged in military order on the right hand side as I entered. In a few minutes, men, women, and children rushed in by the gate, from all quarters. On my leaping from the wagon into the midst of the spearmen, I heard a universal shout, but could not conjecture the reason. The noise and uproar continued, from multitudes of tongues bawling with all their might; it was somewhat confounding to persons who had so long been accustomed to the stillness of the wilderness. Our party was soon separated, and lost sight of each other in the crowd of taller men than we were. At first the women and children fled, if we but looked at them; but they gradually became bolder. The crowd so increased, that we could

hardly find out each other, and wondered when we should be permitted to take some refreshment. We got our wagons drawn up in the form of a square, and our tent placed in the centre. We were introduced to Munaneets, the uncle of the present king, and to Salakootoo, the brother of the late king Malayabang, who stood in the middle of the spearmen.

"On entering our tent, a crowd of the chief men followed us, and filled the tent to the outside; and the square, formed by our wagons, was like a bee-hive, in which the confused noise rendered conversation almost impossible. On some meat being put upon the table, we were agreeably surprised to find the crowd immediately retire. Whether this proceeded from a sense of decorum, or in consequence of orders from Munaneets, the uncle and deputy of the king, I could not learn.

"About seven years before, Lord Caledon, when governor of the Cape, sent a party to explore the interior of Africa as far as the Portuguese settlement at Mozambique, consisting of Dr. Cowan, Lieutenant Donovan, twenty soldiers of the Cape regiment, a boor, and a Griqua from Griqua Town. From the time of their leaving Lattakoo, they had never been heard of by the government. The whole party having been said to have been murdered by the Wanketzens, the next nation, or tribe, beyond Lattakoo, we understood that the people suspected that we were coming to revenge that murder, which caused the strange silence we noticed in the city when we entered it.

"Although king Mateebe was from home, upon a jackal hunt, yet, in consequence of the above information, we judged it proper to invite the chief men to a conference with us that evening, to remove these suspi-

cions, by informing them of the real object of our visit. In consequence of this invitation, nine of the principal men came into our tent a little after sunset, and sat down upon the ground: their countenances indicated the possession of good natural parts. By means of interpreters, I informed them that I had come from a remote country, far beyond the sun, where the true God who made all things was known; that the people of that country had long ago sent some of their brethren to Klaar Water, and other parts of Africa, to tell them many things that they did not know, in order to do them good, and make them better and happier people; that, having heard since I came into those parts to see how our friends were going on, that the Matchappees were a people friendly to strangers, I had come to Lattakoo to inquire if they were willing to receive teachers; that, if willing, then teachers should be sent among them. They replied, that they could give no answer to what I had said till Mateebe should arrive from his hunt, and promised to despatch a messenger to him early in the morning.

"After the conversation, Salakootoo remarked, that he had not tasted any of my tobacco yet. He got some. One of the queens brought some milk, for which she, and those who came with her, received a little tobacco. She asked Mr. Read for some snuff, who said he did not take snuff; to which she replied, he would have the more to give away on that account; supposing we all had a stock of it. Some of the natives attended worship in the morning. One of them being asked afterwards if he knew what we had been about, said, 'We prayed;' but he did not know to whom. When told it

was to the Great Being; he said, 'They believed there was a Great Being, but they did not know him, for they had never seen him.'

"While writing in the tent, some of the principal people came and sat round me, talking about writing, dress, etc., so that I was obliged to desist. To make something of time, and assist them to believe that a book could speak, I took down their names, which were Lahalla, Humay, Jabaleech, Shoomuliky, Muteer, Shoomiliky, Palamma, Murakoomaille, Mootabuche, Mouqua, Mohalaily, Chinkanny, and Sheecolee. Keeping my eye upon the book, I read aloud their names as they sat, which greatly astonished them; but how it was effected they could not conceive.

"Our attention was next drawn to a procession of women holding long rods, and their faces disfigured by strokes of white paint in various forms. They marched at a slow pace, closely crowded together, bawling exceedingly loud. A number of matrons preceded them, dancing and screaming. On reaching the entrance, a feigned battle commenced, between the aged and the young women, which the latter were allowed to gain, when they entered in triumph. The people then formed a large circle, six or eight persons deep, when upwards of forty girls entered the circle, from twelve to sixteen years of age, whitened with chalk or pipe-clay. They danced in a kind of measured irregularity, striking the ground most violently with their feet. Many of them had small shields in their hands, which they moved dexterously, as if warding off arrows shot against them. Their eyes were fixed on the ground, retaining the greatest gravity of countenance. After dancing a quar-

ter of an hour, as if by signal, all fled behind a hedge, but soon returned and resumed their dance. The dancing and retiring continued an hour and a half.

"A Matchappee being told that cows, oxen, sheep, etc. were made for certain purposes, such as to feed and clothe man, was asked for what purpose he thought man was made. He answered, "To go on *plundering* expeditions against other people." According to this doctrine, the chief end of man would be to fight with and steal from one another!

"During the evening our wagons were surrounded by a multitude of noisy persons. In the midst of all this hubbub, we had an interesting conversation with Munaneets and Kotcha, a principal man. We asked Munaneets if he would like instruction; he referred the question to Kotcha for an answer, who said, 'I do not like to tell my thoughts on it at present:' perhaps meaning till the arrival of the king. 'Well, I will tell my mind,' said Munaneets; 'I should like it: when I hear these people sing, it pleases me like a dance, and I could wish to be able to do it too. Ever since the teachers came to Klaar Water, we have had peace; they have been like a shield to us; we have had less trouble. I am grieved that this custom,' (meaning the dancing which again took place in the afternoon,) 'has happened at the time you come here; but I cannot prevent it, it is the king's orders, and it will last every day till next full moon.'

"Walking to a neighbouring hill to enjoy a little quiet, several boys and girls walked part of the way with me, for their own diversion, asking me little questions in sport, repeating frequently the same thing, with a laugh each time. I was grieved I could not understand

a single word; but this very circumstance afforded them much entertainment. From the loudness with which they sometimes spoke to me, it is not improbable that they might imagine my not answering their questions arose from deafness.

"Munaneets came to us one evening, bringing our interpreter with him, when we had much conversation with him. We inquired of him their reason for circumcising their young people, for these dances were in reference to the annual circumcision. He said it came to them from father to son. 'Do you not know why your forefathers did it?' They shook their heads, saying, 'No.' We told them that our book told how it began in the world, and related the circumstances in reference to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The information was interesting to them; and they endeavoured to fix the names we had mentioned upon their memories, by repeating them alternately over and over again."

Mr. Campbell was right in thus referring them to "our book;" for there is no trace of Mohammedism in that quarter.

"Munaneets said, 'I have heard more this evening than in all my life before; we must shut our mouths, and only hear;' looking at his companions while he spoke. 'I acknowledge the things you have to tell us are good, from the change they have made on the Griquas and Corannas, at Klaar Water. Sometimes, when we have no rain, food is very scarce; wherefore I fear that those whom you shall send will not be satisfied, and will leave us.'

"He then told us that all white persons who had gone beyond Lattakoo had been murdered. 'When we told them their danger,' added he, 'they would not believe

us; they thought it was our covetousness, that we wished to have all their beads.'

"Made inquiry respecting the fate of Dr. Cowan and his party, telling them that I came from the same country. They said that Dr. Cowan and his people were murdered near the town of Melita, about five days' journey to the north-east, in the country of the Wanketzens, whose chief's name was Makkabba. Some present, especially our Bootchuana interpreter, of whose honesty we all had a good opinion, asserted, that when on a commando, along with the Wanketzens, they had seen Dr. Cowan's tent, sheep, spoons, and clothes. We inquired respecting the colour of the clothes; they said white and red. They said they were glad we had not spoken on that subject publicly, as many of these Wanketzens were now in Lattakoo. After some further conversation, they told us that some of the clothes were in that district of Lattakoo which we visited on Saturday. We did not deem it prudent, however, to ask for a sight of them unless they should themselves offer it.

"I happened to show a person himself in a looking-glass on the lid of the shaving-box, which caused more employment than I wanted; for immediately he brought his wife and other friends to see themselves. All were afraid at the first sight of themselves in it, and started back, then looked behind the glass to see if it was no deception. The crowd increased, and the press to get forward was so great, that the tent was often in danger of being overturned.

"In the evening, Mahootoo, the queen, and Seetezoo, the king's sister, visited us in the tent. We endeavoured to explain to the queen the nature of a letter, by means of which a person could convey his thoughts to a friend

at a distance. Mr. Anderson showed her one he had received from his wife at Klaar Water, by which he knew every thing that had happened there since he left it. She was greatly amused by the information, especially when told that A. Kok, who brought it, knew nothing of what it contained, which we explained by telling her the use of sealing-wax, which locked up its mouth till it came to him. The Bible being on the table gave occasion to explain the nature and use of a book, particularly of that book; how it informed us of God, who made us and all things, and of the beginning of all things, which seemed to astonish her; and many a look was directed towards the Bible.

"Mahootoo asked the following questions, evidently as things she had formerly thought of. 'Will people who are dead rise up again? Is God under the earth, or where is he?'

"When the conversation was ended, we showed them a watch, which both astonished and terrified them. Their hearing sound and seeing motion in it seemed evidences of life; hence they concluded it must be *alive*; on offering to put it to their ears that they might more distinctly hear its sound, with both hands they drove it away, as if it had been a serpent.

"There was a great uproar in the square this morning, the cause of which I found to be, that two buttons had been stolen from the trowsers of our interpreter, and they were charging one another with the theft; but had the great seal of England been stolen, there could not have been a more serious affray. The thief being discovered, who was a good-looking young man, the interpreter drove him out of the square, in the presence of numerous spectators, who all seemed to approve of

the punishment. It is true the two buttons, in England, might only be worth a penny; but ten thousand miles from it, and a thousand miles from a sea-port, their value was greatly increased. He could not have purchased other two buttons without a journey of twelve hundred miles, namely, to and from Graaf Reynet.

"The women here are the farming labourers. Even the queen digs the ground along with other females. They use a kind of pick-axe. They sing in chorus, when they make a stroke at every note, so that the labour is thus equally divided. When the queen feels tired, she ceases, lies down and sleeps, and so do all who are working with her.

"From the best calculation we could make, there seems to be about 1,500 houses in the town; allowing five persons to each house, there must be 7,500 inhabitants. They have also a great many out-posts, where families reside who superintend their cattle. We had a visit from Leapa, the king's mother, widow of Malayabang, the late king. A clever girl, whose name was Schoiya, frequently came to our wagons, who sometimes tried to teach me some of their words, evidently for her own diversion. This day she introduced three of her companions, whose names she said were Heylobally, Kaadje, and Mama. They all became teachers, and no doubt considered me a dull scholar, for I seldom pronounced a word to please them; but this was partly their own fault, for no sooner had one uttered half a word, than the other three caught it, and called it out as loud as if they had supposed me to be as deaf as a rock. Children in Lattakoo, as well as in London, like better to teach than to learn.

"When sitting in the front of my wagon, some of the

first ladies of the city came, offering their arm-rings and ear-rings for *tobacco;* and children of eight or nine years made most significant intimations that they wanted snuff. In the evening, many people returned, who had fled on hearing of our approach, from dread that we had come to revenge the death of Dr. Cowan.

"When at dinner, Munaneets, the governor, Mateere, the lieutenant-governor, with two others, visited us. Mateere observing us taking a little cayenne pepper now and then, when the redness of it attracting his attention, he asked for a little on a piece of meat which we gave him. On feeling its pungency, he shut his eyes, hastily put his hand on his mouth, and held down his head. He concealed his pain, and slily touched Mr. Read with his foot, to intimate that he should say nothing, but give the same dose to the others. Munaneets partook next, and, when he could speak, he asked for a little for his wife: the others also tasted it.

"Two parties, as forerunners of King Mateebe, arrived in the morning, and at noon he arrived himself, with many attendants carrying spears, and poles dressed with black ostrich feathers, which are stuck into the ground around places where they halt, to frighten away lions, who, it seems, are not fond of their appearance. On coming into the square, he took no notice of us or our wagons, but acted as if ignorant that strangers were there. He and his chiefs then sat down in a circle, when Mateere related every thing to him that had taken place during his absence. He then related to them the circumstances attending his own excursion, both of which speeches did not occupy ten minutes; after which, in consequence of orders, we walked up to him, when, without looking towards us, he stretched out his right

hand, with the knuckles towards us, which we shook the best way we could. During all this there was not the slightest alteration in his countenance.

"In the evening, Mateebe, attended by his brother and some of his chiefs, approached our tent. On entering, he sat down and remained in silence, first to receive our present, and then to hear what we had to say. I made him a present of various articles furnished to me by the ladies of Kingsland. When taking out the different articles, I observed him looking towards the parcel, to discover what was coming next. During the whole proceeding, he sat speechless and motionless, but when he saw no more presents were coming, he condescended to open his mouth, and said, 'You would have been perfectly safe, though you had not had Adam Kok and his friends with you, or though I had received no presents. As soon as I was informed by Munaneets of your arrival, I came to you.' He then desired Adam Kok to consider himself as much at home in Lattakoo as at Klaar Water. On which Adam Kok thanked him, and told him that Mr. A. and Mr. R. had presents of tobacco for him. He said, 'Do not give me the tobacco now, or these people' (pointing to those outside the wagons) 'will ask it all away from me.'

"I then told him from whence I had come, and the object of my visit to Lattakoo. That it was to offer to send teachers to him and his people, which I had heard they desired to have; and I came to have his permission to send them, and the promise of his protection after they had come. He objected to their coming, for his people had no time to receive their instructions, because they had to attend to their cattle, to sowing, reaping, and many other things; besides, the things which these

people teach are contrary to all their customs, which the people will not give up. It would not do for them to live at Lattakoo; but, should they be willing to live at a distance, he would have no objection to send some of the children to them, to learn the Dutch language.

"I stated to him that the teachers we should send would convey information of the true God, who made the heavens, the earth, and all creatures and things in them; of his love to the world; of the laws he had given respecting good and evil; and, pointing to a Bible which lay on the tent table, I assured him that that book contained every thing missionaries had to make known to him and his people; and that, when missionaries should have learned his language, they would change all its contents into his language. He seemed, by a significant shake of his head, to intimate, that he considered what I said an impossibility. To convince him that things could be written in his language, we read to him the names of his predecessors and all his family. For the first time he smiled, on hearing their names read over, and seemed full of astonishment and pleasure. We then assured him that instruction would not interfere with industry; that the inhabitants of my country were industrious, as he might be well convinced of, by our clothes, wagons, and so forth, which they made; that his people would not be compelled to receive instruction, for only those who were willing would be instructed, and they would not interfere with the government. After answering some other objections, the king said, as his answer, 'SEND INSTRUCTORS, AND I WILL BE A FATHER TO THEM.'

"This formal and successful meeting with the king, was held upon the first Monday evening of the month

of July, appointed by himself; at the same time that the monthly prayer meetings were held over all the Christian parts of the world, for the success of missions to the heathen world. The time of meeting was not selected by us, but by a heathen king, who knew nothing of what Christians were about. We had our prayer and thanksgiving meeting in the open square, after business was over. Next day I walked over to the king's, and made a present of a pair of ear-rings to each of the queens. The royal family were at dinner, in the corner of their yard, outside the house. The king's distinction seemed to consist in his sitting next the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the princesses was employed in cutting, with an axe, a dried paunch into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either to complete their repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Mateebe's sisters was cutting up a filthy-looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly an Englishman would be almost dying for want of food, before he would accept an invitation to dine with the king of Lattakoo.

"At noon, we had a public formal meeting with the king, and a number of his chiefs, in the open square. The king was seated on one of our stools, and we on each side of him, our two interpreters on the ground before us, and the chiefs and people in half circles beyond them. We began by stating the truths our missionaries would teach. Mateebe repeated how little time the people had to learn. We told him we had daily observed many men, women, and children

doing nothing, and that a missionary would have plenty of work to teach such. He expressed surprise, that if all men came from one father and mother, they so differed from one another. We observed that, in one family, the dispositions of children often differed. He said the Missionaries would be safe, for when two of his people murdered John Kok, he brought them to his wife to shoot them, and when she would not, he did it. We told him that in that case he acted according to the directions in our book, which says, "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' He said, that whenever Missionaries have got enough, they shall be at liberty to depart;" having no idea that they can have any other motive for coming, but gain. He then said, 'I believe there is a God who made all things, who gives prosperity, sickness, and death; but I do not know him.' The knowledge he has, undoubtedly came from the missionary station at Klaar Water. About a hundred persons were present, and the conversation lasted about two hours. In the afternoon, a person stated, as an objection to missionaries coming, that, when praying, they would not see when the enemy was coming. I advised that one person should be standing and looking about, while the others were at prayer, and, in that case, two eyes were as good as twenty. Another person said, they never could be able to sing.

"After our meeting with Mateebe, one of our people heard him say, 'These men have been born before us; they know more than us; they make us dumb.'

"Mateebe, Munaneets, and Mateere, the three principal men in Lattakoo, attended our worship in the evening.

"I observed that the children, in general, were cheer-

ful and playful, but their diversions do not appear to be numerous.

"It is truly distressing to see such numbers of fine clever boys and girls carelessly running about, without having any one to care for their souls, or to teach them any thing that can be of the smallest service to them in after life. Their parents being themselves as ignorant of God, of his law, of the Saviour, of a judgment to come, of heaven or hell, as the wild ass of the wilderness, they can give them no parental instruction, nor can a school of any description exist. Though surrounded by many of the wonderful works of God, as mountains, rivers, trees, flowers, birds, beasts, insects, etc., they derive no instruction from them any more than the brutes. They never think of the wisdom that contrived them, nor of the power that produced them: the heavenly bodies also in vain declare the glory of God, though their line be gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Lattakoo is wonderfully altered now. Mr. Moffat and his colleagues have both seen and done great things there. When he left, the church had 200 members; but his greatest achievement is the reduction of the *Bechuana* tongue to a written language, into which he has already translated the New Testament and the Psalms. To publish these, he came to this country. To master the language, he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations. He *outdid* Paul in accommodating himself to all men, in order to save some. Paul never became a *savage* in lot, to save savages. Many might, indeed, thus stoop to conquer; but how few could retain both their piety and philosophy in such society!

"We began, early in the morning of July the 7th, to prepare for leaving Lattakoo. Mateebe made us a present of two oxen, which he said was the custom of his father, Mallayabang, when visited by strangers. He asked for a neck-cloth; we presented him with two—one he immediately put around his neck, and the other over his head as a night-cap, which completely distinguished him from all his subjects, but they were soon nearly red, from the paint with which his body was covered.

"When all was ready for departing, our wagons moved to the outside of the square, as the oxen were yoked to each, amidst the shouts of hundreds of spectators. In conversation, before parting, Mateebe observed that some of his people died by the hand of God, others by witchcraft.

"The wagons being nearly all ready, I mounted my seat in front of the wagon. Mateebe came and leaned with his head on the side of the wagon for several minutes, till a person pointed out his danger from the wheel, if the oxen should move.

"Though, at our first interview, Mateebe had a forbidding aspect, he gained upon our estimation, and I felt somewhat at parting from him."

Mateebe did not forget Mr. Campbell. In 1822, Mrs. Moffat wrote thus; "Mateebe has just been here; I asked him if he had any message to you? 'Tell him,' he said, 'that I have now done with a roving life, and intend to be settled in future.' He hopes you will send him some *beads* to buy sheep and goats, as the harvests are bad."

"Not one article had been stolen, or taken forcibly from any of us, except the interpreter's two buttons, for

which theft the culprit was driven out of the public square with the general approbation of the spectators.

"To teach these Matchappees to sit on chairs instead of the ground, or to sleep on beds instead of skins, or to eat with knives and forks instead of fingers, would be no easy task; but, notwithstanding all we said, yet they considered such drilling to be the chief object of missionaries coming among them; not being able to conceive the infinite importance of obtaining the knowledge of revealed truth, as connected with either present or everlasting interests.

"At noon our wagons began to move from Lattakoo, surrounded by a gazing multitude. Our journey was now to be directed eastward, to a part of Africa hitherto unexplored by any European traveller; but having heard that a considerable population inhabited those parts, who would be accessible to missionaries, we deemed it desirable to pay them a visit.

"While moving from Lattakoo, I could not refrain from looking back to it as long as it remained in sight, as an interesting place, a city which may yet become a Jerusalem to Africa."

This prediction is fulfilling to the letter. From Lattakoo, as from Jerusalem, "The Word of the Lord," translated by Mr. Moffat, will soon penetrate Africa, as the Septuagint did the Roman empire.

"Just before sunrise we killed a buffalo and a calf, which gave uncommon pleasure to our eleven Matchappees, who accompanied us as guides. They petitioned very earnestly for the breast of the calf, which is the part allotted to the Bootchuana chiefs of every beast that is killed. They seemed truly anxious to taste this forbidden part.

"This was a busy forenoon to our Matchappees, as we had so much buffalo flesh. They employed their time diligently in roasting and devouring it. They seemed as if they feared that such an opportunity for feasting would never occur again. When sitting by the fire, they were cooking with one hand and feeding themselves with the other: if they left the fire for a little time, they were sure to carry a large bone in their hand, picking it as they walked, and when it was done, they returned for more.

"Halted at six at a fountain of water. Our people killed another buffalo, which lay at a little distance; but, having heard lions and wolves at hand, it was judged prudent to defer cutting it up till the morning, judging it better to expose the carcase rather than themselves to their fury.

"Next morning, as we passed, we took up the buffalo, which neither lions nor wolves had discovered. The whistling of our Matchappees so much resembled the singing of birds, that I was often at a loss to distinguish between them.

"On our way to Malapeetzee we killed a beautiful quacha, which pleased our guides; they love its flesh for its sweetness. Found about a hundred Lattakoo people, collecting roots resembling small onions in shape. They had left home after us, having come a nearer way across hills. Came afterwards to a village of Red Caffres, who, on our approach, fled to the top of a hill behind the kraal; but, on perceiving we were accompanied by some Matchappees, the men ventured down; and afterwards, on their calling to them, the women descended also; they looked extremely wretched, and beheld us with astonishment. Their dwellings

were so low as to be hardly visible among the bushes till we came almost close to them. They were the shape of half a hen's egg, with the open part exposed to the weather, which must be extremely inconvenient in the rainy season. None of these natives appeared as if they had been washed since they were born. For a Christian man to spend his days in delivering such beings from their wretchedness, in the remote part of Africa, would be a singular act of benevolence. God is able to produce such men, and to bless their efforts."

Caffreland now possesses such men, in Brownlee, Calderwood, Kayser, and *Tzatzoe*. The country also is in a quiet state, and rapidly improving, especially in works for the irrigation of the land. Even *Macomo* and his family attend the preaching of the gospel. It is no reflection on the missionaries, to suppose that our old friend *Tzatzoe* deserves some of the credit of bringing about this new state of things in Caffreland. His visit to England qualified him to be useful, and he was inclined to be so before.

"Leaving them, we travelled for three miles along a narrow pass between hills, at the end of which we entered a romantic square space, formed by hills, and beautifully ornamented with tufts of trees here and there. At the east side of this square lay the town of Malapeetzee.

"Malapeetzee is not the name of the kraal, or town, but of the place where it stands, which is near the river Makkarab. The Corans, or Corannas, are the inhabitants, and it is known by the name of Tybus Kraal, and also Makholoyank Kraal. They seemed to gaze at our approach with a mixture of fear and astonishment. They stood in groups, viewing us from a distance, for

some time after our arrival. At length, we obtained a meeting with them, to inform them of the object of our visit, that we might set their minds at rest on that point. It was some time before we could learn who was their chief. At first they said they had no chief; then, that it was a person of the name of Tybus, who was not now with them; then, that Oukey, who was present, was chief in his absence. We then addressed ourselves to him as the object of our visit.

"The chief told us that he had been for some time at Reed Fountain, when missionaries were there, and had heard that the knowledge of God was to be sent to all men, and he thought our coming showed the truth of that. As for himself, he had no objection to a missionary coming among them, but he could only speak for himself, for though they called him their chief, they would not take his advice: 'For instance,' said he, 'the son of Tybus, with some others, would go on an expedition with the Wanketzens: I advised them against it, yet they went, and were murdered. They are,' continued he, 'a divided people; you see they will not tell what they think.' We said we did not press for an answer at present; they might consult together, and give us an answer on the morrow.

"While they were sitting before us, we observed a small silver bugle horn in front of one of the principal men's hair. We concluded this must have belonged to the regimental dress of Dr. Cowan, or Lieutenant Donovan. Mr. Read employed one of our people to purchase it with tobacco, which he effected. The man said he obtained it from the people beyond them to the north, which was in the direction of Dr. Cowan's intended journey.

"Had a meeting with the people next morning, when most of the inhabitants attended. A summary of Bible doctrine was given them, to which they seemed to listen with attention, and appeared to be pleased by our singing a psalm. They were very cautious about declaring their minds concerning a missionary. A Coranna female, who was travelling with us, said that the women were very much displeased with the men for not speaking their minds freely; for, said they, 'it is the very thing we have long desired.'

"At five P.M., we left Malapeetzee, after sending our guides home, rewarding them for their trouble by a little tobacco. In lieu of these guides, we obtained seven Corannas, for this part of Africa was entirely unknown to our company. All that we required of the new guides was to lead us to the river Malalareen, of which we had heard at Lattakoo, on the banks of which many Bushmen were reported to live. We had no doubt that the Malalareen would lead us to the Great Orange River.

"After taking leave of the inhabitants, who had all turned out, we travelled in a southern direction, generally over rough rocky ground. Halted for the night where no water was.

"At sunrise we left our retreat, ascending a hill immediately behind it. On reaching the summit, one of the most charming countries we had seen in Africa came all at once into view. The hills were beautifully ornamented with trees to their very tops, and the valleys resembled the finest parks in England; but what essentially contributed to add lustre to the scene, in the estimation of thirsty travellers, was the windings of the Malalareen River, in front of the hills. There was like-

wise the appearance of distant forests. The long withered grass among tufts of trees rendered the descent from the hill extremely pleasant. We looked at each other as if we had got into a new world, it was so different from the country we had left on the other side of the hill. At nine A.M., we approached a Bushman's kraal, consisting of a few huts. The Bushmen, supposing we were enemies approaching to attack them, hastily turned out, and drew up in battle array. The chief brandished his bow and jumped into the air, endeavouring to intimidate us. Our men, who were in front, made signs that we came as friends; and on a nearer approach they so far convinced them of it, that they laid aside their bows and poisoned arrows; but their women concealed themselves in their huts.

"After conversing a little with the chief, whose name is Makoon, I stepped aside to his hut, and stooping down, looked into it; but the terror depicted in the countenances of his two wives, when they saw me, I shall not soon forget; had it been a lion or tiger, they could not have expressed greater alarm. With a view to conciliate, I took out my watch, opened it, and held it before them; on observing its motion, like other savages, they evidently concluded it to be a living animal, and almost overturned the hut to escape from it. On seeing this, I left them, and carried the watch open to Makoon, who still stood ranked with his men; he viewed it at a little distance with fear and surprise. On presenting it to his ear, he shrunk back; but, to display his courage before his people, he ventured to listen to it. Observing the chief was uninjured, they all ventured to listen to it also. We then presented a piece of tobacco to each, which tempted the skulking females to

come forward and solicit a little also. Makoon's two wives seemed about four feet in height, and not the least deformed. Each had a small infant tied to her back.

"They had never seen white people before; never heard of Klaar Water, nor of missionaries. We explained to Makoon the object of our visit to his country; stated our ability to inform him and his people of many things that would do them good; especially concerning the Being that made them, and the sun, moon, stars, mountains, trees, etc., and, should he consent, persons would come from a distant land to teach him and his people, and all around, these things. His reply was short, but comprehensive: 'I shall be very glad if any person will come to my country, to tell me and my people what we do not know.' He added, 'I have many people over there,' pointing to the eastward. 'We are peaceable Bushmen; so was my father and his father, they never stole any thing from their neighbours;' and, apparently to encourage us to send teachers, he said, 'We have plenty of game and of water.' Some of their faces were frightfully smeared with red paint, perhaps having been hastily put on to terrify us, had we proved enemies.

"We halted near the river, which is called Malalareen by the Bootchuanas; Hhou, by the Corannas; and by others, the Heart. Makoon is a clever man, but seemed to possess nothing but the skin cloak that covered him, and his bow and arrows. We left him at two P.M., and soon crossed the Malalareen; shot at some camelopards, which were thought to be about eighteen feet high. At eight in the evening we halted on the

banks of the river, where we found various horns of wild animals lying about, and plenty of fire-wood.

"At two we again crossed the river, to the east side, on which we entered a beautiful level plain, which we named *Kingsland* Plain.

"From the windings of the Malalareen we were obliged to cross it again, in attempting which, my wagon stuck fast in the mud, when one of the oxen falling on his side, was so entangled, he could not be raised. Fires being lighted up around to enable us to see what obstacles opposed, we discovered the opposite bank so steep, that the oxen could not drag up the wagon. About sixteen oxen being yoked to the hinder part of the wagon, we were drawn backwards to the land, after having stuck an hour in the river. I was glad, for the sake of our people, who had stood long in the water, that there was abundance of wood to make good fires to warm and dry them.

"At seven A.M., we crossed the river easily. Met four Bushmen, who informed us we were not far from the mouth of the river. At eleven we observed oxen feeding at a distance, which we afterwards found were sent by our friends at Klaar Water, to relieve our weary animals. We soon afterwards came in sight of three wagons belonging to these friends, who had come there to hunt sea-cows, or the hippopotamus. At noon we arrived at the Yellow River, into which the Malalareen empties itself. The Yellow River is considerably larger than the Thames above the tide, and is very much increased by the junction of the other. At this confluence is a charming spot, the river and its elevated banks covered with trees, and a variety of scenery standing

around. This part of the Great River was never before visited by white men.

"A Bushman and his two wives paid us a visit. They witnessed our worship, but seemed to take little notice of it. On the 19th, at eleven A.M., we left the junction or confluence of the Malalareen and Yellow Rivers. Adam Kok, the only person who knew the road to Griqua Town, had gone on before, and we were to follow the track of his wagon. Travelling among rocks we lost Kok's track, and got into a narrow descending valley between mountains. About sunset I observed Britannia, one of our men, standing motionless for some minutes before us. Pointing towards him, I asked my wagon driver if he could see the reason for his halting in that position. 'Oh!' said he, 'he is looking in the faces of two lions immediately before him.' I begged my Hottentot to make the oxen gallop, as the sound might frighten the lions. He did so, and the sound among the stones made by the wagon being almost equal to that of thunder, the lions, sure enough, walked off, permitting the poor man to join our wagons, almost fainting. He kept the lions at bay by looking them steadily in the face. Had he not possessed sufficient fortitude to continue looking them stedfastly in the face, he certainly would have been torn in pieces. He declared that he felt a trembling come over him even before he saw the lions. We soon got into the heart of a thicket of bushes, and being dark, we could perceive no way of getting out; of course we were under the necessity of halting where we were, without water.

"Next day the *stop-a-while* bushes were uncommonly troublesome, tearing the oxen, wagons, and our clothes. I was held fast by one bush for several minutes; for no

sooner had I got disengaged from one hook, than I found others had caught hold of my clothes. At noon, we reached the *first* village in the Griqua country. On inquiring the name of it, I was told it was Campbell. The people received us very kindly; brought a good supply of thin milk, of which we had not tasted since leaving Lattakoo."

This village was evidently named Campbell, in compliment to him; but not even in his private journal does he say so. There, however, he described the scenery, as that of "a sequestered paradise, in a narrow valley between beautiful hills, watered by a crystal brook." As the first legislator of the Griquas, Mr. Campbell deserved this compliment. In his travels, he says, "Campbell lies in a narrow valley, covered in many parts with trees, with a crystal stream meandering along the centre, which flows from what is called the Great Fountain, at the head of the valley. The people, about thirty in number, have only lately taken possession of the place, and are beginning to cultivate different parts of it."

"Adam Balley, a Griqua, and a member of the church at Griqua Town, reads the Scriptures to the people, and tries sometimes to say a little to them from what he reads. He remarked, with much diffidence, that he hoped, after a while, to be able to say a little more. He gave us the following account of himself:—

"'The first thing that led me to think at all of religion, was, one day, observing two Hottentots, who belonged to Zak River mission, giving thanks when eating. I went afterwards to visit that settlement, where I heard many things, but felt no interest in them. But one day, when alone in the field, I looked very seriously at a mountain, as the work of that God of whom I had

heard. Then I examined my two hands, and for the first time noticed that there were the same number of fingers on each. I asked myself, 'Why are there not five on this hand, and three on that? it must be God that made them so.' Then I examined my feet, and wondered to find them both flat; not one flat, and the other round. 'God must have done this,' said I. In this way, I considered my whole body, which made a deep impression on my mind, and disposed me to hear with more interest, till I was brought to trust that Jesus Christ died for my sins.'

"Saltpetre abounds much in various parts here, covering the surface of the ground as with snow, half an inch deep, yet the water of the springs is not brackish, as in every other place I have yet seen where much saltpetre was in the ground. Five languages are spoken in the village, Dutch, Coranna, Bootchuana, Hottentot, and Bushman. The latter people live by themselves. In the evening, I visited their huts, and they seemed pleased by my calling on them, and noticing their children. I was gratified to hear that they were this year to assist in cultivating the ground, and were to receive a portion of the produce for their trouble. Tasting the sweets of industry may produce the spirit of it. An old Bushman said, 'Instruction is good, for we have had peace ever since it came into the country.'

"Left Campbell, and visited a Griqua out-post on the banks of the Great River. Like Arabs, the people at this post wander from place to place, according as they find pasturage for their cattle. We came to the junction of a considerable river from the south-east. We could see about two miles up the river, the rising banks of which being thickly covered with trees, had an ele-

gant appearance. We inquired the name of it. They said that this, and the river a little farther down, which was still larger, were only lately known to them, and they had no names for them, except that they spoke of this as the muddy, and the other as the black river. We agreed to name this one the Alexander river, after the colonial secretary at Cape Town; and the other the Cradock river, after his excellency Sir John Cradock, the governor of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"The scenery was so delightful that we felt reluctant to leave it; however, we tore ourselves away from it, and reached our wagons by one o'clock, and with them proceeded towards the Cradock river, which we reached before sunset, and viewed the charming scene with deep interest. The Cradock seems equal in size to the Malalareen, Yellow, and Alexander rivers when all united, and appeared, like the last also, to come from a south-east direction.

"These four rivers may be considered as the sources of the Great Orange river, for it is joined by no other in the whole of its course across the African continent, till it falls into the Ethiopic (or Southern Atlantic) Ocean. This I afterwards found to be so, by crossing the continent on the vicinity of its banks.

"We arrived at Griqua Town on the morning of the 26th of July; so that our journey to Lattakoo, from thence, had occupied six weeks."

At this time, he reviewed his journey, in a letter to his aunt.

"It is a remarkable fact, that insanity is a disease almost unknown in South Africa. Can this be ascribed to the climate, or to their exemption from the cares of life? for an African can sleep as soon and as sound

when he has not a morsel to eat as when he has plenty. They calculate no time, consequently have no care respecting old age, till it comes, and they feel it. We might go to them, as well as to the fowls of the air, to guard against carking worldly cares and anxieties. (See Matt. vi. 25, 26.)

"A messenger announced that a camelopard (giraffe) had just been shot, and they wished me to see it before it died; of course, I hastened to the spot, but it had fallen down and expired before I reached it. The length of its fore-legs measured about six feet, so that a good-sized horse could have walked under its belly; from the hoof to the top of the head it measured fifteen feet. The animal is now in the Missionary Museum.

"At midnight, a messenger arrived, informing us that a party of Caffres and Bushmen were coming to attack the settlement. The bell was rung, and the inhabitants immediately collected, to consider what was best to be done. They agreed first to despatch some persons to gain intelligence, and the whole proved a false alarm.

"Had a meeting with the male population, to consider various points, especially regulations for the protection of the lives and property of the community. I endeavoured to explain to them the necessity and design of laws for the government of every society; that if there was no law against murder, and no punishment annexed to the commission of it, then every man's life was in danger of being taken from him, even on the most frivolous occasions; if no law against theft, then the property of the industrious was at the mercy of the idle; and in case they should become a much more numerous people, which was not improbable, should they remain

without laws, all would be anarchy and confusion. I told them that, in the history of the world, there was no account of any people existing and prospering without laws. I commended them for relinquishing a wandering life, and for having become a stationary people; and said that I was happy that they were, from experience, convinced of its utility.

"The chiefs and people unanimously consented that laws should be made, and magistrates chosen to put them in execution; and that a meeting should be held in the afternoon to consider what laws should be adopted.

"It was agreed that their two captains, or chiefs, should continue to act as commanders, in things respecting the public safety against foreign attacks. The whole people likewise resolved, that henceforth they should be called Griquas, instead of Bastard Hottentots; and that the place should be called Griqua Town, instead of Klaar Water.

"I had drawn up fourteen laws, which were proposed and agreed to; likewise that nine magistrates should be chosen to act as judges at Griqua Town, and one at each of the two principal out-posts, or large villages, who are to judge in smaller cases.

"It was agreed that the two captains, or chiefs, Bern and Kok, with Messrs. Anderson and Janz, be a court of appeal, and that the limits of their country be marked out in the course of one month, and the magistrates chosen.

"Many of the people have gardens: tobacco holds a distinguished place in them. It evidently is the favourite plant. Many acres of land in different parts of the country, especially around Griqua Town, are cultivated.

They abound in horned cattle, sheep, and goats; and these, with other outward comforts, the people acknowledge, have considerably increased since they became a stationary people. For the first five years after the missionaries came among them, they wandered about like the wild Bushmen, from place to place, notwithstanding the constant urgent entreaties of the missionaries that they would adopt a settled residence. Many of the old, as well as the young, can read: they dress like Europeans.

"From the best calculation that could be made of the number of Griquas and Corannas, who consider themselves in union with the Griquas, and who statedly or occasionally attend instruction by the missionaries, is 2607."

Then the church at Griqua Town had only 42 members, now 630; then 110 children were at school, now nearly 1,000. Almost the entire population of the district attend Sunday-schools. Besides the three missionaries, there are six regular, and 16 occasional native teachers. In 1840, 96 members were added to the churches of this mission.

"The next missionary station to be visited was in Namacqualand, which lies on the western coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Great River, which is the opposite side of the continent from the Griqua country, from whence we were to set out. Only two ways presented themselves; either to return almost to Cape Town, and travel up to Namacqualand, along the western coast, which would be a journey of three or four months, supposing that our cattle should be able to hold out, which was extremely doubtful; or to go directly across Africa, following the course of the Great River, which had before

been attempted by two Europeans, but they failed, in consequence of ridges of rocks running up from the very edge of the Great River for upwards of twenty miles inland, over which barriers no wagon can pass, and all the country, as far as they could see, in every direction, appeared so sandy, dry, and barren, that they returned to Griqua Town. The probability of our crossing over to Namacqualand in four or five weeks, and thereby saving three or four months, and likewise exploring the very heart of that great continent, were powerful inducements for us to make the attempt, at any hazard. On these grounds we resolved to endeavour to effect it.

"Early in the morning of the 9th of August, our people began to pack the wagons, and got every thing ready for our departure by ten o'clock; but our oxen had broken out of the enclosure in which they had been kept during the night, and no one knew in what direction they had wandered. People were therefore sent various ways in search of them. It was six in the evening before they were found, but being moonlight, we resolved to set off directly, which we did, after taking leave of our friends. When about half a mile distant, the Griquas fired a farewell salute from different parts of the settlement, as is the custom in the colony. At two o'clock in the morning we halted at Ewing Fountain. At eleven next morning we halted at a Coranna kraal in Milk Valley, where Mr. Read preached through a Coranna interpreter. After which the laws made for Griqualand were read to the people, most of whom consented to them, and had their names taken down.

At four P.M. left Milk Valley, and passed Reed Fountain, where Mr. Kicherer and others commenced the first missionary attempt to enlighten the Griqua nation.

At nine we reached Hardcastle, where we were kindly received by Bern, and the people, who were soon collected into a large room that was built for a preaching place, where Mr. Read preached to them.

"Hardcastle lies in a circular valley, about three miles in circumference, surrounded by Asbestos mountains, of diversified forms. There are four long passes, between mountains, leading from it in different directions, which not only increase the convenience of the situation, but greatly add to the grandeur of the position. Found the asbestos stone very plentiful on these mountains, and of a colour unknown to the ancients, namely, a fine Prussian blue; specimens of which I afterwards sent to most of the museums of Great Britain.

"The Bushmen over the whole country lay claim to all the honey in the mountains as their property. They mark the hives, which are plastered on the rocks, as farmers do their sheep; if any rob them, they are sure to carry off the first cow or sheep they meet in the neighbourhood. They say that Corannas, Matchappees, and Morolongs, have cows and sheep that live upon the grass of the land; and they, having none of those animals, certainly have a right to the bees, which live only on the flowers.

"At sunset, thirteen Corannas, riding on oxen, arrived from a neighbouring kraal. After the Griqua laws had been read to the people of Hardcastle, and then to the Corannas, with explanations, all consented to conform to them.

"Many Griquas arrived on oxen, from different parts of the country. An old Coranna, when his opinion was asked concerning the laws, said that he approved of them as good and necessary; not for himself, for he never did

any thing wrong; but he approved of them as good for others, pointing particularly to his countrymen around him. Had he been a Jew, we should have put him down for a Pharisee. The number of persons at Hardcastle, and the district connected with it, was reported to us as 885.

"Left Hardcastle at eleven A.M., August 13, at which time our caravan consisted of eight wagons, drawn by twelve oxen to each, besides horses, oxen, and sheep; but most of these were travelling to see us get safely across the Great River, after which they were to return to their homes. We proceeded to the northward, and at six we halted at Paard-berg, (or Horse Mountain,) so called, because in the sickly season for horses, they are frequently sent hither to escape the disease, and generally with success, which they attribute to the height of the district. There is a Coranna kraal, and a fountain of water, in a circular valley at the bottom of the mountain. We visited the kraal, and were kindly received; but some of the children were excessively afraid. Most of the Corannas attended our worship at the wagons.

"In the morning we read over to them the laws for Griqualand, with which they expressed themselves much satisfied.

"We proceeded southward, and entered a desert of sand, which commences at the Great River, and runs up Africa to the north, no one with us knew how far. It is the same in which Mateeré, and other Matchappees from Lattakoo, said they once travelled in nearly five moons (or months) in one direction to the north, living on water-melons, of which we saw many strewed about. Many a melancholy groan proceeded from the poor

thirsty oxen while dragging the wagons across this part of the mighty desert. While proceeding we met with neither beasts nor birds, and but few insects; the land was forsaken. There was nothing to please the eye, nor gratify the taste, nor to quench the thirst. Exactly at midnight the cry of "River! river!" relieved us all, and made us at once forget all our toils. Our oxen, having tasted no water for two toilsome days' journey, seemed as if unable to contain as much water as they required, when they reached the river.

"The sides of the river being from thirty to forty feet high, and almost perpendicular, our people employed themselves very laboriously in so cutting it down, as to permit our wagons to descend to the channel of the river. By two o'clock all was in readiness for crossing. Our three wagons were happily got down the steep bank without any accident. Captain Bern, John Hendrick, and one or two other Griquas, first entered the stream on horseback, to examine its depth. The current was strong, and about three hundred yards across. An ox, carrying on his back the materials of a hut, above which sat a little naked boy, was the first of our train that entered, followed by the loose oxen, the sheep, and the goats; most of the two last were obliged to be dragged by the men, till they got beyond the strongest part of the stream, during which they made no little noise, like the screaming of children. Our three wagons followed; then eight or ten Griqua women riding upon oxen, most of whom had children tied to their backs. Next came several of their husbands, mounted on oxen, some of whom had women walking by their sides, whom they held by the hand, to prevent them from being carried down by the current. I observed a little boy holding fast

by the tail of an ox the whole way across, violently screaming while the current was strong, but he never let go his hold of the ox's tail. The procession was closed by a mixed multitude of men, boys, girls, loitering oxen, sheep and goats, and children, belonging to the Griquas, who went with us for protection from the wild Bushmen, on a visit to their friends down the Great River.

"Thus, without an accident, we had crossed the first branch of the river, and got upon an island, completely surrounded by water.

"When all had arrived safe on the south side of the river, the greatest difficulty seemed to remain, for we found ourselves hemmed in by a thicket of trees, extending for a quarter of a mile up from the river, so that it was impossible to drag the wagons through it. After long search, we found an opening higher up the river, which we entered, and, in a winding direction, among trees, we reached the extremity of the wood, to the great satisfaction of all. The crossing of this mighty stream we accomplished without any serious accident in three hours, with much anxiety lest the river should suddenly rise, either while we were crossing its streams or its islands. Our kind Griqua friends, whose wagons remained on the other side, were obliged immediately to separate from us, as the sun was gone down, and they scarcely had light sufficient to see their way over.

"Though safely arrived on the other side of the Great River, we had still something to trouble us from the other side, for there were no tidings of the recovery of our sixteen oxen, though it was the fourth day since they were missing.

"We had a little Hottentot boy, called Dookstens,

(or Asbestos,) whose darkness of colour I conceived had, in part, arisen from dirt sticking to his skin; I therefore attempted to wash him white; but, though I washed him long, with the aid of soap and a towel, with which his mother furnished me, having a half smile on her countenance, I found him as much the Ethiopian as before.

"A little after mid-day, we were gratified by the sight of our strayed oxen. There were all together upwards of fifty, thirty-three of which belonged to the society instead of eighteen, as I first understood. Finding no grass in the desert, they had returned as far back as Paardberg, where we had been on the 14th of the month. Our people had returned to the river after a most laborious, yet fruitless search for them. One of them, Keyser, had nearly lost his life for want of water. He said he felt as if fire had been placed on the middle of his back; he frequently thrust his head into the middle of a bush, if possible, to smell the damp that might be there, while his companions dug up cold sand and applied it to his back, which they were obliged to do from bush to bush, until he reached the river. It was some Corannas, on their way to join our caravan, who met our oxen; and, being persuaded they were ours, drove them back to us.

"Began at daylight to prepare for moving down the river, but our Hottentots found it very difficult to collect the oxen belonging to each wagon, being mixed up with such a number of strange oxen belonging to the Griquas and Corannas who had joined us. At ten A.M. we departed, and a motley company we appeared. I counted twenty-one persons mounted on oxen, chiefly women in skin cloaks, most of them seated on the top of their stuff, high above the backs of their oxen, and

having children tied to their backs, their heads being visible above their mothers' cloaks. There were also three flocks of cattle, and one of sheep and goats, with various pedestrians; our own wagons, guarded by Hottentots, followed in the rear.

"I found now a peculiar dryness in the air, perhaps being so distant from the oceans that wash the two sides of the African continent, so that the ink in my pen was almost instantly dried up; and however wet the pencil I used for sketching in water colours, it was almost dry before it reached the paper. In travelling to-day, we had to cross about six times the sandy bed of a river, which has water in the rainy season: the steep sides make it very troublesome to cross. Two Corannas came to us, the one having a sheep-skin over his shoulders; the other, an old man without clothing. They begged hard for tobacco. Near sunset, we observed a number of people on the summit of a hill, and soon afterwards came to two Coranna villages. They possessed hundreds of oxen, cows, sheep, and goats. It is called Filp's Kraal, and contains not more than a hundred and fifty inhabitants. Most of them expressed a desire to have a teacher; but they confessed they were a divided people, and seemed reluctant to give a formal answer. They neither plant nor sow, but depend entirely on their cattle for subsistence. They appear to be a dull, gloomy, and indifferent race. Our arrival seemed to make no impression on any mind, except exciting a little curiosity; and they were as indifferent about our departure, as if they had said, 'You may come, stay, or go, just as it pleases yourselves.' They were so immured in the heart of the great continent, that probably they have never heard of the existence of seas or

oceans, knowing only that there is a great river, at the side of which they are contented to sleep away their miserable lives. In the evening, in consequence of the shrinking of the timber, the iron ring of one of our wheels fell off, which obliged us to halt for the night.

"Left Huiman's Kraal at three P.M. At five, we passed a building in ruins, which had been erected by Stephanus, who fled from the colony for forgery, and who had been a mason. Halted at seven. Though at noon the thermometer was 82°, yet the evening was piercing cold. Many rotten trees, that had lain unmolested for years, now perished in the flames.

"Many trees, which they call koker trees, were growing on the hills around, and which I had not seen in any other part of Africa. They grow upon the most dry and rocky parts of the hills. Many of them are from ten to twelve feet in circumference at the bottom, and quickly diminishing in thickness till the branches commence, which is at a height seldom more than seven or eight feet. The shape of the cluster of branches resembles that of an inverted basin. The bark is white, intermixed with light yellow, and has a shining appearance like satin. Altogether, including branches, it does not exceed sixteen feet in height.

"Cupido, the Hottentot, took his turn in the morning in addressing the natives. He illustrated the immortality of the soul by alluding to the serpent, who by pushing itself forward between two branches of a bush, which nearly press against each other, strips himself once a year of his skin. 'When we find the skin,' said he 'we do not call it the serpent; no, it is only its skin: neither do we say the serpent is dead; no, for we know he is alive, and has only cast his skin.' The

serpent he compared to the soul, and the skin to the body. The simile was well understood by all his audience.

"Kok, the chief of the kraal, related to us that he lately went with a large party of his people, on an expedition against elephants, on the other side of the river; that though they travelled five or six days' journey up the desert, to the north, they did not find one fountain of water. On inquiring how they lived without water—like the Matchappees, of whom we made the same inquiry, when they travelled many hundred miles higher up the same desert—he said that water melons were every where scattered over the ground, which, after being roasted upon the embers of a fire, yielded good water.

"Left Kok's Kraal at five P.M. September 3rd. About midnight we got so entangled among rocks, that for some time we knew not how to extricate ourselves; at length, however, we got out of the difficulty, and proceeded until the moon went down, which was about one o'clock, when we were under the necessity of halting, without water.

"Next day, the heat was almost unbearable. On seeing a great rock lying against another, we took shelter from the heat under it, and were greatly refreshed. The rock which formed our shadow from the heat, would at least have weighed sixty or seventy tons. While two of us sat there together, there was not a breath of air stirring, nor even one bird chirping, nor a human being moving; indeed, altogether there was a stillness almost frightful. We mused upon the gigantic cliffs we had just left, and how such a surprising work of God should lie concealed from the inspection of mankind in the

bosom of wild, wilderness Africa. We saw many serpents, but received no injury.

"I found it was common among Hottentots to catch a serpent, squeeze out the poison from under its teeth, and drink it. They say it only makes them a little giddy, and imagine that it preserves them afterwards from receiving any injury from the bite of a serpent. I have no doubt, from the testimony of the Hottentots who travelled with me, of the fact that they do take it; but whether or not it be calculated to produce the effect which the Hottentots pretend, I leave to the decision of medical men.

"Next day being cool, we were able to continue moving from sunrise until about two P.M., when we halted at the side of a river bed, without water. Here we commenced a new operation, namely, to dig for water; after digging about five feet, we found some. Though neither men nor beasts were to be found in this part of Africa, yet it was not destitute of animals; for hundreds of lizards, and field mice, were almost constantly visible around us; and so unacquainted were they with man, that they played about within a few yards of the wagon; and, during the afternoon, nine lions were seen in the vicinity. One of our Hottentots, about a quarter of a mile from the wagons, was in imminent danger of being devoured by three of them, which he came upon unawares, among tall bushes. They stood looking towards him for some time, and he at them. When he turned about to make a sign to his companion to come to his assistance, they advanced, but immediately, on turning his eyes towards them again, they made a halt; and when the other Hottentot came up with his gun, and stood beside him, they walked off.

We killed a large puff adder, which is a venomous species of serpent. A few clouds appeared in the westward towards evening, at the bottom of the horizon, which were viewed as a rarity, having had almost constant sunshine and a clear sky for more than three months; we also viewed them as a sign of our approach to the ocean, on the western side of Africa.

"Having sent three Hottentots with our oxen, the preceding day, in search of water, we became anxious for their return. Nine o'clock at night came, but no appearance of either Hottentots or oxen. We had various conjectures as to the cause of their detention; that, perhaps, while the men slept the oxen had strayed; or the river Bushmen had stolen them. Our two milch goats had run off during the night, and were sought for in vain: most probably they were devoured by the lions. Our situation was awkward, every thing being packed up and ready for starting, and not a single ox to yoke, and in the middle of a barren desert.

"In the morning had no intelligence concerning our Hottentots, oxen or goats. Parties were despatched in search of them.

"We found what is called the bush-louse very numerous where we were, which is black, and about the size of a large bug; its form is round. When it fixes on the skin, it is hardly possible to get it off without cutting it to pieces; indeed, so close does it stick, that it cannot be felt by the touch; if you try to scrape it off with a knife, the knife slides over it. One fixed on my wrist, but no means I used affected it in the least degree. A Hottentot poured on it the juice of tobacco, which made it raise itself up a little, when he seized it and tore it away. The poor cattle are sometimes co-

vered with them; their only relief then is from the crow, which frequently alights on their backs, and stands picking off these animals till it has satisfied its hunger: the ox gives no disturbance to the crow while thus feeding on its back.

"I was surprised how so many lizards and mice could live without water, till I observed them rolling berries, from succulent plants, into their holes, like sailors rolling casks of water into their ships. On examining one of the largest of those berries, I found it contained about three tea-spoonsful of water. This is a wonderful provision God has made, to supply the wants of these little animals.

"I gently threw a small stone at a lizard which was near, without any intention to hurt it, but I struck off its tail; the tail leaped about for five minutes, and moved, something like a serpent, three yards off. The poor lizard, as well as myself, stood *wondering* at this exhibition of its tail. When I mentioned this circumstance to our Hottentots, they told me that, like serpents, after their heads are cut off they moved for some time.

"Nine o'clock at night again arrived, without any intelligence of our missing men and oxen, only we thought we heard the report of two muskets fired off at a distance. About half-past nine, immediately after evening worship, we heard a musket-shot at no great distance, then a second, and a third, which led us to conclude something was wrong; of course we despatched some of our people with muskets to the place from whence the firing proceeded. It was but a little while before part of them returned, with one of the three men who had been with the cattle. He said they had been attacked

by wild Bushmen, who had wounded Peekure in the back, immediately under his neck, with a poisoned arrow, and carried off all the cattle! While relating these doleful tidings, poor Peekure, and the third Hottentot, who had been with the cattle, came up. His wound was large, owing to the difficulty they had found in getting out the piece of the arrow that had remained in the wound, which they had picked out with an awl. Our men ran to their arms, to endeavour to retake their cattle. By ten o'clock, ten of the nimblest were ready to set off. We begged them to endeavour to spare the lives of the Bushmen, should they meet with them; to endeavour to get between them and the Great River, to which they would be driving the cattle; and to come upon them by surprise. Without this precaution, we were afraid the Bushmen would wound as many of the cattle as they could, and run off, being sure these cattle would die, and be left behind for them to eat. A tame Bushman, from Griqua Town, went off with them, with his bow and arrows, without being desired.

"Our situation was now become very distressing, being in the midst of an unknown desert, with three loaded wagons, and not a single ox in our possession to draw them. Lest we should be attacked during the absence of so many of our men, we examined what were our means of defence. We discovered that three of our people had sold, or rather exchanged, their muskets for cattle, at Griqua Town, supposing that the dangerous part of the journey was over when we returned from Lattakoo.

"I found that the Hottentots were ignorant where or how we were travelling; that they could not understand how the sun at one part of the journey should rise on

their right hand, and on their left at another: of course they left the matter entirely to us; they had no care, only to follow us. Only five guns were found to be with the wagons, with some spears and Bushmen bows and arrows.

"We considered it our duty first to attend to these measures and precautions, after which to have recourse to the grand refuge in times of trouble—the throne of grace. Those who remained with the wagons, assembled for united prayer to God. We also did every thing in our power for the poor wounded man, who had a wife and three children at Bethelsdorp, ignorant of his distressing situation.

"Some of our people were of opinion, that the Bushmen had been watching our motions the whole day down the river, and had chosen to make their attack at this place as farthest from all assistance. Others, that the Bushmen who had attacked us were connected with Africaner, (afterwards Mr. Campbell's friend,) a plundering chief, who is the terror of all that part of Africa, and that this only preceded a grand attack by him. All remained awake but myself: but being without means, either for defence or offence, and every thing being in as good order as we could put them, I went into my wagon to take a little rest. I had hardly lain down, when one came and advised me not to go to sleep. An hour after I was informed that our men were in combat with the Bushmen, which I did not believe, having been awake half an hour without hearing any thing. At three o'clock in the morning, however, I distinctly heard two shots fired, and then a third. Immediately I left the wagon, when Boozak pointed out a cloud of dust, which the moonlight rendered visible, and was occa-

sioned by the moving of the cattle. I inquired if he could distinguish whether the cloud moved to or from us; after gazing some time, he said, '*To us!*' They were evidently running quick, for the cloud approached fast. At length the oxen became visible; but we were afraid to approach to hear the report of our men, dreading that some lives had been lost in the recapture. We were truly glad to find they had obtained the cattle without resistance. Being night, we could not count the cattle, so we were obliged to remain ignorant till sunrise, whether or not we had sustained any loss. After solemnly returning thanks to God, for regaining our cattle, we went to rest, leaving some to watch.

"As soon as daylight appeared, the cattle were numbered, and all were pleased to find that not one was missing. Our three Hottentots who went with the cattle gave the following account of their long absence, of three days, merely to give the oxen a drink of water. That not finding water, as was expected, a few miles lower down in the dry bed of the river, they went forward till they came to the Great River, upwards of twenty miles farther, which was making it fully a journey of fifty miles for a drink of water. They observed, while they halted at the river, some Bushmen at a distance, lurking among the bushes. They had not seen more than four. On leaving the river, the Bushmen followed them, but concealing themselves as much as possible among the bushes. When almost dark, they had taken their aim at Peekure; being a tall and strong man; perhaps supposing if they could bring him down, they should easily overcome the others, who were young. When he found himself wounded, he ran to one of his companions, asking him to pull out the

arrow, which stuck fast between his shoulders. He did so; but two pieces of it remained in the wound, which he had the fortitude to pick out with an awl, while the other young Hottentot kept off the Bushmen with his musket, which he fired towards the place from whence he thought the arrow proceeded. They then left the oxen to bring their wounded companion to the wagons.

"We did every thing for the poor wounded man in our power, by cutting out the flesh all round the wound, administering *eau de luce* and laudanum, to mitigate the pain; but he lay groaning the whole night. There being no water for the oxen, we were obliged to depart at ten A.M., moving slowly, for the sake of Peekure. At half-past one, his pain became so great that we were obliged to halt at the foot of a mountain, and to lay him down under a bush to die. His appearance was alarming, being greatly swelled, particularly about the head and throat. He said that he felt the poison gradually working downwards to his very toes, and then ascend in the same manner: as it ascended, his body swelled. He felt very anxious, often turning on his face, and crying to Jesus for mercy to his soul. He thought he felt the chief strength of the poison to lodge in one of his cheeks, and requested that the cheek might be cut off, which we declined doing, persuaded that his whole frame was equally contaminated. The tame Bushman we had with us, told us in the morning that Peekure would die immediately on the going down of the sun, which he certainly did; for the sun had not dipped five minutes under the horizon before he breathed his last. His countenance was frightful, from disfiguration by swelling. On his brow was a swelling as large as a goose's egg.

"Being under the necessity of halting all night, though

without water, our people fortified the place with a fence of bushes, lest the Bushmen, who we understood were numerous in that part, should attack us during the night. We likewise had sent forward all our oxen, retaining only as many as were needed for dragging the wagons, that they might get water as soon as possible, which divided our strength, but there was no alternative.

"To our no small surprise and gratitude, about midnight we were joined by Mr. Schmelen, one of our missionaries, and several persons belonging to the Namacqua mission, who happened to be at an outpost, and heard of our situation from persons we had despatched to seek help. Their arrival reminded me of Paul's feelings at Apii-forum, when brethren from Rome met him; "He thanked God, and took courage," Acts xxviii. 15. These friends informed us that Bushmen had followed us from the waterfall, watching for an opportunity to plunder us: that these poor creatures had been so ill-treated by the boors from the colony, that they now endeavour to murder every man who wears a hat, which is the only way they can distinguish a boor. They are connected with Africaner, giving him a share of what plunder they take, especially if they find powder.

"At seven in the morning, we interred the remains of poor Peekure. His body was tied up in his caross or cloak. An address was given at the grave; after which we united in prayer, and ended by singing a hymn.

"At ten we left Death Vale, the name we gave to the place; and at a little distance we killed a yellow serpent, about six feet long, the first of that kind we had seen on our journey. As all our water was expended, we were obliged to proceed without stopping,

till we should come to some fountain; but did not arrive at one till half-past ten o'clock at night, when we reached Kabas Fountain, which lay behind a range of mountains that were in view the whole day. The sight of water was truly pleasant to man and beast. Some of our cattle had tasted no water for three days; they drank, and drank again, and were loth to leave it; but we found in the morning there was not a blade of grass, so that, though it was the Lord's day, we were obliged to proceed forward until four P.M., when we arrived at Pella, the Namacqua missionary station, where, with much pleasure, we met the brethren. In the evening we had a meeting to return thanks to God for our preservation in crossing the continent, which had been effected in one month and three days.

"We had a meeting with several Namacquas, who had been in the Damara country, which is the first country beyond Great, or North Namacqualand, in order to collect information. They were amused with some of the questions which I asked them.

"The Namacquas live in low circular huts, composed of branches of trees stripped and bent, and stuck into the ground at both ends, and mats made of rushes thrown over them.

"Pella is surrounded with white sand, interspersed with bushes of various descriptions. Though the second month of their spring, there was little progress of vegetation visible in their gardens, the soil appearing uncommonly barren, in consequence of a proportion of saltpetre mixed with it. The banks of the Great River, which are only about four miles distant, are so covered with rocks, that they cannot live there.

"While at dinner, a whirlwind came, which filled the house with dust, and would have spoiled the dinner, had not a cloth been instantly thrown over it. I was greatly pleased with Mr. Helm's morning exercise with the children; which was reading a few verses of the Bible, and explaining them in a simple way, by question and answer.

"We took a ride through the kloof, or defile, to the Great River. In our way ran a brook of brackish water, which disappeared among sand, and appeared again about eight times. On reaching the Great River, Mr. Read caught a large fish with his hands among the stones, which was the first fish I had seen in the Great River; it directed the attention of all to the obtaining of more; and in the course of an hour they obtained nearly two dozen, of various sizes and kinds. Perhaps this little circumstance may increase the comfort of the settlers at Pella, who were not aware that fish could be so easily obtained in the river. Though the people are not fond of fish, yet, to save their sheep, they may be induced to catch a few, now and then, which by-and-by, may produce a fondness for them. The river was confined by barren mountains on each side. Those on the north side were almost black, those on the south were composed of red and barren soil, and appeared as if the surface had been a furnace, with the ashes strewed over them. Their aspect is directly facing the sun to the north. The lovely green of the trees which fringe both sides of the river, forms a striking contrast with the melancholy, death-like appearance of these mountains at their back.

"By digging in the sand at one place, we found

water to allay our thirst. Then we rode for two hours, at a quick rate, before we came in sight of the lights of Pella, where we arrived about nine o'clock.

"Our missionary business at Pella was gradually coming to an end, and we began to think how we should get away from it before the rainy season in January, as a wide desert lay between it and the colony. The missionaries were acquainted with three ways:—1. In the east way there is no water for three long days' journey. 2. In the middle way, no water for three days' journey, and, at that season, even the fountain or pool on the other side would be dry. 3. The west way is down the Great River for several days' journey, most of the road being stony and rocky, and much exposed to wild Bushmen; after leaving the river there are two long days' journey across the desert to Kamis Mountain, without water.

"These three ways were laid before us for our selection; such difficulties belonged to each that we were at a loss to decide. The middle road being impassable, and the river road being double the distance, and so rocky as to endanger our wagons, we resolved to select the east one.

"We continued attending to the missionary concerns of the institution until the 22nd of September, when every thing seemed to be concluded. We began early in the morning to prepare for crossing the desert. It was long before all the oxen could be got into the yoke, owing to several being young, and very unwilling to commence a life of servitude. At length, all being ready, we assembled with the people in the meeting-house, where we united in earnest prayer, that we might have "a prosperous journey by the will of God."

"Arrived in the morning at Rosine Fountain, where we continued until four, when we commenced a three days' journey over a desert of sand. Halted, without water, after a fifteen hours' stage. Wherever the eye turned, there was nothing to be seen but complete sterility; the hills appeared of a brown burnt colour, and the plain was deep sand, strewed with tufts of withered grass.

"While sitting in a retired corner, under the shadow of a rock, writing my journal, a pretty little solitary bird hopped around me, within a yard's distance, and sometimes stood on the rock at my side, as if amused by my writing, quite unconscious of any danger from the human species. I did nothing to injure our *character* in its estimation. It seemed to come as if on purpose to divert my attention from the dreary scene before me; if so, it effected its purpose. However, the lowing of the oxen, and the howling of the dogs for water, were painful to hear; and to reflect how far they were from relief, rendered it still more so. The Hottentots, in such a case, say, 'Shut your eyes and ears, and press forward till you get out of such a country as this;' that is, Do not from pity to the oxen *halt*, for that would only increase their misery, by detaining them longer from water. Passed, at nine o'clock, P.M., some miserable Bushmen sitting round a fire. Mr. A. found a Namacqua loitering with them, whom he had sent forward with his horse to get sooner to water, as it could not endure thirst so long as an ox. This lazy man said he could not go further till he had had a sleep.

"A little before sunrise, our loose oxen all at once set off at full speed, towards a corner among hills, with

the dogs, sheep, and goats at their heels. They had smelled water in the corner, which there had been, but was dried up. They evidently felt disappointed; but they stood snuffing in the air, turning their heads in every direction for the space of a minute; after which they again ran with great speed to a point to where the wagons were travelling, and there they were not disappointed, for they came to Quick Fountain, which consists of two pools of water. The oxen rushed into the pools, the sheep, dogs, and goats pushed under their bellies, and all drank together, at least as many as the pools could hold. Such as could not gain access to the water, ran with violence against those who stood in the water, by which they obtained as much room as permitted their mouths to reach it. Several went away twice, as if satisfied, but returned to drink more. It was extremely difficult to detain the oxen which were yoked to the wagons, till their yokes were taken off. As they got free, every one ran towards the water, without waiting for his fellow. None of them had tasted water for thirty-eight hours, perhaps some of them for longer, and they had dragged the wagons through deep sand, for about ninety miles. It was remarkable that not one ox perished in the desert, for which we met to give thanks to Him to whom we owed this mercy. Quick Fountain proceeds from the bottom of a mountain, composed of one solid rock. Our journey across this desert was south-west by west.

"Now the oxen had their thirst removed, but there was little around to allay hunger; wherefore many of them set off at full speed in search of grass, and were not found till early next morning, when we were glad to leave the fountain, in order to reach grass as soon as

possible. At three o'clock, we halted where there was some grass, but no water. At six, we pushed forward; and at half-past ten we arrived at Silver Fountain, the residence of old Cornelius Kok, and our missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sass, who received us with much pleasure.

"Mrs. Sass requested that, as she had not heard an English sermon for a long time, I would preach in the evening, when she should be able to attend. I did so, from Matt. xxiv. 14; but little did she or I imagine, that the last sermon she was to hear on earth was to be preached at her own request. During the remainder of the evening she conversed cheerfully, and manifested no ordinary degree of good sense. About two o'clock in the morning of the 29th she was taken ill, and was soon convinced that death was at hand, and calmly gave directions concerning all her affairs. She said her views were not bright, for she was in great pain; but her mind was stedfastly fixed on that great truth, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." About five she expressed a desire to see me, when I stated to her some of the leading truths of the word of God. She then told Mr. R. the text from which her death should be improved to the people, namely, 'By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God,' Eph. ii. 8. And while we were all standing round her, without any struggle, she gently breathed her last. She, indeed, seemed to fall asleep in Jesus. By her death, her husband lost an excellent wife, and the Society a valuable missionary. Mysterious are some of the ways of God.

"We proceeded on our journey; our wagons drawn by oxen belonging to Cornelius Kok, which were to

assist us for two or three days. On the morning of the 2nd of October, we observed dew on the ground for the first time since we left the eastern side of Africa.

"At sunset we had our first sight of the Ethiopic Ocean; it being nearly half a year since we lost sight of the Indian Ocean, on the eastern side of the continent. Our journey across the continent being now terminated, our way inclined to the south-east, instead of the west.

"At eight we arrived at Mrs. Vandervesthuis's Place, and were kindly received by the old lady, when Mr. Read preached to her numerous family of slaves and Hottentots; these were all cheerful, I believe being well treated. She well remembered Vaillant, the French traveller, who lived a good while at her house. She said he was never above ten days from her house, when he went farther up the country, and these he spent among the Kamis Mountains opposite, seeking birds, stones, and flowers, which appeared to her very idle employments. She also remarked, that the wind sometimes blew so violent in that part of Africa as to upset their wagons. She seemed diverted when I mentioned that Vaillant had published in Europe an account of his travels, and had mentioned her in it. She asked if he had mentioned in his book a dispute she had with him, which she related. I told her he had not stated it.

"Though it blew a gale of wind the whole day, the thermometer at noon was 94°, and by sunset fell to 86°. Mrs. V. kindly assisted us with sixteen oxen for the next stage, which was both hilly and sandy. In four hours' journey we halted at Koris Fountain. The country around was covered with bushes in flower, which were very beautiful. On the 5th, the thermometer at noon was 101°. At half-past three the thermometer

stood at 102° in the shade. My silver snuff-box in my pocket felt as if lately taken out of a fire, so that at one time I threw it from me, when heedlessly taking it from my pocket, though I sat in the tent, which was pitched under the thick foliage of an evergreen tree. All the water was warm, and our butter turned into oil; the dogs, though under cover from the sun's rays, lay panting with their mouths open and tongues hanging out. My ink, though mixed with water, got thick in a few minutes, and three thirsty flies were generally drinking the ink in my pen, while I was writing. Nothing terrified them; drink they were determined to have at any risk. All was silence around, all sheltering themselves from the sunbeams. The Hottentots had dug holes in the sand till they came to what was cool; on this they lay with open bosoms. The crows had the boldness to walk about our wagons, picking up what they could find, as if we had all been dead. Thermometer at five P.M. 90°, at sunset, 95°, when we departed, and travelled forward till three o'clock in the morning, when we halted at Foul Fountain, the waters of which smell offensively.

"On reaching the head of an ascent, we had an extensive view, which was animating, after being confined among low uninteresting hills; and what greatly added to our satisfaction, was a cloudy sky, but still much deep sand appeared before us. Another ox failed, and lay down; we were obliged to leave him, in order to push forward to water. At midnight we happily reached the Elephants' River, where men and beasts plentifully partook of its pure stream. Having walked on foot the whole journey, we were glad, about two in the morning, to lie down and rest our weary limbs; for an

eight hours' walk in deep sand requires considerable exertion. Slinger, one of our Hottentots, was baptized in the forenoon, after he had given satisfactory account of his faith. The Elephants' River, though much inferior to the Great River, is a considerable stream. Its banks are beautifully lined with the willow, mimosa, and other trees; but nothing can be more barren than the ground immediately beyond the range of those trees. It was painful to see the oxen standing still for want of something to eat. At four P.M., moved up the river in search of grass; at nine came to grass, and to a boor's house, by whom we were kindly received.

"At seven in the morning, Mynheer Vanzails invited us to coffee; at eight, to breakfast; and at eleven, to dinner; making three meals in four hours, which was the usual custom of the house. A slave girl held in her hand a long stick, at the end of which was a fan composed of ostrich feathers, with which she drove away the flies from disturbing those who were at table. At six in the evening, we took leave of our kind host.

"All the cups and saucers we had for our journey were now broken; we had only half a cup left, which we used at breakfast, along with a wooden bowl, a horn, and a tin tumbler.

"Still our journey was over deep sand, and more than two-thirds of the stage was up hill, which greatly fatigued the oxen. At last we arrived in Jackal Valley. The clerk to the deputy landdrost of the district was so obliging as to come to us here, with letters for me from the Cape, containing gratifying intelligence respecting the kingdom of our Lord. We found many persons in Cape Town had died since our leaving it. All letters were silent about the affairs of Europe, which greatly

disappointed us, as we were anxious to know the result of Buonaparte's invasion of Russia. None around us knew anything of what was going on in Europe.

"We proceeded on our journey towards the Cape, and continued in motion till four o'clock next morning. Rested till eleven, when the day being cool, we moved forward until three P.M., when we halted at Zwartland Kirk, where we spent three hours in conversation with the parish minister, Mr. Schoaltz, who told me that the first place of worship he attended in England was my chapel in Kingsland; and what was also pleasing to me was, that two other parish ministers in the colony, out of seven, said, that the first time they ever spoke in public, in the English language, was in the same chapel; and the first time Mr. Bakker, missionary at Stellenbosch, prayed in English, was in the vestry of the same chapel. These circumstances made me feel more at *home* in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"Arrived, on the evening of the 31st of October, at Cape Town, after a journey of about nine months; and all of us in as good health as when we set out. I found many newspapers from my good friends in England, and about thirty letters from various parts waiting for me, which I need hardly say, was a great treat to me, who, in the wilderness, had heard nothing of the events which had been taking place in Europe during that momentous period, after the burning of Moscow, when Buonaparte was rapidly hastening to his ruin.

"When leaving the chapel, after preaching my first sermon in Cape Town, a serjeant spoke to me, whose first salutation was, 'Strange, sir, that I should have come from England to Africa to become acquainted with Jesus Christ!' I told him that I knew a person who

went much farther, on the same errand—from England to the East Indies.

"On the 27th, ten Hottentots, who had accompanied me the whole journey into the interior, set out on their return home. They came in a body, to bid me farewell. They stood silently looking towards me for some time, at the door of the house where I lodged; at length Boozak,* the elder Hottentot, broke silence, after putting a finger under each eye, by saying, with a plaintive voice, 'Shall these eyes see thy face *no more!* Shall these eyes see thy face no more!! No more!!!' On this the whole party, without saying another word, turned round, ran across Hottentot-square, and on rounding a corner were out of sight, and I expected to see none of their faces any more. The family, who stood with me, and witnessed this exhibition of Hottentot feeling, were, with myself, much struck.

"Having been invited, by the friends of missions at Paarl, to relate to them the occurrences of the journey into the interior, we went, accompanied by Mrs. Smit and Mrs. Smutz, both zealous friends to missions. On the following evening we gave an account of the journey, especially of the state of the heathen nations beyond the colony; after which Mrs. Smit gave an

* By a letter from Mr. Read, in 1831, it appears that Boozak died last year, at the Kat River settlement, on the confines of Caffraria. He writes, "Poor Boozak is no more; he died here a few months ago, of the jaundice: his faith did not fail him; what he was in his life he was in death. I was with him two days before he died. On asking how his faith stood; he answered, with great earnestness, 'Well! he has made an everlasting covenant with me, has he not? and will he leave me now?' A Hottentot, who was at Boozak's funeral, on the sabbath, perished on a mountain, at midnight, on Tuesday, having lost his way, along with two others who survived."

address, which brought tears from every eye, while she pleaded in plaintive accents the cause of the poor heathen, representing their wretchedness, and asking how they would feel were their own children placed in similar circumstances.

"In the evening, Mr. Read preached to the slaves, when about two hundred slaves and free people were present, in Mr. Roos's large room. When the meeting was over, the people brought me donations to assist in sending the gospel to the heathen whom we had visited, to the amount of about five hundred rix-dollars; even the slaves came with their skillings and stivers, and parted with them most cheerfully, to aid the cause of missions; nay, they seemed to exult in having permission to contribute their little mites for such a cause, feeling exalted above what they had been in any former period of their lives. I was delighted to witness these fruits of the gospel."

Before leaving Africa, he wrote thus to Mrs. Bower:

"*Cape of Good Hope, Nov. 5th*, 1813.

"MY DEAR AUNT,—You will not, I suppose, be sorry to hear that my land travels have come to an end, as all things under the sun must do; and I have many most solid grounds for praise to him who has directed and protected, in answer to the prayers of many here and at your end of the Atlantic. I have now travelled more in Africa than perhaps any other man alive, except those who were with me, without having received the smallest injury. I never had better health; the people here say I am thinner than when I went away. I find letters which I wrote to you and the Missionary Society, from Namaqualand, have never come to Cape Town, and of course are lost. Since that time I have crossed Africa, down the Great River 600 or 700 miles, through a region formerly unknown to white men. During the first half of that journey, we met various kraals of Corranas, but the other half was completely void of human beings, though not of beasts, for I recollect one day we saw nine lions.

"When we reached the missionary station in Namaqualand, other men besides ourselves appeared a curiosity: but to see a cloud, was a still greater curiosity, for we had almost constant sunshine for five or six months. Our difficulties on the Western coast of Africa were, perhaps, greater than on any other part of the journey, from the depth of the sand we had to traverse over. I dare say I walked 300 miles, and often wondered, after being four or five hours on my legs, dragging them through the sand, that I did not feel more fatigued, than I have found from walking half an hour in my own country through sand not so deep. There is a deal of truth in that saying, that God often makes the back for the burden. At sea, meeting with deliverance from one storm after another, I dreaded that on reaching land I should not be thankful enough; I fear the same with respect to my land deliverances, during a journey of about 3,000 miles. I have not the smallest doubt but my Kingsland friends have all along felt an interest in my journey, and, like Moses, have lifted up their hands to God in my behalf. If God brings me back, I shall thank them for their kindness: but perhaps you say, now that the journey is over, why does he not come, instead of the letter. I have to wind up affairs here, and cannot leave till that is done. Between you and me, friends here have looked at me as a *curiosity*, having come back alive from such a journey; but neither they, nor those around you, can form any idea of the persevering patience that is necessary to endure it. For no worldly consideration could I have undertaken it;—indeed, no worldly consideration deserves such fatigue; but the interests of the Mediator's kingdom deserves ten thousand times more. In that view, it sinks into nothing in my eyes. At the end of it, I feel disposed to say, God be merciful to me a vile sinner! I think nothing of it in the presence of God; for it I expect nothing from him, for it merits nothing—yes, *nothing*, O Lord! I arrived here the last day of October. A vessel goes in the morning. Love to all friends, not forgetting Mary. I purpose leaving this for England in a few weeks. This is the beginning of your winter and our summer.

"I am yours,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"On the 13th of February, 1814, we sailed in the brig Venus, from Cape Town, with a fleet of nine sail, under convoy of the Lion, of sixty-four guns; and, on the 20th, crossed the tropic of Capricorn.

"On the 14th of April, crossed the tropic of Cancer;

on the 10th and 11th, encountered a storm. On the morning of the 12th, only two vessels were to be seen from our deck; but, by the afternoon, the whole fleet were assembled around the commodore. On the 29th, the commodore had a communication with an English frigate; soon after which it was telegraphed to us as follows: — 'Peace with France!! Buonaparte dethroned!!! Bourbons and Stadtholder restored! France conquered! The allies at Paris!!!'

"Having heard nothing of the events of Europe later than September, 1813," which was a space of seven months, we were overwhelmed with astonishment on receiving, in the course of a few minutes, such extraordinary and unexpected tidings. At ten o'clock, on the Lord's-day, all assembled on deck, as usual during the voyage, for worship, when I preached from Acts viii. 8; 'And there was great joy in that city.'

"On the 2nd of May, the morning light discovered to us the English shore, near Land's End; and, before the evening, we entered the Channel. At one o'clock, on the 3rd, the wind being adverse and strong, and signs of an approaching storm, the commodore hung out a signal, advising all captains who thought they could make Plymouth, to try to do so, when our brig, with two others, effected it by five o'clock; but, the wind blew so hard, it was impossible to get on shore till the next day, about two o'clock. Next morning I set off for London, where I arrived on the Saturday morning, at five o'clock, after an absence of nearly two years, and only four days before the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society."

CHAPTER XV.

HIS SECOND VISIT TO AFRICA.

It is unnecessary to be very minute or explicit in completing Mr. Campbell's account of the state of the African missions in 1820, by the Report of 1841, because Mr. Moffat, who was his companion then, is now in this country, and pledged to imitate Mr. Williams, (which he well can do,) by giving to the public a history of his own labours and success. In that work, he will do more justice to Mr. Campbell's mission than any one else could do.

In the mean time, it is only fair to record Mr. Campbell's estimate of Mr. Moffat, when he studied him at Cape Town. It stands thus in his note-book :—" His education does not qualify him to preach at Cape Town; but I believe him to be a *first-rate* missionary for the heathen. He is also acquainted with agriculture, carpenter's work, the sextant, map-making, etc. etc. Taking his whole case into consideration, it appeared to Dr. Philip and myself desirable and proper to take him with us, as worship is kept up at his station by a son of Africaner, whom he reports to be a singularly proud man. On mentioning our wish to him, he readily consented, and we are well satisfied that he will be a great acquisition to us; for he has a noble missionary spirit,

and has endured hardships with contentment." Those who have read Mr. Campbell's travels, know that he was not disappointed in his man; and those will believe that he was not, who have heard Mr. Moffat's narrative.

Mr. Campbell's private views of his second journey, will be partly seen from the following letter to an old and confidential friend. On his former visit, he had to meet the difficulties of a political crisis, and now to grapple with the difficulties of a moral crisis.

"*Shacklewell, near London, October 29th,* 1818.

"It appears, that I have not yet reached an earthly Canaan, a land of rest, for I find I must put on the harness once more, and descend again into the regions of Ham. The situation of things there requires it, and my friends say to me, 'Thou art the man;' I am not angry to find this to be the sum of public opinion, as it proves they are satisfied with my conduct on the former journey. But for the peculiar condescension of God to me, it might have been far otherwise; the believers might have been unanimously opposed to my second nomination for the service. But praise to the God whose cause I wished to promote by the former journey, that the reverse is the case, which makes my mind easy and contented with the immediate prospect of again traversing the mighty deep, and wandering over the wilds of Africa. I look now towards that land as the desired country. The *Westmoreland*, in which my passage is taken, and that of friend Philip, of Aberdeen, sails from Liverpool in about a fortnight, which is within half way to you, and almost within sight of the island of Man. I should have liked to have gone to it, (*via* Edinburgh and Glasgow,) but my business requires such haste, having only consented to go about a fortnight since, that every thing for the journey, that refers to me, has to be got ready in a bustling way, and many things, I doubt not, will be forgotten, which ought to be remembered. I am the only person who, in *mind*, can look over the field of action; but I cannot foresee what shall happen upon that field. My health suffered most while passing and repassing under the sun, being seven weeks ill in going and five while returning: but perhaps God may, by means of the long protracted heat of last summer in England, have prepared our constitutions for enduring the heats of the torrid zone.

"I have learned from the newspapers that Dr. Balfour was hastily called away from his labours on earth, and by a letter, that our sister, M'Gilp, after patiently enduring her Lord's will for many months, was received to the prepared rest. O to be followers of them, who through faith and patience of the Scriptures, now inherit the promises! How different the paths in which Providence leads; hers was, on the whole, a very retired one; mine has been much on the bustle, and likely to continue so; but should he alter mine, so as to resemble hers, to live in comparative solitude, I hope I shall be content to retire into the shade. Indeed, I have courted this kind of retiredness, as much as I could, during the last four years, yet have often been pressed into notice for the sake of the great cause, but always glad when I got home to my own *retired* cottage. Let the friends pray for me and those who may travel with me, as if we were complete novices; the most hasty and imprudent of mortal men, as if afraid we should spoil the cause in which we are embarked. When the spirit that capacitated Saul to reign, left him, he was constantly imprudent, making matters worse, till finally stopped in his mad career. Distance does not hinder me from looking to your fire-side. Give my love to all who surround it, and believe me to be, "Yours sincerely,

"J. CAMPBELL."

"P.S. Keep this hasty scrawl as a small memorial of long friendship; it may be the last act of it on my part, for no man can tell what shall be the result of this enterprize. Farewell!"

His hopes of a successful enterprize were much sustained, by his confidence in the talents and discretion of Dr. Philip. It was to him a matter of *wonder*, as well as of delight and gratitude, that the doctor had consecrated himself to Africa; for Mr. Campbell knew and appreciated his influence in Aberdeen, and throughout the north of Scotland. Indeed, those who knew that influence best, wondered most. Some of Dr. Philip's intimate friends, however, knew the cast of his mind and the aspirations of heart too well, to believe that his object was bounded by anything that lay upon the surface of his mission, or that the office of superintendent had swayed him at all. They did not venture to con-

jecture what his ultimate object was, nor are they yet sure that he has gained it all, much as his philosophy and philanthropy have won for Africa. The man who could achieve so much, certainly intended far more, and anticipated not a little of the result whilst deliberating upon the experiment. I do not pretend to any knowledge—I possess none—of the process by which he made up his mind to quit the most influential position, which the north of Scotland could give to a minister; nor of the calculations he made, or the visions of glory he indulged for Africa; but having grown up from childhood under his paternal eye, and never spending a day uninfluenced by his maxims and example, I have never been surprised at either his choice or his achievements, although often alternately amused and grieved at the interpretations which some men put upon them. None know him so little, as those who imagine that he would have gone to Africa, or anywhere else, in order to be "a *sort* of bishop," or merely to *superintend* missionaries. This is the last thing in the world he would submit to, in the sense in which these words have been applied to his spirit. He would, indeed, wash the feet of any devoted missionary; but he would no more condescend to be his master, than he would succumb to a passionate, or humour a capricious man. Accordingly no man has ever raised his own character, either for wisdom or independence, by railing at Dr. Philip's sway, or by arraigning his policy. That sway saved the missions which Vanderkemp and Campbell planted, and that policy annihilated slavery in the colony; results which would have been defeated, had not the philanthropist braved alike the frowns of power and the freaks of passion. Neither envy nor malice can say of

his triumphs over men or measures, what Plutarch says of the king of Macedon, "It was not Philip, but Philip's gold, that vanquished Greece;" but history may have to say, that, like Philip, he taught his son to win a wider kingdom than his own.

Mr. Campbell and Dr. Philip arrived in safety at Cape Town, after a voyage of the usual length and vicissitude. Whilst there, Mr. Moffat brought Africaner, once the terror, but then the miracle of South Africa, to visit them. Dr. Philip ascribed, and very properly, the first favourable impressions made upon Africaner to a letter which Mr. Campbell sent to him, "while he was supposed to be meditating the destruction of all our missionary stations in Namacqualand." "A message sent to him by Mr. Campbell, who was then in Africa, was the means of averting the threatened evil, and of producing an entire revolution in his sentiments and feelings," *Researches*, vol. II., p. 219. Mr. Campbell states the fact of the letter in his travels, and adds that he sent a *present* to Africaner along with it; but even in his Life of Africaner, he does not ascribe any thing to his own influence. He wrote under great excitement now that he saw him "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind;" but he saw nothing in the conversion but the hand of God. Hence he says in his Journal, "I could not but view with astonishment the change that *grace* had made on Africaner; saying in my mind, Is this the man who was the terror of tribes far up Africa, and whom I was most afraid to meet when I was among them a few years ago? Is this the man who burned to ashes our missionary station at Warm Bath, and thus brought on the death of our excellent missionary Mrs. Albricht? Is this the

man who now loves Jesus Christ, and us for his sake ?" Even in his conversations with Africaner, the only thing he asked him concerning the letter was, " How did you receive what it offered to you ?" That offer was a Missionary. The substance of this timely and triumphant letter, Mr. Campbell happily preserved. It was written at Pella. It expressed deep regret " that Africaner should be the occasion of so much misery and oppression in that part of Africa; and a firm belief that he must be an *unhappy* man in causing so much unhappiness to others, seeing he knew that there was a God and a judgment to come. It offered, because the Word of God teaches forgiveness, to send a missionary to instruct him and his people, if they wished for one." This appeal and proposal went to the *heart* of the Buonaparte of Africa. Africaner sent off an immediate and favourable answer; but it never reached Mr. Campbell, although forwarded to both the Griqua country and the Cape.

In giving such prominence to the effects of this letter, it is not intended to hide at all the influence which other missionaries acquired over Africaner. Dr. Philip expressed his own convictions and Mr. Campbell's too, when he said, " The principles of religion, then imparted to the mind of Africaner by the missionary (Ebner) were afterwards, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Moffat, matured into one of the finest specimens of the Christian character." Mr. Campbell himself, in his Life of Africaner, does equal justice to both missionaries. There are, however, others to do justice unto, and some of them Africans; and it would have been done to them, had he lived to complete his autobiography. I cannot supply their names; but the fol-

lowing are the facts of the case. Mr. Campbell says in his private Journal, "Many of the people at Pella wish to return to Warm Bath Station, in Namaqualand, as it is their own country. We advised them to resume when Africaner should be brought over to terms, and considered what would be the best means to bring about a reconciliation. It was thought that a message to him, offering to forget all the past, and to live in peace with him, would be best, if he would agree to this. But they have never been able to find any person *bold* enough to carry such a message to him. However, as a son-in-law of his, who came with us from Griqua Town, is still here, and designs to go to him, this is thought a fit time to send the offer. Thus it was judged, that I should write to Africaner on the subject, and request an answer, as no one can remove until he come to terms." Thus it was the Namaquas themselves who suggested the means by which this persecuting Saul was disarmed and converted.

As Mr. Campbell's second journey occupied two octavo volumes, it is impossible to trace him step by step here. Besides, the abridgment of it for the Tract Society, made by himself, renders this unnecessary. The only thing I have now room for is, a glimpse of him on *new* ground, illustrated by private letters.

"*Pacaltsdorp, Sept. 6th,* 1819.

"My dear Cousin,—You have my promise, I believe, that I should write you an epistle from the African city of Lattakoo, but you must not suppose I have broken my promise by writing you before I reach that city—but I have written so often to my Aunt without its producing any thing in return, that I have turned towards you to try what that will do. I think I asked you to write me every month from the time of my departure, to which I think you consented. Now, ten months have elapsed,

and perhaps twenty ships have arrived at the Cape from England, without a scrap from Jessie. I should like to know how she will defend her conduct. Perhaps she will say, she had nothing to say! Well—she might have written that:—it would have given rise to many a thought in my mind. Has she been chained down in a dungeon, separated from all intercourse with mankind? Does she know nothing about who has supplied my lack of service at Kingsland Chapel? Has nobody called at the house, and she is ashamed to tell it? Has she given over collecting for missions, and does not like to confess it? Perhaps she labours under an error—she thinks she should not sit down to write a letter till she can first read it over in her mind. Had this been my resolution, many a thousand letters that I have written in my time, never would have existed. I have just finished two letters, and not a line of one of them could I read in my head, till the paper and pen were before me, nor did I know a few minutes ago that I was going to write to you from this part of Africa; but the thought occurred that I would write. I took hold of this sheet of paper, trusting that I should get something to fill it with.

"The very Hottentots find matter for letters to each other *now*, and I am glad to see it; it indicates progress of mind and of civilization. Thirty years ago they could no more have conceived how a thing, which white men call a letter, could convey the thoughts of one man to another at a distance, than they could conceive what angels are active about in the immediate presence of the infinite God. The school is opposite to where I lodge. You would be pleased at the punctuality of their attendance; in five minutes after the bell for school has been rung, you would see almost every scholar collected and seated. I am delighted to see some of the little fellows running to school with a little sheepskin about them, and hugging their Testaments, or spelling-books, or writing-books, under their arms—when I think of what was the state of their parents only seven years ago, when I first visited them, I am ready to weep tears of joy and gratitude, and to wonder at the condescension of God in making *me* his instrument in bringing to pass the wonderful change which mine eyes are daily favoured with the sight of. I should rejoice, Jessie, to have you here to see what God has wrought. I could point out to you young men and women whom I raked up when children, and told them a missionary should come and teach them to read *book*, when they could form no conception of what it meant, but who can now converse about such things as intelligently as those in England.

"We had lately a severe rain, which lasted four days; the small house in which I live, which stands by itself, and is built of reeds plastered with clay, stood in the middle of a pool of water;—no getting to it but by

wading ;—about one half the apartment was half mire, little streams of water beautifully running through the roof. But what surprises me, I neither caught cold nor a sore throat. I have my meals at the missionary house, which stands about four minutes' walk from me; to get there three or four times a day, during that flood, was not easily effected ; to be only wet half way up the leg was getting off pretty well. I have got a sheepskin cloak like the one that covers the parlour table ; when I got under it during those wet nights, I felt like Noah in his ark, and slept sound the whole night.

"Do you know you forgot to put up some black worsted with my stockings ; some of them have holes more than an inch diameter ; how can they be closed without a large needle and worsted ? But the sun is leaving you and hastening to us, which will soon render worsted unbearable. My watch got *light-headed*, and for some time galloped two hours a day faster than time ; at length, as if it had lost breath, it stood still, and would not move forward an inch. You can hardly imagine how I mourned over my *dead* watch, where there is no doctor ; but what do you think ? it came *alive* again yesterday, and travels at a much more sober pace than it did previous to its swoon. A Hottentot has no trials of this kind ; he can go upon a journey, that may last for months, at ten minutes' warning ; he has nothing to prepare or provide for the journey, he has only to stand up and put his body in motion, or, like the dogs, shake himself, and he is dressed and ready to travel.

"I hope the most *difficult* part of my business in the journey is over ; all that remains now, is to step up to the Griqua country and Lattakoo, and then to return to Cape Town, and then along the Atlantic to London. Give my love to my aunt, to friends over the way, and to twenty more.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

The "difficult part of his business" occurred chiefly at Bethelsdorp, where he had to instruct the church in the principles of New Testament *discipline*, and to enforce the application of the laws of Christ against some offenders who, in other respects, were general favourites with the people. This was no easy task. The church did not dispute nor palliate the guilt of the culprits. Indeed, they bewailed and condemned it, but

they shrunk from punishing it. They wept, and wavered, and resolved, and repented. But Mr. Campbell was firm. He reasoned, and explained and had patience, with them; but still threw them upon the New Testament. This had the desired effect at length, and he had the satisfaction to see an African church of Hottentots yield more obedience to the laws of Christ, than either the authority or eloquence of Cyprian could win from the church at Carthage, or than his memory could command, even when (to use his own language) "the red roses of his bloody martyrdom were blended with the white lilies of his virtues."

Somewhat of his journeying in the colony will be gathered from the following to Mrs. Bower:—

"*Beaufort-Koup, Feb. 21st*, 1820.

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I am now in the last place from which I can write you for some time, having got near to the extremity of the colony, and ready to enter the Bushman country. We were exactly a month and a day in travelling from the Cape to this place: we were about twelve days in a desert, without seeing an inhabited house, and the thermometer from 88 to 98 every day. The longest journey in it without water was fifteen hours. The water was better than we expected; some of it was only a little brackish, or salt, but that we did not mind. As none of us had ever travelled the road before, we could not have found the wells: but it happened most providentially, that two or three days before we came to the desert, we fell in with a travelling merchant, with two wagons, who was well acquainted with the road, with whom we agreed to travel, and we found it greatly to our advantage.

"I had a letter from the new governor, recommending me to the landdrost here, which has been of great service. He lends us all assistance in his power. We expected seven Hottentots from Bethelsdorp to meet us here, for protection in crossing the wild Bushman country, and to shoot game for our support, for we have no more with us than are absolutely necessary for driving and leading the oxen in the wagons; but the landdrost has sent off an order to a cornet to furnish us with two men who know the road, and where water is across the Bushman country. This is a relief, as not one with me knew the road,

and it is not the place where I crossed it before, which makes me as ignorant of the way as my drivers. I think it is probable that we shall reach Lattakoo by the latter end of March. There have been rains higher up the country, which is greatly in our favour, as they will render water and grass more abundant. Were you in this country, you would not wonder at Abraham's herdsmen, and other herdsmen, *striving* about wells of water; for even *mountains* of gold and silver would be but melancholy sights without them;—how humbling this to the inordinate admirers of the riches of this world, to think that the aggregate wealth of both the Indies would, in certain circumstances, appear less valuable than a gallon of water! You would find a journey across an African desert a fine commentary on many parts of Scripture, especially where the gospel or divine influences are compared to rivers, or fountains, or wells of water. *Cold* water (for during the day water is all hot here) to a thirsty soul is one of the most exquisite delicacies under the sun. There is a strength of meaning in the expression, *cold* water, that never struck me before. Oh, what a book the Bible is! Nothing was hid from its great Author. There were four rivers in paradise, which was a more enriching gift than four mountains of gold could have been. In such a climate as Mesopotamia, these rivers must have rendered it a land flowing with milk and honey, and every thing good for the comfort and support of man and beast.

"I wrote in my last letter from the Cape, that I hoped to reach home in three or four months after the receipt of that letter: I have still some hope it may be verified; but it is a long journey, and I hope God will give you and myself patience to wait for its end. Though we hardly touch any thing in the heat of the day but what *burns*, we keep health very well.

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"We left Griqua Town for Lattakoo, taking a road to the eastward of that by which I travelled on my former journey. Next day two or three of the people were sick. There being no water for fifty miles, we filled all our empty vessels with that valuable article, and set off at three P.M.; the last part of the stage was over a plain with hills on our left. At half-past five next morning, the crowing of a cock intimated our having reached Berend's Kraal, and several Griquas and Bush-

men came from their huts to give us a hearty welcome. Berend has cultivated a considerable portion of land in this place.

"At sunrise our wagons were visited by a party from Lattakoo, on their way to Beaufort fair, all of whom recollected having seen me at Lattakoo, during my former visit. Two chiefs, Chakka and Maklanka, were in the company. They carried with them skins, assagais, knives, shields, &c. to exchange for beads at the fair. The only provisions they seemed to have for the journey were two or three bags filled with thick sour milk, which tasted like vinegar.

"The next fountain being upwards of fifty miles distant, we filled all our vessels with water before we set off, which was at three P.M., and by persevering exertion reached Steven Fountain at four o'clock next morning, much fatigued. Several natives of Lattakoo, who were attending a cattle-post, came to us at sunrise. The Missionary Society's cattle belonging to Lattakoo station, were seen grazing at a little distance from the wagons, watched by natives.

"The brother of Mahootoo, the queen of Lattakoo, with several others, visited us, having been on a hunting expedition; he had descried the wagons from a distance. The servants furnished us with some milk, being permitted to do so to strangers, but they are strictly forbidden to taste it themselves.

"We commenced our last stage, which was about fifteen miles; at length we entered among extensive cornfields on both sides the road. Our Hottentots were amazed at the extent of land under cultivation, having never seen so much before in one place. At five we reached the town, and found our friends at the station in

good health; they had been apprised of our approach by two Bushmen, who had seen us in the morning.

"In the course of an hour, after arriving at Lattakoo, we received visits from Mateebe, king of Lattakoo; and Kossee, king of Mashow; with Salakootoo, the king's uncle; three of the king's brothers, the two queens, and the wives of the others.

"I was gratified to find a commodious place of worship had been erected, capable of containing four hundred persons; and also a long row of missionary houses, furnished with excellent gardens behind. In front of the houses, a neat fence, composed of reeds, has been constructed, which improves the general appearance. At seven we attended their evening worship, when many of the natives were present.

"Next morning was employed in selecting presents for the principal people, from among the articles furnished me by my kind friends at Kingsland; and in making up a small parcel for each, with their names on them. I first sent a parcel for Mateebe, in which was a saw, with which, when the use of it was explained, he seemed particularly pleased; also a tinder-box, and a kaleidoscope, which did not attract his attention so much as might be expected; also a set of gilt coat-buttons, a red worsted night-cap, and beads, without which all would have been considered as trifles. Various other articles were likewise added. To Mahootoo, his queen, we appropriated a silver-lace cap, some buttons, a snuff-box, needles, thimbles, scissors, &c. Presents were also given to Malalla and Mahoora, the king's brothers; Makklak, his brother-in-law; Brumella, a powerful chief, and his wife Shoy, formerly one of Makabba's wives, king of the Wanketzens. I made also a present

to Kossee, king of Mashow; a nation living about two hundred miles to the north-east of Lattakoo. He is young and short of stature, but possesses a mild and interesting countenance.

"In the afternoon I visited Munaneets, another uncle of Mateebe, who acted a friendly part to me on my former visit. He was sick, and lying upon the hairy side of a skin caross, or cloak, within the yard at the front of his house. He first stretched out his hand to me, and then sat up; he said, though he was better than he had been, yet he was still ill. On opening the parcel containing my presents, he immediately put on the red night-cap, and took from the snuff-box a large pinch of snuff. After examining every article minutely and silently, he remarked that he was very glad to see me again.

"Sehoiya, the lively little girl whom I have noticed in my former journal, called at Mr. Hamilton's. She appeared to be about fifteen years of age, uncommonly sedate, and small in stature. After sunset, Mateebe, his three sons, and a nephew, paid me a private visit, no doubt in expectation of receiving the customary present of tobacco; that, in the dark, he might convey it home unnoticed, knowing that otherwise much would be begged from him on the way. One of his sons brought a large wooden vessel, full of a mixture of flour and milk, resembling thick gruel, which they substitute for bread. The eldest son is a good-looking young man, having a mild yet manly countenance, about sixteen years of age. When I asked him if he would accompany me to the far land from whence I had come, he smiled, and laconically answered, "No." On putting the same question to the king's nephew, a lad about

thirteen, he pointed with his finger to the ground, and said, he liked better to remain here. Mateebe seemed highly diverted and pleased to observe that they preferred home to an unknown land.

"On the morning of our first sabbath in Lattakoo, I addressed the assembly from Matt. xxiv. 14. Mateebe sat on the right side of the desk, and Kossee, king of Mashow, on his right hand, and Munaneets, his uncle, on his left.

"We had an interview with the king of Mashow, before his departure, in the presence of Mateebe, without which, we could not with propriety negotiate with another king. We conversed in reference to missionaries going to Mashow, and the countries beyond it. The king of Mashow looked significantly to Mateebe, evidently wishing him first to deliver his opinion, who immediately said, 'I will never hinder the progress of the word of God. I have no objection to your going to Mashow, and the other people in that direction; but when you come to Mashow, Makkabba, the king of Maleeta, who lives not far from it, hearing you are there, will send for you. He is a bad man; I should not like you to go there; I know that he will murder you. I told the same to Dr. Cowan, but he would not believe me, and he has never returned.'

"Kossee assented to Mateebe's remarks, and added, 'Should you come to any of these nations, you must do nothing with the people alone, but every thing through the kings; you must always consult them, and they will advise what is best to be done.'

"Mateebe brought an ox, and, pointing to it, said, 'That ox is a present from me to you.' When I desired them to give my thanks to him for it, they told

him, 'That my *heart was sweet;*' that is, cheered. I took the opportunity to explain to Mateebe, some things respecting the heavenly bodies, especially the cause of the late eclipse of the sun, and what occasioned a lunar eclipse. He evidently hesitated to believe that the world ever came between the sun and moon. While we were conversing, one of his sons brought me a calabash full of thick, churned milk, from Mahootoo, the queen. During the night of the 28th there was much thunder, and some refreshing showers; for want of rain their crop of Caffre corn had nearly failed. During the drought they applied to the rain-maker, or person who pretends to possess power to bring rain, by using various incantations, but without success. The king informed the missionaries of this, and requested they would pray for it. Four weeks before our arrival they had appointed a weekly prayer meeting, and it has providentially happened that there has been rain every week since the meeting commenced.

"I had a formal meeting with Mateebe, and his chief captains; Mahootoo, his queen; Peekloo, his eldest son; his uncles, brothers, &c., to converse respecting the mission, &c. To them I stated that I had fulfilled my promise to the king, to get instructors to come to his country; and that he had fulfilled his in giving them a kind reception, and affording them protection. He said he had attended to them. We stated the regret of the missionaries that the children did not attend school. He said they had to attend the cattle. If a chief attends worship for a while who had not been accustomed to attend, the missionaries are sure he has some favour to ask of them, such as the loan of a wagon, &c. After conversing on various other topics, the meeting ended.

"As a proof that Mateebe and his people had paid some attention to the teachings of the missionaries, he said, 'We disapprove of bad things, of commandoes.'

"'Does Mateebe think any of his people are happier or better by the things which the missionaries have told them?'

"'All are pleased with the word, but we cannot comprehend it; we are glad we have the means of knowing it; we can now sleep well.'

"'Can Mateebe tell what causes them to sleep so well? Is it because they now know something of the true God, or because white men with guns now live among them?'

"'A peace from God, and by the word coming among us.'

"'When Jesus Christ was in the world, some, who did not understand the meaning of what he said, came and requested him to explain it to them. The inhabitants of Lattakoo should do the same to the missionaries, when they hear any thing they do not understand.'

"'That ought to be so; but the Griquas once did not understand, now they are changed. I hope it will be so with us.'

"'Does Mateebe now understand how a book can *speak*, better than he did when I endeavoured to explain it on my former visit?'

"'I do not yet understand how the Bible speaks; nor how a letter tells about things which happen far off.'

"'Wherefore does the king come to the missionaries to ask for news, when he hears they have received a letter?'

"'The missionary looks at the letter and knows news, but when I look at it I see nothing; because the missionary knows things by the letter, I ask him what they are.'

"'Does Mateebe know how news comes in the letter?'

"'I do not know; but the people who can write know it.'

"'I expected that Mateebe, before now, would have been able himself to write a letter to the far land.'

"'If I wish to write, I may come to the missionary, and he will write for me. I had called on the missionary when he was writing, but he never put the pen into my hand.' He expressed this with a laugh.

"'Have not all been publicly invited to come and learn to write?'

"'Yes, the ask is there! but *me* they have not asked.'

"Here I was told that there was no Bootchuana word for soul or spirit, but heart or breath; and that it was still uncertain whether the people yet understood that

they had souls. The interpreter, who is a Matchappee, took occasion to say that he was like Mateebe, for he neither understood book nor letter; that he saw nothing in the book but colour; that, when he looked at a book, his head was dark, and his heart dead.

"The king then observed, that he saw the word was peaceable, and the children know it; for when wagons first came, the children fled, now they run to meet them. While Mateebe was speaking, Mahootoo frequently repeated some of his words; when she did so, I noticed that the king always repeated them after her.

"Munaneets, after holding out his hand for snuff, began to speak: 'This is not,' said he, 'our original country, but a place called Nokamma, which lies three days' journey to the north-west of Griqua Town. Hottentot commandoes drove us to the Krooman. Here,' he added, 'the word of God came, and found us, and brought peace; but I am sorry I cannot understand it. I wish God would give us a heart; the word going only into our ears, does not help us; but God must make the heart right.'

"'Why does Munaneets believe there is a God?'

"'My heart is full of wickedness, and so long as it is so I cannot understand the word of God. I am often grieved because I cannot get a better heart.'

"'I understand that you pray to God. Do you believe that he is every where present to hear you?'

"'Yes; I believe God is every where, and hears prayer, because he made all things; therefore I hope God will answer my prayer.'

"To see how far he understood the meaning of soul, I asked why a dead man could not walk as well as a living man.

"'When a man is dead, he rots, and cannot walk.'

"'Do you understand what life is? You will sometimes say, when a man is not quite dead, There is life in him; now what is life?'

" 'So long as God allows life to be in the man, he walks; but when he takes it out, he cannot walk; he is like an ox when slain.'

"These conversations were taken down verbatim, at the time. Lest the people should become tired, the meeting was adjourned to a future opportunity.

"On drawing near to the town of Meribohwhey, a great number of the inhabitants came rushing forth, armed with spears, battle-axes, and long sticks, wearing hairy skin caps, skin cloaks, and sandals, and all of them painted red. Altogether they presented a frightful appearance, though they certainly came to us as friends. After some salutations we all walked into the town together, and, by their directions, our wagons were brought into an enclosure near the chief entrance.

"In a few minutes after our arrival in the chief town of the Tammahas, upwards of 500 persons, of all ages, assembled in rows opposite the wagons. The two or three front rows sat on the ground, that those behind might have a distinct view of us. After standing before them for about half-an-hour, to gratify their curiosity, I walked forward to some children who were sitting in front, but the instant they perceived my approach, they fled to a considerable distance. Not one of the others even smiled at their terror. Observing little Tattenyana near me, I took her by the hand, and walked with her towards some other young people. Seeing she was of the same colour and dress as themselves, yet walking familiarly by my side, they were emboldened to keep their place, and allowed me to touch each of their heads; but the gravity of their countenances indicated considerable perturbation within.

"We formed our wagons into a triangle, and placed the tent in the centre, the erection of which excited

great astonishment. A house to be erected in five minutes must have appeared to them, until then, impossible. Not one of the natives ventured near the tent till worship in the evening, when it was not only filled by them, but many sat in rows opposite the tent door. Knowing their murderous character, I addressed them from Gal. vi. 10, "Let us do good unto all men." They sat patiently, and seemed to listen with attention: every thing was novel to them, the things seen, and the things said; the tent, table, candle, singing, prayer by the interpreter in their own language; the hearing, for the first time, of the being and perfections of the true God, of the creation of all things by the word of his power; the fall of man; his recovery by the Son of God, &c. All seemed to interest and surprise them. In no part of the journey did I more earnestly desire the presence of the friends of missions to be witnesses of this scene.

"Munaneets called in the morning, to say he had heard that, after visiting the Marootzees, we intended to visit Sybinell's people; if so he would not accompany us,—he would wait at Mashow for us. He said there was *no end* to nations in that direction, and that they had nothing to do but to kill one another, and therefore they stood much in need of the word of God. He then expressed sorrow that his nation should be the first to hear the word of God in that land, and that he himself should neither have ears nor heart to understand it; and he was sorry that, though he assisted by this journey to carry the gospel to other nations, he himself remained without ears and heart to understand it.

"I stated at a meeting my object in visiting their country: that it was to inform them of the word of God, and to inquire whether, like Mahoomoo Peloo, of Old Lattakoo, they were willing to receive instructors, and to engage for their protection. Munaneets then stated his object in coming along with us, and what the

missionaries taught them at Lattakoo. He assured them that 'missionaries would ask for nothing from them for their support, but would receive what they chose to offer them; that they took nothing from people by force; that they were peaceable men; and, like them,' added he, 'I come peaceably; I have not brought one assagai with me. Their guns are not to kill men, but lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and game to eat.'

"Mahalalewhey spoke first. He advised us not to visit Makkabba, for he would do us harm; he said they had much need of the word of God, for they had enemies on both sides of them; that they were of the same mind as Mahoomoo Peloo, they would like to have teachers sent to them.

"The king then expressed himself desirous that teachers should come amongst them, for the bones of the animals which they might throw away, the children would pound down and eat, and the skins of the animals they shot the men could eat. He concluded by saying, 'All men should hear the word of God.'

"I then brought forward two parcels, containing little presents for the king and the chief captain. I opened the king's first, and presented him with the articles, one by one. On giving him a white nightcap, he inquired the use of it, when it was immediately put upon his head, and he wore it till the meeting broke up. On receiving a looking-glass, he viewed himself long in it without showing any signs of emotion. He could not conceive the use of a pair of scissors, till, with the king's permission, in a moment I clipped off a tuft of hair that projected from the chin of a chief that sat at my side, which, being round like a small apple, rolled across the floor, to the great merriment of all present. He was also totally ignorant of the use of the needles, thimbles, and pincushion with pins stuck into it, till they were explained to him. I had to show him twice how to

open the snuff-box which I gave him ; and Munaneets showed him how to open a clasp-knife. The whole company were amazed to see how soon a gimlet made a hole through a stick. The looking-glass was handed round that all might view it. A white-spotted handkerchief, on a red ground, seemed peculiarly acceptable.

" Mahalalewhey then said it was their custom to get also a present from the guide ; he therefore advised me to give Munaneets a red handkerchief, that he might give it to him. I rather demurred at this counsel, as I found they were such suitable presents to the kings, and had only a few remaining. However, I promised to look out something for him.

" Reflecting on the demand of Mahalalewhey for a handkerchief, by Munaneets, as our guide, I thought it might be as well to comply, knowing that he had power to take every thing I had, if he chose ; I therefore presented one to our guide, who set off with it directly to the captain. Having seen a clasp-knife among the presents given to the king, Munaneets quietly informed me that he had no knife to eat with, and would be glad to have one. To retain his friendship I gave him one ; upon which he said, ' Now his heart was sweet,' meaning he was happy he had got a knife. I had no doubt but he had one among the presents I made him at Lattakoo, but it is constantly the order of the day among these people to beg on every occasion. Though one of the most amiable of his countrymen, none exceeded him in covetousness ; the acquisition of one article seemed only to open the way for obtaining another. He knew, and seemed never to forget, that I was obliged to him : these feelings continued to the day of our final separation.

" Every thing being ready, we took leave of the peo-

ple of Meribohwhey. The chiefs, and a number of the people, walked by the sides of the wagons for about a mile and a half; indeed 'the barbarians showed us no small kindness.'

"We passed extensive fields of Caffre corn, belonging to the Tammahas, and then ascended to the summit of a low hill, beautifully decked with the mimosa tree, from whence we had the view of a country exceeding in beauty any thing I had yet seen in Africa. We looked down upon an extensive valley, covered with rich pasture, and finely interspersed with trees. Almost every bush, as we were crossing it, sent forth an aromatic odour, although the season of flowers, in that latitude, was not yet come. On reaching the summit of another ascent, a similar valley, about five miles broad, presented itself, to view, bounded by picturesque hills. In this valley I was pleased to listen to the singing of a bird, whose notes resembled those of the *blackbird* in England. This was a rare occurrence in southern Africa, where the greatest part of the birds are not musical, though clothed in the most splendid attire. In crossing the range of hills we found the trees sometimes growing so close to each other that we were obliged to cut a passage for the wagons.

"On ascending towards Mashow, we observed its inhabitants pouring forth in crowds to meet us: the chief's son, and our other guides, had gone forward to announce our approach. We were led to an enclosure opposite the king's house, where we found king Kossie, his uncle Matcheelesee, and many of the principal people, seated in rows at the side of the gate, within the enclosure. The king and his uncle Mungallee, who were sitting together, looked at us for a few minutes,

after which, they both rose and shook hands with us very heartily. Having seen Kossie before at Lattakoo, I viewed him as an old friend. The square soon filled with men, women, and children, making a mighty uproar. The tent being erected they called it a grand house. Not one entered it till after we had dined; after which, Kossie and others paid us a visit, when Munaneets gave them a formal account of our journey. A meeting with the king and his chief captains was then fixed for the next day, that I might have an opportunity of stating the object of my visit. On the party leaving the tent, the king's mother was introduced; she was the widow of the late king of Mashow, and sister to Sibenell, king of Yattabba.

"After addressing the people on various Scripture topics, a meeting was held with Kossie and his chief captains, to whom I stated the object of my visit. I referred them to Munaneets, for information as to the manner in which missionaries had conducted themselves, for the three years they had resided at Lattakoo. Munaneets then said that the missionaries gave their advice when asked by Mateebe; but when people came to them with complaints, they said they were not kings, Mateebe was king, and they must go to him; adding other remarks of a similar nature.

"The king and his uncle Mungallee were silent; but an elderly captain made a long speech, after whom two others spoke a little. A tall, venerable-looking captain, about fourscore years old, who is said to be the oldest captain in that part of Africa, came in when the others had nearly done speaking. Every eye was directed to him; he seemed to be the Ahitophel of Mashow. He gave his opinion in a very becoming manner, saying, 'That it would be well for them to have such men amongst them, wherefore, he thought the king ought to accept the offer now made.' His opinion was definitive; all instantly assented to it; his

name was Maquotoo; his son was the young man who was our guide from Mashow.

"In a walk, outside the town, we observed several hundred acres of Caffre corn; many of the stalks were eight or nine feet high: it had a fine appearance. When sitting solitary, examining some flowers, a mob soon collected round me. Having a magnifying glass in my hand, I let one of them feel the effects of collecting the sun's rays into a focus. On his screaming and hastily withdrawing the hand that felt the burning influence, the rest laughed; others stretched out their hands, and felt the same pain. Not one present believed the power of the glass till he felt its effects, so that the last stretched forth his hand to try it as readily as the first; and all were greatly amused, and evidently viewed it as a most mysterious operation.

"On arriving at Kurreechane, we were first conducted to an open part of the town, and desired to rest upon a seat made of clay. After sitting a few minutes, surrounded by a pressing crowd of anxious spectators, a messenger came to conduct us farther. The street along which we went was crowded with people, and many hastened to their doors to see us pass. The sight of white men threw them into fits of convulsive laughter; but the young were more seriously affected, they screamed, and in the utmost horror fled to the first place of concealment they could find. The noise was tumultuous, but of a kind peculiar to such an occasion.

"We were led by our conductor to an extensive enclosure surrounded by a stone wall, except at the gate by which we entered. We were desired to select any part of this space for our wagons to stand in. My wagon on entering the gate knocked down several of the posts,

nor could it proceed till the timber we had collected for fuel was taken from its sides, to which it had been tied. Our two horses excited as much curiosity as two elephants traversing the streets of London would have done.

"Having invited Liqueling and Mocelway into the tent, and taken some bread and cheese together, we stated our object in visiting Kurreechane;

"That we came in friendship, and wished to know them, and that they should know us; and if they were disposed to receive and protect men from our country, who could come to teach them the word of God, we should endeavour to obtain them; but if such men came they must not be desired to go upon commandoes; that the God of heaven and earth had determined his word should be made known to all nations, that all nations might honour his Son, and be at peace among themselves. Liqueling said they were a people who loved peace, and he was glad when he heard that the white men, (missionaries,) who had come to Mateebe, at Lattakoo, taught that all men should live peaceably; it was what he desired. When he told Makkabba that he was glad of it, Makkabba said he was sorry, for it would prevent his gain. He and his people, he said, fought, but it was to regain cattle that had been stolen from them. On inquiring why the town was built upon a hill, and not in the valley near the water, he said it was because of enemies, and that several other towns, for the same reason, were built on eminences; but they found it very inconvenient, being so far from wood and water. On talking of the public meeting, and telling him I could not stop long, he said he would call it soon.

"From the whole of the conversation, which lasted about two hours, I concluded there was no reason for jealousy, and had little doubt but all would end well. He expressed regret that the times were so bad, otherwise he would have supplied us more liberally with provisions than merely giving an ox. The rain-maker also gave us a calf, and Mocelway continued to supply us with milk.

"The regent sent me in the morning a large ele-

phant's tooth as a present, and I requested him to come and receive the presents I had selected for him. These were given in the presence of a great concourse of people, who sat on the ground that all might see. I presented him with a small looking-glass in a gilt frame, one of my own red handkerchiefs, a red worsted night-cap, some beads, a clasp-knife, scissors, pictures, with many trinkets, all furnished by my good friends at Kingsland. Almost every thing that could hang was put upon him. He seemed pleased. A child lying asleep on a pedestal, composed of china-ware, was handed round for the inspection of the multitude, which excited both wonder and laughter. Having received all I meant to give upon that occasion, he walked to the middle of the square, loaded with the articles, to exhibit them to greater numbers. I could not collect from his features whether he was satisfied or not with the presents. He had sometimes smiled, particularly when an old man's beard was cut off to show the use of the scissors, which I did by permission. A king of a neighbouring nation was present on the occasion, a stout, tall, and good-looking man. He was king of Doughooboone, about twenty miles to the south-east of Kurreechane. He made a present of an ox to the regent. I witnessed about a hundred captains feasting on it at the gate of the public enclosure; the regent was seated in the centre, wearing the red night-cap, with a gold fringe round the bottom of it, both of which I had given him in the morning. A very large wooden dish was laid before him, full of boiled flesh, which he cut with a knife, holding the ends of the bones with his left hand, while he cut off the meat. He seemed to act as chief carver, helping all around him. They devoured their

food in as great haste as if they had been allowed only five minutes for dinner. Nothing was drunk, and little spoken, each being intent on consuming what was before him. The feast was soon over, and the regent commenced sewing a skin cloak. I presented him with a kaleidoscope, and a portrait of the Prince Regent of England, and one of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, with which he seemed highly gratified, more so indeed than when receiving the presents in the morning, which might arise from their coming so unexpectedly, and after a good dinner. He remarked that I had made him quite *light* to-day.

"We entered Mashow at five P.M. The Hottentot Jager arrived before us, with the pleasing intelligence that he had shot two rhinoceroses and wounded two. The king and his friends received us in a friendly manner. Their first inquiry was whether the Marootzees had given us oxen for our support while at Kurreechane. The king said it was well we did not visit Makkabba. The people cut up the two rhinoceroses and brought them to the town. The head of one of them was different from all the others that had been killed, having an almost *straight horn*, projecting three feet from the forehead, about ten inches from the tip of the nose. The projection of this great horn somewhat resembles that of the fanciful unicorn in the British arms. It has a small thick horny substance, eight inches long, immediately behind it, which can hardly be observed on the animal at the distance of a hundred yards. The head resembled in size a nine gallon cask, and measured three feet from the commencement of the mouth to the ear, and the whole length of the animal was more than eleven feet. From one horn the natives

are accustomed to make four handles for their battle-axes.*

"At sunrise we began to prepare for our final departure. A man, to express his joy at our visit, said his heart was as white as milk on account of it. We left Mashow at half-past nine A.M.; many accompanied us for two miles; the king and three of his servants walked with us about five miles, to one of his cattle-places, to give us a bagfull of thick milk. Munaneets was overheard inquiring of the king what he thought of these white people, now they had left him without asking presents or seeking gain by trading. The king replied, that he thought very favourably of them, and should be *glad* when some of them came to live at Mashow.

Many attended our worship in the evening at Tammaha, when they were told the great things the Son of God had done for the salvation of men, and in order to gain their love. There were present, the king, the chief captain, and Mooshene, captain of another Tammaha town, ten or twelve miles distant. Had conversation with the king, &c. after the meeting. On being requested to tell what they knew of God,

"The king replied that they knew nothing of God; but they thought when they saw our wagons, &c. that the men who could make such things must be a kind of gods; but from what we told them, they knew we were men like themselves, and that they knew not what to think of God; he knew he was ignorant, and had come into our tent to be instructed. On being asked if he knew that he had a soul, he said he did not, nor did he know any difference between men and beasts; but they had always known there was a God, and that he was near them, and killed them; but they never knew why he was angry. When they did

* The late Sir Everard Home wrote an essay upon this animal, which he read to the Royal Society, in which he considered it to be the unicorn of the ancients, and the same as that which is described in the thirty-ninth chapter of the book of Job.

what was bad, I asked if their hearts told them it was evil which they had done; such as when they murdered or stole? The king answered, 'When a man does evil he does not think of it; but if a man tells him, and reproves him for it, then he thinks of it, and is afraid.' When they thought God killed them, I inquired, did they do any thing to please him? The king replied, 'We never thought of it; no man ever thought what would please God.' He was surrounded by the wonderful works of God, I observed, such as the sun; did he ever think how large it was? He answered, they never thought of it. 'Let the king think of it now,' I said, 'and tell me what he thinks.' He said he could not think of it, but we must tell him. With this request I immediately complied.

"Among various inquiries which he made, he wished to know whether it was a new sun every morning, or the old one that came back again; he thought white men were a kind of gods compared to them; and that, in their own country, they must have gods greater than themselves; and when he looked at our clothes, and observed how fit they were for defending the skin against thorns; when he viewed our table, stools, and wagons, he wondered at us. 'Does the king think that God is subject to death like men?' Answer, 'I do not know.' 'Does the king know any thing of the devil?' 'Yes, we call him Burrimo. But we think he is a god.' Here Munaneets, of his own accord, told the king that the white people called him Satan; that he was a *rogue*, and, like Makkabba, was constantly trying to stir up all men against God and each other. The king then said we must shoot flesh for them, which was heartily seconded by Pelangye, who urged the king to persevere in that request, which he evidently did from the hope of coming in for a share of whatever might be thus obtained. Sedrass, the Bootchuana interpreter, at this time told the king, and twenty others who were sitting in the tent, that though Pelangye had travelled with us all the journey up the country, and had heard the word of God every day, yet here he had interrupted the conversation by talking about flesh; adding that he was a man who was never happy but when he saw a pot-*full* of flesh boiling before him!

"When the people assembled for worship in the evening, I endeavoured to explain to them how the gospel might prove to be the greatest blessing that could come to a country, and would tend to increase the happiness of mankind more than any thing else. The interpreter stood on the outside of the tent, that all might

hear. It was the *largest* assembly of heathens to hear the gospel I had before seen; nor did I ever witness greater stillness during the time of meeting. The women afterwards endeavoured, by clapping their hands, to collect the men to a dance; but they clapped for an hour without effecting their purpose: there was no dance.

"We resolved to visit the towns lower down the Krooman river, in order to discover the sentiments of the people regarding missionaries coming among them, and therefore left Lattakoo on the 17th of June, at three P.M. At a district of the town, about a mile to the westward of Mateebe's, we saw a party of men returning from a distant expedition. The women of the district ran out to meet them, and accompanied them into town with singing, shouting, and clapping of hands, like the Israelitish women, who went out to meet the army returning from the conquest of Goliath and the Philistines. We soon learned that they had been on a trading expedition to the Kallyharry, a people living about a month's journey to the north-west of Lattakoo, from whom they procure the skins of the wild cat, of which they make their most beautiful carosses.

"Not long ago, a chief's son, when at Lattakoo, attended our worship there, and was so affected by what he heard, that he would not join in any of the follies of the place, nor assist the rainmaker in his incantations as he used to do; and he had since kept up something like prayer with his people at home.

"We reached the town of Patannee at five P.M. when almost dark, and were kindly received by Lintua, the chief. The town, and some neighbouring villages or districts, are under the government of Lintua. About

two hundred persons attended worship in the morning. The subject of address was, 'Know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.' When some of the people were talking during the address, Seretz, a captain, pointed to them till he had attracted their notice, when he twisted about his lips in the same manner as they twist the mouths of their leathern sacks to prevent the corn coming out, intimating by this, as we afterwards learned, that they ought to make their mouths so close that not a single word should escape.

"Seretz had been both at Lattakop and Griqua Town, and is almost the only captain who appears to be desirous of imitating the dress and manners of civilized life. He wears a jacket and trousers made by himself. He also wore a European hat, which he got among the Griquas. The subject of the next address was, 'The nature of the kingdom which God is collecting out of all nations, and the invitation from God to *them* to come into it.'

"At a meeting with Lintua and his chiefs, when I stated the object of my visit, Mateebe's kindness to the missionaries, &c., Lintua replied, that he knew Mateebe to be the friend to those teachers; that he and his people considered themselves as the servants of Mateebe, for the country around was his; the Krooman river, on which they lived, was Mateebe's; its water which they drank came out of the king's ground, so that the very water which they used was his; therefore they wished to follow the example of Mateebe, and would be very glad to have missionaries come and reside amongst them. Lintua, by this speech, proved himself to be a tolerable politician. He knew Mateebe's uncle was present, and that every word he uttered would be reported to Mateebe; and that, if flattering would please Mateebe, instead of sending presents of cloaks and skins, he would be a gainer, as words cost nothing but breath.

"During this conference, Lintua spoke without con-

sulting any of his captains; he wore upon his left ear a plate of copper, the shape of a heart, about six inches long and five wide. I did not observe any of his people reach the height of his shoulders; he was six feet nine inches.

"We removed to the district of Seretz, distant about a mile and a half from Lintua's. We found Seretz had one house built after the European manner, after the plan of a missionary house at Lattakoo. I made him a present of two saws, two chisels, and four gimblets. Never did a hungry man receive food with more avidity than Seretz received these tools. He had several charming-looking children, from ten to fifteen years of age.

"We left Patannee at ten A.M.; at noon we crossed the Krooman, and in half an hour crossed also the Maklareen, near its confluence with the former. Seretz was with us, expressing ardent desires for a missionary; he equally longs for the introduction of arts and improvements among his people, perhaps as much as Peter the Great did in Russia.

"We now entered upon the Great Southern Zahara desert, and entered upon the old dry bed of the Krooman river, the stream having sunk into the sand opposite to Letakka. The elderly people declared, that in their young days, the Krooman, though now dry, was a great river, that sometimes was impassable. They blamed the Matslaroos for drying up the river by witchcraft. When asked, if that people were enemies to water, and stood in no need of it to satisfy their thirst, living, as they did, upon its banks, they all *laughed* at the question, and said they believed it was done by the hand of God.

"We turned up a narrow pass, the ascent of which

was steep and covered with deep sand, which rendered it no easy matter for the oxen to drag up the wagons. At length, on reaching the summit, the town of Turreehey was seen standing in the most sequestered situation imaginable, and closely wedged in by mountains on all sides. Young and old soon began to look out at different points. The former, though evidently alarmed, were at the same time overjoyed at seeing people travelling in wagons. Some stood with uplifted hands, while others sportively threw down their companions to the ground.

"On reaching this Tadmor in the wilderness, we learned that its real name was Turreehey, though at a distance it is generally called by the name of its king, or chief, Laheisey's town. We halted at the south end of the town. The aged king received us in the public place, surrounded by his principal men: he looked venerable, was grave, and appeared to speak with considerable caution. Some time after our first interview we had a formal meeting with him, when we stated the object of our visit. Among other things we told him, that Mateebe approved of our visiting him, 'for,' said he, 'Laheisey is my father.' To which he replied:

"'I hear! The word of God is good, it is a peaceable word. I should like if it told that men should not die, or how an old man could become young again. I am told, it forbade people, if their property was taken from them, to pursue after those who had taken it. I do not like that: I am not a friend to commandoes; I would never go on them. Those I have gone upon have been by the pressing invitations of the Matchappees. On the last commando of Mateebe's, many of my people were killed. I am a sickly man, and should never be able to learn your singing. I like the word of God ever since it came to the Griquas, for, since that time, the neighbouring Corannas have never come to steal my cattle, so that I cannot refuse it.'

"Munaneets completely satisfied him about all his difficulties. The people told us that white men had never been in Turreehey before. At worship, in the evening, Mr. Moffat addressed them from, 'Unto you is the word of this salvation sent.'

"I made a present of some things to Laheisey in his own house. It was amusing to see with what interest his family gazed at the articles as they were produced, and their anxiety to know their use. In the morning Laheisey called at the tent, when he said he was sorry we had visited him at that time, when food was scarce; but he should be glad if teachers of the word of God came amongst them. At ten we had a meeting for worship, when the importance of the present visit was pointed out to all there, and especially to the aged, whom God had long spared to hear his message of mercy and favour before they died, that heaven with all its joys were at stake, and to be for ever happy or for ever miserable would be their portion. We assured them, if they believed the good news we had told them from the word of God, God had promised them eternal life; but if they rejected, or trifled with it, he had threatened everlasting misery.

"We had a meeting with some of the oldest men, to obtain all the information they could give respecting this interesting desert; but, though they had all their lives resided on the borders of it, they knew as little of it to the west and north of them as they did of the continent of America.

"Laheisey said, that he never heard, from the old men who lived before him, any tradition respecting the origin of man, or from whence he at first came. He had heard that God kills men, and is in the ground; but *he* thought God was above, and came down and looked at men. He

never employs rain-makers, he thought men never could make rain. 'Though we have neither lions nor wolves,' said he, 'we have many serpents. To cure their bite, we cut all around the place, to cause it to bleed, that the poison may come out along with it.'

"Here he complained of being tired, and asked for tobacco. 'If you give me a small piece,' he said, 'it will be gone in a day, and I shall forget you; but if a large piece, it will last long, and I shall *think* upon you every time I either take snuff or smoke.'

"We arrived at the village of Chopo, on the side of the dry bed of the river Nokannan, in which water can be obtained only by digging deep wells. On examining two of these wells, we found them twenty-five feet deep. Five men were buried in one of these wells the preceding year by the falling in of the sides. Many of the people attended worship in the evening, to whom we related the leading facts of the Bible. In the morning some women ventured to approach us, viewing the tent, table, &c., with great surprise. They were overheard saying to each other, '*Surely these people cannot be men!*' I gave a small tin snuff-box to the old chief, with snuff in it. He could not open it, but gave it to Munaneets to show him the way, who opened it before him, put the snuff it contained into his own hand, snuffed up the whole of it, and returned the empty box to the chief, who took no notice of the impudent trick, which was not done in joke, but with the utmost gravity. The chief's name was Hanobey. He was about seventy years of age. He confessed that he knew nothing about the origin of man, nor of his possessing a soul, nor did he know any thing of God.

"Though we offered some tobacco, to procure from them a drink of water for our oxen, they would not part with it for that or any other consideration. They told us if we set off immediately, and continued to go

forward, we should reach water the next morning, which assurance gave us little comfort.

"A poor female Matchappee, named Manyena, called, and told me, that when she first heard of the Bible, she did not think it was true; but when she found it describe her *heart* exactly, she could not but be-believe what it said. She was determined, she added, always to live near some place where the word of God was preached, where she might hear about a crucified Saviour, though she should starve. Jesus died for sinners, and she would not leave the word. She prayed that I might be carried back to the Cape, and to England. • •

"The day of my final departure from Lattakoo being come, I gave a farewell address to the people in the morning. I made a present to Mahootoo, the queen, of a large wax doll, well dressed in the European fashion, which was sent from a friend at Kingsland, on purpose for her. This trifle excited great astonishment; she held it up before her, earnestly looking to it for several minutes, without one remark. Her married daughter touched it very gently now and then, laughing immoderately.

"After taking leave of many persons, our wagons began to move through the crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton accompanied us two days' journey, to a place where they intended to cut timber. Our old friend, *Africaner*, on his return to Namaqualand, was one of our travelling party."

On his arrival at the Cape, he wrote thus to Mrs. Bower:—

"*Cape Town, about* 10*th Nov.*, 1820.

"My dear Aunt,—I arrived yesterday afternoon at Cape Town, after an absence of ten months, in which, through much unmerited mercy, no accident happened, and without one hour's sickness. I dined with the governor, along with brother Philip, to-day; and as the dinner did not commence till seven o'clock at night, and he lives eight miles from the town, you may believe the present hour is not an early one;

but as an Indian lady, on her way to Edinburgh, goes off to England to-morrow, I could not but snatch a few minutes from sleep, notwithstanding fatigue, to tell you that *here* I am! The last 500 or 600 miles were not the most expeditious, as the oxen do not improve their strength by travelling. Had I time to tell the story, it would be seen that the Caffre war prevented our progress; and brother Philip and I *dividing* the Society's work between us, he taking the business of Cape Town, (for which he is qualified in no ordinary degree,) and I that which lay in the remote parts, through the prayers of saints, and the good providence of God, has turned out highly to the advantage of the missionary affairs here. Never, I believe, were missionary concerns viewed with a more favourable eye by those who lead public opinion, than at this moment. Dr. Philip, in my absence, obtained almost every thing we could desire from the Government: and my having penetrated so far beyond the line, hitherto known in the interior of South Africa, and having brought down the head of a *huge* animal, which gentlemen who have seen, declare is the only *Unicorn* that will be found,—(the horn is three feet long, projecting forward from a little above the nose, with a small horn behind, which is not observed when the animal is 200 yards off,)—I say, these things have also helped us a little. I wish I could add, that the multiplying of sound conversions among the heathen hath filled the hearts of the faithful with exceeding joy. It is but a day of small things in that respect. But I find, through fatigue, I cannot add more, but must go to bed. What a mercy to be in a world where sleep can be obtained. Publish not this *half-asleep* letter! I dread the publication of hasty scrawls; and praise, especially in print, I tell you seriously, I abhor, and never yet thought more of a man for giving it. I am a poor sinner, and wish to lie very low: and I know what effect showy expeditions abroad have on the minds of those who have been but a little distance from their firesides. Between you and me, I am not sorry that the last ten months of my life are gone, and now appearing like a dream. I really need a rest, both for soul and body, but I have no prospect of obtaining either till I get on board of ship, which I hope will be in a few weeks. The new fields for missionary exertions, which are laid open by the journey, are extensive and interesting; I hope God will dispose the minds of British believers early to occupy them. The *language* is the same as at Lattakoo. Where that language *ends*, I do not know; perhaps it extends half way to England. By the next opportunity I hope to have leisure to write more composedly.

"Several letters were lying for me on my return here, and Mr. Rutt's *sensible present of home snuff*, and many newspapers from Mr. Reyner.

Do you know, I was remarkably encouraged by the letters: every one was kinder than another, which increased my desire once more to see all friends. I rejoice to hear of the school. All the letters are a year old. Was kindly received back under Mr. Brida's roof. Met with a hearty welcome from very many. Many a time during the journey have I desired the patience of Job. I slept but *once* in a bed for three months. It was in Mr. Kicherer's fine house, on my road back; and what do you think was the consequence?—*a severe cold!* Love to all about you.

"I am, yours,

"J. Campbell."

The following letter is both more explicit and full.

"*Cape-town, Dec.* 23*rd*, 1820.

"My Dear Aunt,—As we sometimes say in the north, I suppose you are 'out of all patience now' about the writer's coming home;—if so, your feelings resemble his own. Have we forgotten that great truth, 'what God has made crooked, no man can make straight?' I thought to have been with you long ere now, but if you have received a letter which I wrote about a month ago, on my arrival in Cape-town, you will know the reason. The journey which my poor head expected to take up three or four months, took ten! It is true the thread, if I may so write, of the journey, span out much longer than my original measurement. I see now, though late, that when a man sets off on a journey like mine, he cannot previously conjecture the extent of it; he cannot as a Christian man, place his finger upon a map and say, 'hitherto shall I go, and no farther.' Had Paul said so before he had set off for Troas, and adhered to his determination, then the man of Macedonia must have called in vain across the Egean sea, 'Paul, come over and help us!' Though I neither saw such visions, nor heard such voices, yet something equally forcible to my mind presented itself, and urged me to go beyond and beyond; though I love my own fire-side at home as much, perhaps, as my neighbours do theirs, go I must, though I should never return; and taking every thing into the account, I think the Missionary Society will approve, though I certainly had no commission from them to take a journey of nine weeks beyond Lattakoo. The additional expense here was trifling, the most of it was in supplying my place at Kingsland, which I think the great liberality of the friends there more than refunds for the nine weeks; for which they shall have my most hearty thanks.

"I was in rather a sad plight before I reached the Cape, in the *cloth-*

ing way; you would not have given sixpence for the best trousers I had, many a mend they got, sometimes by myself, and sometimes by the Hottentots; as for my *jackets* that I wore, how you would have smiled had you seen them on me! Had you met me in the Karroo, I think I see you tapping on the shoulder of a Hottentot, and saying, 'Who is that?' I hear him say, 'That is Mynheer.' 'That!' 'Yes, that is Bass.' But you reply, 'I am as wise as I was.' But now you would not be ashamed to speak to me, for I have got a new coat and hat. There is a bush you have heard of, called *stop-a-while*. I have a long accompt to bring against that bush for the destruction of my dress. It is no loss to England, except to the weavers, that that bush does not grow there.

"Three Bootchuanas, who came with us from Lattakoo, have excited considerable notice at the Cape; one of them wears the dress of a major, and the others that of corporals, which they got in presents from the officers. Indeed, the first people in the town have been very kind to them in loading them with suitable presents, which will be useful to them on their return, and will add to the favourable impression on the natives regarding white men. They complained to us the other day they had not yet seen the king, meaning the governor; and that they would be able to say nothing about him to their king, Mateebe. This was mentioned to the governor, who immediately invited them to Newlands, his country house, where he ordered them plenty to eat, and showed them over all his house.

"Our meetings at Cape-town are well attended, considering the limited extent of the population; and there have been several pleasing cases of conversion to God. A good proportion of the congregation is composed of the rich, some of whom are from India. A brother of Lord Molesworth, who is a pious young officer, landed only about three weeks ago, soon found out our preaching-place, and attends regularly: he has called two or three times on Dr. Philip for conversation.

"Mr. and Mrs. Breda, with whom I shall lodge, continue very kind, and do not like to see the time of my departure drawing so near. We have of course had many things to settle. A Mr. Knox called upon me two days ago, from a ship that stopped here on its way to Botany-bay, offering to take any letters for me there. I wrote by him to Mr. Ellis, at Otaheite, and Mr. Marsden, the minister, at Port Jackson.

"Your friend Mr. Beck preaches to the slave population, and once a week to the white. He is, to-morrow evening, (sabbath,) to baptize, I think, eight slaves, at which his uncle, Mr. Truter, or rather now Sir John Truter, President of the Court of Justice, has promised to be present, to give it his countenance; for it is a new thing at the Cape.

They are afterwards to be formed into a church, which is another new thing; but this is the age of *new* things in the kingdom of God! How delighted we were here with the Chronicle containing the news from Otaheite; we read it at the Missionary Prayer-meeting here, the first Monday of this month, which was pleasing to the meeting.

The following letter to his cousin, must complete this chapter.

"*On board the Castle Forbes, about* 400 *miles to the westward of the Western Islands, April* 12*th*, 1821, *at midnight, but half-past two in the morning with you.*

"MY DEAR JESSIE,—It is eight weeks to-day since we left the Cape of Good Hope, which lies, you know, at the south-end of Africa, and though we have been sailing night and day ever since, we have only this evening passed the north-end of that vast continent. Reflecting upon this circumstance has impressed my mind perhaps more deeply than ever with the multitude of tribes or nations which must dwell upon its surface, most of whom are utterly unknown to Europeans, even by their very name. Almost the whole of whom, we are certain, must be enveloped in the grossest mental darkness, and whose habitations must be those of horrid cruelty. What a field for the exertion of Christian benevolence and enterprise!—but what a heart-rending consideration that many long ages must revolve before the smallest relief can reach many of the interior nations! Though a thousand miles to the westward of thy shores, O Africa, I almost fancy that I hear thy thundering yet plaintive groans. One would almost go to the relief of a *dog* heard groaning in the dark; why should we be so reluctant to step forth to relieve benighted, groaning Africans!

"Perhaps you are surprised that I should begin a letter 2000 miles from where I can despatch it to you. Do you know, Jessie, that in a journey of this kind, 2000 miles appear like a step. To tell you a *secret*,—a good deal of the conversation now on the quarter-deck turns upon going ashore; and some have prepared their trunks for it, and some almost fancy they *smell* English land, and all expect to see it in three weeks; but the fulfilment depends upon the wind, which is no more under our control than the rain or the sunshine: the management thereof is in infinitely better hands. But, come the English shore in view when it may, I know from experience there will be little quietness for writing letters; and recollecting that I have not, I fear, sent you one

letter for two of yours, I wish to settle the letter accompt with you while it is in the power of my hand to do it.

We left the Cape on the 15th of last February, and entered the torrid zone on the 22nd, and on the 24th had a view of its most entertaining inhabitants, I mean the flying fishes. Reached St. Helena on March 1st, and next morning breakfasted with the Admiral on that station, having had letters of introduction to him from the Governor and Naval Commissioners of the Cape of Good Hope. Saw some of the principal people on the island, who came to the Admiral's to see the skull and horn of what every body says is the unicorn. A horn three feet long goes out from the forehead, like the bowsprit of a ship; and when you see it you will not be surprised at what is said, Psalm xxii. 21, that deliverance from such a horn on the head of a living infuriated animal should be recorded as a remarkable interposition of Providence; and the description in Job xxxix. 9—12 is not at all inapplicable to the animal from whom we took this skull. You will smile when I tell you that a person who had not been successful in making a fortune, whom none of us knew, gravely applied to Dr. Philip for permission to carry it to London, and to show it there for two months, after which he should return it safe to the Society. A captain, who was not to sail for a month, offered to give me a passage free to England, and to sail next day, if I would give him the horn! Were it not to be considered degrading to the Society to show it for a shilling a head, I think it would soon refund the Society for the whole expenses of our journey. But I fear these remarks will prepare your mind for a disappointment when you see it. I think I hear you say, on first sight, 'Is that all? It is not half so wonderful as I expected!'

Whether you be gratified or disappointed by the sight of the horn, I think you will at least be entertained with my journal, if it arrives safe; which, if I be a competent judge, is much more interesting than the former, being in countries much more unknown than those I visited last time. I hope the profits of it, and the annual sum given by Kingsland Chapel to the Missionary Society, will do more than refund the Society for the supplying of the chapel and my travelling expenses by sea and land.

I have got a Hottentot boy with me, son of Dik Kop, who was chief of Hooge Kraal, now Pacalt's-dorp, who is mentioned in my former journal, page 60, who is now dead. I paid nothing for his passage, the captain kindly allowing him to come as my servant. You need not prepare a *bed* for him, for he never slept in one in his life. If you give him a thick blanket to wrap round him, he will sleep on the floor sounder

than a prince. Only give him his food, and continue the voyage twenty years, he will make no inquiries where he is going; so indifferent a being is a Hottentot. The first shirt he threw off on board happened to get soaked with water which rushed into my cabin through the scuttle. I desired him to take it on deck, which he did, but immediately heaved it into the sea as a useless article. I make him wash his own things. The last wash he had, a shirt and his only pair of stockings, blew into the sea! The absence of women is much felt by us, as well as by Hottentots. I sometimes set him to mend his trowsers, but he makes a poor tailor. I suppose his trowsers must travel overboard, or the sample of his sewing would divert the like of you seamstresses. He is picking up a little English: the first I heard him speak was *naughty girl*, to one who was teazing him. His name is Paul, but he gets no other on board than Hottentot. He has many friends here. I had to give my own personal security for 200*l.* to the Government, that he should be returned in five years, before I could take him away.

"We passed under the sun March 12th, and crossed the equator on the 16th. We were chased and boarded by a South American insurgent privateer, on the 25th, who did not plunder us. Left the torrid zone, by crossing the tropic of Cancer, April 2nd. You see I have filled my Chinese sheet of paper, but must leave some room on which to tell you if I arrive safe at some English port. I took two reams of writing-paper with me from England: I have used the whole, except about four sheets, and used near two boxes of small wafers.

"April 26. Since I wrote the last word above, we have had a tempest for seven long days and nights. Now that it is over, I wish you had seen it; it would have been a display of the power of God to you that you cannot conceive unless by being in it. Some of its midnight blasts you would have thought sufficient to lay Arthur's Seat on its broadside. *Raging elements* is a good name for such a spectacle! It blew us back about 150 miles, notwithstanding all means to prevent our retreat. My little cabin was soaked with water the whole time. Wonderful, my throat kept open!

"May 1. We are, from contrary wind, nearly in the same spot in which we were a fortnight ago—seven or eight hundred miles fom London. Of course, all hope of being at the annual meeting is vanished! The thing is of God, and I submit.

His presence at the meetings, thus unexpected, although much wished for, created a great sensation. He was the *lion* of the day, and continued to be so at the

Auxiliaries in the country long after. This was no gratification to himself, except so far as it promoted the cause and spirit of missions. This assertion is not made upon slight grounds. It is founded upon letters and journals, in which he groans for retirement, and trembles at applause, and hides himself in the thickest shadow of the Intercessory cloud of incense. He returned from the meetings where he had been the lion, to bury himself in the dust of self-abasement before God, saying, "I am a *worm*, and no man." His knowledge of the importance attached to him was *forced* upon him. Indeed, he was unwilling to believe it.

The following is a fair specimen of his spirit:—he had looked in, on passing with a friend, to see some meeting at the London Tavern. The hall was so crowded, that they could but just find standing room at the bottom. His friend was unwilling to stop, and urged him to leave, because they could not hear the speaker. When, lo, a general clapping of hands began on the platform, and spread through the assembly. "Now we shall hear," he said; "depend on it, Sir, one of their *great guns* is about to be fired off, and we shall have something worth hearing." His friend whispered to him, "Yes, they mean you." "Me, indeed, nonsense! They can't see me," he answered. At this moment, the cry, "Mr. Campbell, Mr. Campbell of Lattakoo!" rang through the room, and a way was soon made for him up to the platform.

It has been mentioned already that he was easily disconcerted on the platform, if any whispering took place whilst he was speaking. Indeed, he was not slow to reprove it. He could, however, join in a good-humoured laugh at his own expense. When he visited Liverpool,

after his return from Africa, he was still much *tanned* by the sun; "black but comely." In the course of his speech he *acted* as well as told the surprise of the tribes when they first saw in him a *white* man! The joke was irresistible. We all laughed outright, and he joined us heartily, turning it off by saying, "I have long dwelt in the tents of Kedar."

The frequency of his references to scenes and events in Africa, whilst preaching, never violated modesty. They were not made to keep up the public recollection of his travels, but simply to illustrate some points in his sermons. As he was wont to say, "they came *popping* up from corners in his memory, where they had been long buried." This they did, to the end of his life. We laid our account with hearing some African anecdote in every sermon; but none of us ever felt that he was reminding us of what he had done or where he had been. No man, indeed, was less inclined to speak of himself. Accordingly, many things in this volume will surprise his intimate friends most.

Missionaries, and those who knew South Africa in 1812 and 1820, will miss in this work some things which they expected to find. And such things his private journals would have furnished. But no good purpose could be answered by reviving the memory of men and disputes, now happily forgotten. He accomplished his great object, and under its shadow little men and secondary things found their level. Two things, however, in his private journal, deserve public record. On his return to the Cape, he told the Colonial Secretary, that the reports against Bethelsdorp, which both he and the Governor had given him, were found, on investigation, to be incorrect. He also offered to lay before the

government, the process and results of his investigations. The Secretary took his word for the facts, and the Governor visited Bethelsdorp; and although both talked of defects, both encouraged the mission, and granted several privileges to the station. Hence he says, "In the disposition of the Governor to favour our cause, I see the hand of God as plainly as I now see the *sunshine* in Hottentot square." This did not prevent him from adding,—"Governors and official men in Colonies, are apt to say strong things against certain plans, just to try one's sentiments; perhaps as a snare for you. They will commend other things, with a similar design. Hence the need of the utmost caution, and of prayer that God may set a watch on our lips." "No business in which I was ever engaged, succeeded so well as that which the Missionary Society deputed to me. In fact, every thing has succeeded. I cannot think of one thing, I wish had gone otherwise than it has.

"'O to grace how great a debtor!'"

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

IF the formation and development of such a character as that of John Campbell, by the stirring impulses, political and religious, which marked the close of the last century and the opening of the present one, be not more interesting and instructive than the details of his ministerial life, after his visits to Africa, would have been, then is his biographer much to blame; for now he can hardly find room even to characterize the regular labours of the *settled* pastor of Kingsland chapel, or the occasional services of the *old* friend of missions, schools, and tracts. But in such labours and services he was not singular, nor superior to many of his brethren; and thus the history of the last twenty years of his life, apart from his letters, would only be the picture of any other minister in London, who combines pastoral duty with the claims of our public societies. The bulk of this volume, therefore, has been devoted to those periods and events of his life, when, in his own "line of things," he had few equals, and no superiors.

The best step of his private life, after he had settled down to his regular pastorate, and after all his friends had set him down as a confirmed bachelor, was his marriage. When this was believed, it was universally approved as appropriate, timely, and judicious; but few

did believe it on the authority of the newspapers. It was thought, even in his own flock and mine, "too good news to be true," until we had it from his own lips; and then some of our little girls, who loved to sit upon his knee, and call him their husband, when his little books happened to please them very much, were highly offended, and said it was unfair not to wait until they were big girls. When they grew up, he sometimes asked them with playful gravity, if they had really forgiven him?

His public life, for some years after his return from Africa, was both bustling and laborious. His travels for the Missionary Society, over the principal counties of the three kingdoms, were almost equal to another African tour, and would furnish incident enough for a volume; for as he was for ever trying to do good, or to make all his journeys a continuation of his little book, "Walks of Usefulness," he drew out the history, or the opinions, of many a stranger, and thus gathered up stores of anecdote. His tours were often made also in company with some distinguished minister or missionary, and thus there was a frequent interchange of free thoughts upon all public questions. I had prepared sketches of these tours for this volume, but have been obliged to throw them aside for want of room. This is almost injustice to many a family over England, Scotland, and Ireland, where, although "a wayfaring man, turning aside to tarry only for a night," he formed friendships which lasted through life, and found welcomes which he has not forgotten in heaven. In these circles, his memory is fresh and fragrant still, and in general associated with some child to whom he had endeared himself by the wonders of Africa, or with some local

scene or object upon which he hung missionary recollections. Many a fine tree, flower, and rivulet in England, are loaded with his African associations, and thus consecrated links between young hearts and old missions.

Wherever he found a conical summer-house, which was rustic, as at Poundsford-park, it was sure to be called *Lattakoo* afterwards, whether it stood in the grounds or the garden, because he had identified it with Mateebe's palace, or Sehoiya's hut. In the agricultural districts, none remember him better than the farmers; for he lost no opportunity of studying tillage, and irrigation, and well-digging. The value of this river, or of that brook, if they could only be transported to Africa, was most graphically described. Even when farm servants drove him from town to town on his tour, he drew forth information from them about seed, and soil, and manure, and draining, as well as gave them information about Dutch, and Hottentot, and Betchuana farming; but still, in the end, turning all this to some spiritual account.

When he had gratified the country at large by his visits, the Directors of the Missionary Society applied to him to do for their Polynesian missions what he had done for their African. This, as well as the proposal of Dr. Bogue, to send him to China as the first Protestant missionary, will be new to most of his friends. His private notes show that he deeply weighed the claims of the South Sea missions, although he declined the appointment. He seems to have been offered the vote of a General Meeting, to induce him to go out again: but he says, "the deliberate opinion of a *handful* of grave, wise, and God-fearing men, would deserve my attention more than the hasty plaudits or fiats of congregated

thousands." He did not, however, put a negative upon all hope of a future visit; but said, "I cannot *at present* see my way, because of considerations with which a stranger cannot intermeddle."

Soon after his return from Africa, the celebrated Edward Irving was introduced to him by letter, thus:—"Our cousin Edward is a young man of extraordinary talents, and I trust knows the truth as it is in Jesus. I recommend him to your Christian attention. It will be obliging, if you will introduce him to Dr. Winter, the Claytons, Dr. Waugh, and other good friends." He did; and for a time Mr. Irving valued such friends: but he cut with them all before his *Tongues* began to vociferate gibberish. Prior to that, Mr. Campbell used to say, "He soon got above my head;" and after, the worst thing he said was, "I long suspected that there was a *soft* place in his head, or a *bee* in his bonnet." But still, like all of us who knew Mr. Irving in private, Mr. Campbell believed him to be a pious visionary.

Mr. Campbell's short trips to the Continent are not related in any of his Journals. That to Paris, he sketched in a letter to Mr. Moffat, to amuse his Lattakoo friends. It runs thus:—

"It is a fact that I have not been absent from Kingsland chapel one sabbath for eighteen months; a rare thing in my life! Mrs. Campbell having mused on this fact, said, 'You require some relaxation of mind, go and make a tour in Kent.' Said I, 'that will do me little good. I would rather go in a steamer to France, where different scenes and customs will excite new thoughts in my lazy mind.' My proposal was approved. I set off, without ability to speak one sentence in French, and without letters to any one in Paris. I did all this purposely. I got the address of a Wesleyan missionary there, as I was about to start. Thus accoutred, I set off for a *solitary* walk in France.

"At Boulogne, I gave the British Consul a piece of blue Asbestos

from Griqua Land for the Museum, and he gave me an order to see the Museum privately. It is not much inferior to the British one.

"I do not recollect seeing one farm-house all the way to Paris. All seem to live in towns, whether from fear or fashion I cannot tell. The apples by the roadsides were so many, that they took away all desire to taste one.

"At the city of Buonaparte, I took up my residence at Hotel de Lille, and found the company at table all English, and seven of them knew me. A Wesleyan missionary, from the Greek Islands, being there, and a Member of the British Parliament, led to a missionary meeting in Paris. The latter took the chair, and filled it very well, though no doubt as much surprised to find himself in that position in Paris, as I was on finding myself making a missionary speech there. Admiral ———, the President of their Society, and some French ministers, were present. Mr. Wilks was in Germany. They have sent many missionaries to South Africa.

"A report of the meeting was published next morning in a Paris paper, and copied in London before I arrived, although I set off next day.

"I was not fond of Paris. The houses are so high, and the streets so narrow, that it is gloomy. The Garden of Plants contains, I fancy, more wonders than all the cities of Europe. The palaces leave our English ones at a great distance behind. Buonaparte's triumphal arch is a heavy collection of stones and mortar, as foolish as the pyramids of Egypt.

"As a city, Paris needs missionaries as much as Africa. There are a few names which have not defiled their garments; but it is no more a *Christian* city than Rome was in the days of Nero, because Paul laboured in it, and Christians were found in Cæsar's household. Still, Paris has produced more martyrs for the faith of Christ, than any other city on the face of the globe; and there will be a resurrection of the martyrs yet, not in body, but in men of similar devotedness to God.

"When I arrived at home, the journey seemed all a dream. I had no *proof* that I had been in France, but a few trinkets. Were you to ask me what my journey cost, I would say, my purse was *minus* £15. So much I paid for an airing in France. However, it was of more use to mind and body, than if I had drunk a puncheon of drugs, in order to pay for the doctor's visits. As I have heard a Scotchman say, 'drugs do not agree with my stomach.'"

This is merely an extract from a letter of two folio sheets, full of general news; a very useful kind of let-

ter, occasionally, to missionaries in the deserts. Even Dr. Philip said in answer to a similar letter from Mr. Campbell to himself,

"I have had it read two or three times at our table. It was quite refreshing to us. You have been in Africa, and know the heart of a stranger, and what will be interesting in the African desert. Like Walter Scott, you make use of 'odds and ends' which others throw away. I never see letters, full of sentimentality, politics, or metaphysics, without being reminded of our old friend Dr. Bogue, who said of a long polemical epistle sent to him, 'I have paid eighteen-pence for your letter, and I could have got more sound divinity for *sixpence* at an old book-stall!' When we wish for letters from our friends at a distance, we desire to hear of things which we cannot find in our libraries—which the public journals do not notice—which are of the utmost importance to us, because of little importance to the world at large."

When Mr. Campbell gave up all hope of undertaking any new mission to the heathen, he devoted his leisure hours to an abridgment of his African Travels, in two small volumes, for the Tract Society. He added to them a similar volume, containing his "Voyages, &c." What he received for these volumes, thus fitted for wide circulation, I do not know; but he preferred that wide circulation, for the sake of Africa, to the offer of a hundred guineas, which I was empowered to make to him, for the *first* edition of an octavo volume, which should condense his voyages and travels. In vain I pressed the consideration, that the work in this form would do most good eventually, as well as be a property whilst the copyright lasted: he cared nothing about the money, and he preferred the gratification of "young folks by little books." Similar instances of his disinterestedness might be named; such as his offer of the profits of his Travels to the Missionary Society. His "African Light" also occupied much of his spare time. "It cost

a deal of labour," he said in a letter to the Edinburgh publisher, "but so did the Pyramids of Egypt and the tower of Babel; and what was the use of them after they were finished? It is all original. Nothing stolen from other writers."

It is impossible to characterize that little work, in the space which now remains, except to say that it illustrates about 500 passages of Scripture, by scenes, objects, and facts, which he witnessed in Africa. It ought to be re-published in a form which would bring it under general notice; for it is *original* in another sense than the author said, and clears up not a few things that Babel confounded.

Notwithstanding all his travelling and labours, he enjoyed remarkably good health until he was nearly seventy years of age. Indeed, he was hardy, although subject to colds. Hence, his first serious illness led us to fear that he would break up suddenly. But his friend Dr. Conquest had *influence* over him, as well as long knowledge of him, and thus laid an interdict on all preaching, when he prescribed for him, and sent him into his native air. The silence he disliked more than the physic; but he submitted to both, and soon rallied. On his return from Edinburgh he wrote thus to one of the daughters of his friend Mr. Wallace,

"You were one of my helps to health, when I was using means to obtain it. I think I hear you say, What did I do? Did you not often remind me to take my medicine, when otherwise I should have forgotten it? Do you call that, and other things too numerous to mention, nothing? And should we not be grateful to those who are instrumental in promoting our good? But for the *whale*, Jonah would have been drowned, when he was thrown overboard. Depend upon it, he felt grateful to that whale when it cautiously put its *cargo* on shore; and if it had a mind capable of understanding *Hebrew*, he would have said to

it. I am greatly obliged that you did not discharge me at the bottom of the ocean. I dare say that Elijah *stroked* the back of the ravens which fed him in the wilderness. The kind attention I received in your house, I endeavoured to view as from God; being conscious of my own unworthiness and insignificancy."

His inability to preach whilst in Scotland, was a sore disappointment to many, especially in country places where his fame as a traveller was still fresh. Of that fame in the Highlands, his namesake, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" tells a good story. 'The poet, after he had acquired fame, went into the Highlands, indulging some curiosity to know whether his name had found its way over the mountains and into the glens of his native land. On one occasion, he modestly inquired of an old lady, if they knew any thing of Mr. Campbell in that quarter? "Know him," she said, "every one knows Maister Campbell here." Now, thought the poet, this is *true* fame! "I am Mr. Campbell," he said. The old lady exclaimed, "What, and are you really and truly the *great* Mr. Campbell?" The poet began to qualify the word, "great," before he would appropriate it to himself. This startled the worthy matron, and led her to ask, "But are you the great Mr. Campbell of *Lattakoo?*" This question dissolved all the vision. Whether this anecdote has been embellished in its progress, I cannot tell; but Mr. Campbell has often been asked, whether he was the African traveller; and good-humouredly says when a minister is introduced to him, "I have myself been taken for a minister of my name."

Although Mr. Campbell recovered sufficiently to resume his usual duties, it was evident that the foundation of his strength had been shaken by his illness. Still, his

vivacity was not impaired, and his spirituality was, if possible improved. If there was now less energy in his sermons and prayers, there was more unction, or rather, a new kind of unction. He had always been spiritually-minded, beyond most men; but now he was *heavenly*-minded. Heaven and Africa were, alternately, the dwelling place of his spirit.

How he could, in *vision*, "live, move, and have his being" in both worlds—or amongst recollections of old scenes on earth, and anticipations of old and new friends in heaven—is hardly a mystery to the reader now; but still, only those who were much with him, or those who had letters from him at this time, can form an adequate idea of his realizations. He rejoiced with "joy unspeakable and *full* of glory," whether watching the progress of the Gospel in Africa, or numbering the spirits of the just, whom he hoped to "find out in the New Jerusalem, by and by."

In regard to the prospects of Africa, nothing grieved him so much as the attacks which, from time to time, were made upon the spirit and measures of Dr. Philip, by some of the Wesleyan missionaries. He felt this the more keenly, because he had, like many others who felt it too, been always ready to serve the Wesleyan Missionary Society. His testimony and advocacy in favour of their missions never failed or faltered, however, even when his spirit was wounded by the rashness of individuals. And in this there was no compromise of principle, and no dereliction of duty to his friend. He knew the Society too well to identify it with Shaw or Boyce; and respected Dr. Philip too much to *volunteer* a defence of him, on points which he deemed unworthy of his own notice. Many have judged and acted thus

in the matter, and are now glad that they took this course; because, both Wesleyans and Wesleyan missionaries, in South Africa, have protested against the grave charges, as equally unwise and unfair. This is a gratifying fact, and honourable to the Wesleyan body; for although Dr. Philip could well afford to stand in the light in which his accusers placed him, and found men who knew the world and loved the church ready to identify themselves with him in *such* odium, it is far better when such misrepresentations are disowned at head-quarters, and thus find their level, as well as lose their currency. Such a result does more than vindicate individual character. It teaches a salutary lesson to the missionaries of all societies, when they are tempted to write as rivals, or to humour colonial policy for party purposes.

Even missionary societies, as such, have need to take care how far they humour the party politics of either church or state at home, now that a new order of things is being forced on at all hazards. The patronage of either church or state may indeed be cheaply bought at this crisis of *bidding* for power; but it will be a dear bargain soon, to any society which may sell its "birthright for such a mess of pottage." Neither Whig nor Tory speeches, high nor low church authority, can sustain missionary societies in their proper place or spirit. Each of our great missionary societies reaped its laurels, and realized its income, without direct civil or ecclesiastical sanction, except from individuals; and none of them can "do the work of an evangelist," but by remaining, like their apocalyptic antitype, the angel having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto all nations, "in the *midst* of heaven," or far above all secular influence, political strife, and ecclesiastical dictation.

These may be unpalatable truths, now that party spirit runs high, and the pressure of the times affects the funds of all our missionary societies; but such truths are not the less necessary, when embarrassments become temptations, and appearances snares. Then, they are not the least friendly to our great societies, who, like John Campbell, love each of them too well, not to tremble as well as pray, for its ark, in the day of either war or weakness.

The following characteristic letters will best illustrate the tone of Mr. Campbell's spirits and piety during the evening of his life. They were all addressed, in the confidence of long and intimate friendship, to the Wallace family in Edinburgh.

"*Kingsland, near London, December* 23*rd*, 1833.

"My dear Friend,—I remember a long letter from you some months ago, containing a chronicle of Edinburgh facts, the local news of which city always interest me more than facts of equal importance from any other city on which our common sun shines. To hear of a man with artificial wings flying over the Danube at Vienna, and, by another letter, that my old school-fellow, Sir Walter Scott, had sunk in the mire to the middle, (as many in my young days did,) when crossing the Nore-loch, though both be trivial occurrences, the latter would interest me far more than the former, though the flying would, in itself, be a more difficult feat than the sinking.

"When living in Edinburgh I used to visit London now and then. The coach by which I came, entered London by the very road at the side of which I have now lived thirty years. I remember well the amusement I had in viewing the neat houses on each side of the way for eight miles before we reached the commencement of London. I now wonder how little I then thought of the painful scenes that might have been seen *inside* of some of those buildings I was then admiring. For example, at this moment I could take you into a chamber of one of those houses, and show a venerable female disciple of our Lord, who has been for months enduring excruciating pain from a mortification in one of her legs, and dropsy all over her. You would find her weeping lest she should become impatient, and thereby offend her Lord; and from closer

examination you would learn that she had not a doubt of her being on the verge of an everlasting rest.

"On walking across to the house immediately opposite, I could let you see a female stone blind, who a few months ago could see as well as yourself; yet, in conversing with her, you would find her cheerful and submissive to her heavenly Father's will. Go a little to the left, and I could show you a family deploring the loss of the father, who two or three weeks ago was in perfect health, but going out of a house fell down two or three steps, broke his arm in three places, which inflamed, mortified, and slew him. A hundred yards from that house I could bring you to another, where I could introduce you to a pious female, who was married about eighteen months ago, and lived very happily with her husband, who was a pious man. Ten days ago he went to town, as usual, to his business; in the evening, at seven o'clock, he went to a vessel in the Thames, to hold a prayer-meeting; while mounting up the side of the ship, his foot slipped, and he sunk into the river, and has not been seen since! I could take you to another lady, hard by, whose husband was lately a strong man,—a kind, friendly, and Christian man; brought up under the ministry and kind care of the late Abraham Booth. He had a carbuncle in the back of his neck, which carried him off in a few days.

"I could go on narrating similar tales, of this *infirmary* of a world, till both paper and leisure would fail me; and I suppose there is not a street in London, nor perhaps in Edinburgh or Glasgow, but could, at this moment, furnish details equally affecting; and all this misery can be traced back to its first cause, viz., original transgression in paradise, where human nature was spoiled;—*then* it was infected, or inoculated, shall I say, with the disease of hell—*sin*. The blood of the Lamb of God is the only remedy which alone can cure it: and truly does the poet say, 'One view of Jesus as he is, shall strike all sin for ever dead!' Yes, there is a country where the inhabitant no more says he is sick, for the whole population there are delivered from *all* their iniquities.

"But I have travelled out of the way in which I set out, by describing to you part of the way to London. When I broke off into a byway, I was about to say that I had sent you, I think, a few hurried lines, since I heard from you; and that as a kind of deluge of rain had just come to compel me to remain at home, you would permit me to intrude upon your leisure, by sending you such thoughts as might present themselves to my imagination, while the pen was in my hand. Writing is a wonderful invention, which brings mind to mind, with less trouble than either by railways or steam-packets. When you look at this piece of

paper, my mind has communion with yours, and yours with mine. No nation, high up, in the interior of Southern Africa, can conceive how this can be. It is a mystery to them, but not to us, for every thing is plain to him that understandeth. Some things very mysterious to us, are as plain and intelligible as A B C, to the people in heaven; but we are only children, they have reached their majority, their full age. I see they are going to build a cathedral for the Bishop of Hawick. Rowland Hill once proclaimed me Bishop of Lattakoo, in presence of 4,000 people. Love to you and household,

"From your old friend, &c.,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell, near London, March 28th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The last interview I had with Miss Catherine Wellwood, in George's-street, when parting, and while holding my hand, she said, in a tone of solemn positiveness, 'Now, Mr. Campbell, the next time that you and I meet, we shall be walking the streets of the New Jerusalem!' The paper which came on Monday from your house, informed me of her departure for that holy, happy, and heavenly city. I felt inclined to *kiss* the paragraph that announced it, and by the *mind's mouth* wished her joy on her arrival at home; for though the local distance from here to there may be greater than we can conceive, yet depend upon it the journey appears neither long nor tedious. In respect to rapidity of movement, the rate of steamers and railroads is *snail* travelling. By this time she indeed must feel at home; I think I see her walking, arm and arm, with Enoch and Elijah, talking of the glories of Emmanuel, and as she proceeds, do you not see her, with the mind's eye, nodding to Moses, and Abraham, and Paul? Not that every inhabitant there exhibits his name, like keepers of toll-bar gates in our country, but it is known probably by intuition. No two inhabitants there are strangers to each other. No old inhabitant will have any occasion to say, 'I have the pleasure to introduce to you who have lately arrived, my beloved fellow-heirs, Isaiah and Jeremiah!' When I came first to London, I was often losing my way among its multiplicity of streets, from ignorance of the geography of that '*world of streets*,' as a foreigner called it, from not having a correct map of it drawn upon my mind: but depend on it there is no such lack in the New Jerusalem; you will find your way in a moment to the throne of God and of the Lamb; which, without doubt, is the centre of that admirable city of God, that general assembly of the first-born. Though its inhabitants

rest not day nor night, they never tire, never yawn. If sent on messages to what we would call distant worlds, yet they are never 'from home:' for Gabriel said to Zacharias, at Jerusalem, the metropolis of Canaan, 'I am Gabriel, that *stand* in the presence of God.'

"There was a little girl at your friend's, Mrs. M'Farlane, who was born in a West India Island. I asked her many questions, but obtained little information about it, for she had only a child's mind, and therefore spake as a child. Were Elijah to read my fancies of heaven, which I have just recorded above,—I think I see him smile, and putting his hand upon my head, clapping it; then turning to you, says, 'Poor fellow, he is but a child, and speaks like a child on that glorious subject; but what you childish travellers know not now, ye shall know by and by: till that time comes, in patience possess your souls.'

"I remember the last time I wrote to you was to inquire about the fate of some letters, which, though of little value, as they had cost me some expense of time, I wished to know if they had reached their destination. These inquiries only filling a few lines, I was ashamed to send 400 miles. Having nothing particular to write about, I remember I asked you what you wished me to tell, and you were supposed to reply, 'Write onny thing you like!' Immediately turning my eyes inward, to examine *memory-office*, there rose up a journey to London, which had lain long dormant in my head-record-office. I then said, 'for want of something better, I shall send this to Mrs. Wallace; if it gives no light to her mind, it may help to light her candle some evening.'

"The postman has been three times here to-day: one of the times was with your letter, while I was busy writing part of this page. I have looked over it, and I see there is more writing work for John Campbell. I speak thus, in consequence of recollecting, that during the war between the Calvinists and Arminians, about fifty years ago, Toplady published a pamphlet with this title, '*More work for John Wesley*;'—meaning, of course, for John to answer; but it being now on the verge of midnight, I must defer adding more until a new day.

"When I finished the last page, the sun was at the back of the world, and immediately under my feet, and had I been able to have bored a hole through the world, I am sure it would not have refused to shine up, in order to give me light to go on with the letter, for it never wearies in well doing. Were *Adam* to pay you a visit from the other world, and were you to ask him if he perceived any difference on the sun since he retired from the world, I have no doubt but he would say, after gazing awhile at it,—No, there is no difference, it is as large and luminous as it was 6,000 years ago; it is a lovely emblem of the Sun of righteous-

ness, who arose upon your world with healing under his wings, and as the church's sun, he never goes down, and as our sun in heaven, he never sets, being the same for ever; so there is no night there. *Do you ever slumber or sleep there?* No, there are no such words in our dictionary, any more than the word *book* could be found in an African vocabulary. To slumber or sleep there, *is impossible, the joy being so* great and perpetual. Oh, to be there! for in this earthly tabernacle we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven;—yes, we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

"What a *wandering* pen mine is; like comets or wandering stars. It is back to Miss Welwood's heaven again! When it enters upon the epistolary field, it is like a horse let into a field of grass, it leaps and scampers hither and thither, from side to side, and corner to corner, so that lookers on cannot divine where or when its movements shall end. This may be an apology for such long letters, there is so much scampering before the pen reaches the intended subject. You say I do not tell any thing about my own health, or ask about yours; I suppose that is a proof either of a scampering head or pen, or both. I have been trying to find out some other cause. I think I have caught it. I write many of my letters when other folks are asleep. When in good spirits, my fountain of matter overflows, and down it must go; twelve o'clock strikes, then I say, O sirs! there is twelve o'clock,—finish your letter, only by adding, yours, &c. J. C. I rise at six o'clock, hasten to town if it be a Tuesday morning, and send off the letters just as they are, without any inspection. Then they reach their destination; the friend reads it: one asks how does Mr. C. say he is? He does not say a word about it. O then he is well, for had he been in pain, he would have told it. Does he ask any thing about us? No, no more than if we were all made of iron! or were pillars in a cathedral that are always the same.

"Upon the whole I am tolerably well, and feel only a small remnant of the complaint—over exertion; still a little affects my breathing. I am much sooner fatigued than I was. I attend few public meetings, seldom forgetting Dr. Abercrombie's advice, *Beware of excitement.*

"I hope God will put a blessing into the summer's sun which may remove your giddiness; if it be good for you he will. I had not before heard of the trial God had sent to your son, Mr. John. Some say there is no *faith* in heaven. Will that child not believe that he received his first existence on earth? He will; and will be thankful to God for removing him from such a world as he has left his parents in.

"I am truly glad to hear Miss Christian is much better. At what

rate can she now *run?* Five miles, or four, per hour? Tell her and her sister, Miss M., that I have not yet forgot their kind attention when I was a kind of 'bruised reed,' and also your two servants below stairs.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell, London, April 17th,* 1836.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—My friends in Edinburgh, or those I associated with when an inhabitant thereof, are fast dying away. The last time I wrote you, I had to notice the dismissal of Miss C. Wellwood, and now of Miss E. A. Stuart, (daughter of Dr. C. Stuart,) who died April 4th, I have no doubt, in the Lord.

"The secretary of our school society, at Kingsland, was once a boy at our day and sabbath schools; he is retired from business with a competency: he is a Christian, and lays out his time in aiding useful institutions. Lately, at our annual meeting, he paid about 3*l.* 10*s.*, subscribed by persons who had been taught at our schools. We have two large school-houses, *each* of which, were they chapels, would seat 300 persons on the floor; and a mistress' house. The whole cost about a thousand pounds; and I'll tell you a secret: we did not lay a brick of one of them, till the whole expense was contributed; for, if the house be once built, they know you will not pull it down, whether they subscribe or not; thus, part of the stimulus is gone. We had some time ago a subscription to raise a *repairing fund,* as the buildings are frequently needing repairs. Mr. Rothschild, the Jew, subscribed 10*l.*: but he is considered to be the richest man in the world, though a neighbour of ours. One of our people told me the other day, who is a stock-broker, and has business transactions with Rothschild, that Mr. Rothschild has generally at his counting house in St. Swithin's-lane, in blocks of gold, value from five to seven millions sterling. Said I, 'Sir, what good can gold lying in his cellar do to him, for he cannot eat it?' 'I'll tell you that,' said he. 'When the price of gold rises at Paris, or Amsterdam, or Hamburgh, or Vienna, &c., over there a portion of what he has goes: and suppose it to have risen two or three shillings an ounce, think what he must have gained upon two or three millions of ounces. When afterwards the price of gold falls at any of those places, then he makes purchases, and back he brings them to his cellar, there to remain till a proper time comes for their sallying forth from their imprisonment, to obtain prey to their master.' Had that man a wise head, and a pious, warm, and liberal heart, he might be a blessing to the whole

world. Without at all lessening his temporal comforts, he is able to support as many missionaries as the London Missionary Society, and circulate as many Bibles and Testaments as the British and Foreign Bible Society, *every year!* You see how easily our Lord obtained an ass when, for the fulfilment of prophecy, he needed one. Had his kingdom occasion for such a purse as that of Rothschild's, in order to fulfil any of his purposes, prophecies, or promises, he could as easily incline his heart to do it as he disposed the proprietor of the ass to lend the animal to perfect strangers, which the disciples seem to have been. If that man and his family were afterwards converted to the faith of Christ, how they would rejoice in the honour conferred upon them by their being employed to assist in accomplishing so eminent a prediction concerning the great Messiah. I think I hear one of the servants saying, 'Master! I had some hand in that matter, for you remember you went to call upon farmer Abraham, whose son was sick, and you desired me to tie the ass to the rail, and then go home for the colt, which, by sucking, would keep her quiet till you came out from Abraham's.' 'Yes, Titus, I remember all that, and also what a good-natured fit came upon me that morning; perhaps in consequence of our cows having had three fine calves during the night, so that instant the disciples asked the loan of the ass, I felt inclined freely to give it. My state of mind, that morning, I now see, was of God; for had they come a month sooner, after the death of our four fine white asses, I know not but my answer might have been as surly as Nabal's was to the servants of David: or, had I desired you to wait with the ass till I came out of Abraham's, you might have said, "You cannot have the ass, for it is waiting to take home my master." However, the Lord well knew the position in which all our matters were placed that morning, which, Titus, he knows every morning, noon, and night! So when you are idling away your master's time, think of God's question to Elijah, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"'

"Yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell, near London, July 26th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Did you ever hear of a person beginning a letter without having any thing to say? Perhaps you say, No! You cannot say so again, for I tell you that is my case. I heard of a person who is going back to Edinburgh about the end of the week, whom I expect to meet on Thursday evening, which led me to think how long it was since I wrote to you, who asked me to write you as long as you

lived, not meaning that I should write you from the other world if I removed to it before you; for such a letter could not reach you, who have Moses and the prophets, the testimony also of Jesus and his Apostles. I was like a boy that a Jew told me of, who said, 'Father, *that* honey is sweet.' 'How sweet is it, my boy?'—'I cannot tell you, father, but, (shaking his head) oh, it is sweet! taste it father.' Does not this remind you of that Scripture, 'Oh, taste and see that God is good.' Like the boy and the honey, I cannot tell how long it is ago since I wrote you a few lines, nor what they were about, it is *so* long.

"For want of something else, I may tell you that I was reading, last week, the *Ethiopian* chapter in Isaiah, I mean the 53rd. My mind was more drawn to one expression in it than ever before. It is in verse 2nd:—'*When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.*' I put myself in the place of an Old Testament Jew, who had read of the great Messiah as the King of glory, whose dominion should be from sea to sea, yea, unto the ends of the earth; yea, all kings falling down upon their knees before him;—whose name was to endure for ever, and whose glory should fill the whole earth! I should have said, after reading those prophetic descriptions of his glory, What *brutes* the men of that age must be, who shall see no beauty in such a personage,—nothing in him to render acquaintance with him desirable. I think I should have travelled ten times the distance to see and converse with him, that the queen of Sheba travelled to witness the wisdom and splendour of Solomon; for the glory of Messiah shall as completely eclipse the glory and splendour of Solomon as the rising sun removes the splendour of the midnight moon.

"I travel down through many ages to the days of Messiah, with those high expectations of the external glory and magnificence of Messiah. A friend conducts me to Nazareth; he points to a small house with a carpenter's shop at the end of it, saying, 'That has been the habitation of Shiloh for almost thirty years.' He then asks, 'If I observe that woman hanging out clothes on those lines?' On saying I did; 'Well,' said he, 'that is the mother of Shiloh!' On hearing all this, I felt grievously disappointed, and asked 'if he was not imposing upon me?' 'No,' said he, 'I am not; for I am almost persuaded that he hath already established his claims, by what he has done.' 'What has he done?' 'Do you see that house at the end of the row, on the roof of which a man is walking backward and forward?' 'I do.' 'Well, in that house lives a very worthy acquaintance of mine, on whose word I can rely. He told me that, some months ago, he attended the marriage of a pious couple over at Cana. They are not rich, and so many more

attended than was expected, that they ran short of wine, a good while before the usual time of breaking up such meetings. This came to the knowledge of the mother of Jesus, (for that is the name he goes by,)—that very woman who is still busy in hanging out the clothes. She mentioned the circumstance to Jesus, begging him to help them out of their difficulty, reminding him of the large party of his disciples that he had brought. Several empty jars were standing behind: he desired the servants to fill all of them with water. They had no sooner done so, than he desired them to draw it out, and place it before the company. To their utter astonishment the water was changed into the most excellent wine. The superior goodness of it was publicly noticed by the governor of the feast, without knowing how it had been obtained. I could tell of twenty other marvellous things that he has done. All kinds of diseases flee from people at his order: the touch of his finger removes blindness in a moment. Nothing seems too hard for him to effect; and his instructions exceed any thing before uttered by human lips.' 'What you have said, almost persuades me to be a believer in him,' said I. 'However, to tell you the truth, when you took me to see his residence, I expected to see a much more splendid edifice than the far-famed palace of Herod.' 'Oh, my dear friend, that was understanding the prophecies carnally, not spiritually. He wears no peculiar dress, no scarlet robe, or golden chain dangling upon his breast: he dresses still like the carpenter's son. On this account our grandees would be ashamed to be seen walking on the street with him, and none are greater opposers of him than the members of our Sanhedrim, and the rest of the priesthood. When he addresses them, he turns their characters inside out; for doing so, they abhor him, and oppose him to the utmost of their power, but when they do so in his presence, they are uniformly baffled; and hastily walk off, like men seeking for concealment. There is a mighty stir in the land, and what the end shall be no man can conjecture, for it never was so seen in Israel.'

"Thus far have I gotten in my curious commentary, almost without lifting the pen from the paper. Take it as the fruits of a mind that was so barren at the beginning, that not even a *bramble-berry* was visible to the proprietor; which reminds me of five thousand persons sitting down to dine upon five loaves and two small fishes, perhaps the size of Loch-leven trouts, but as they did eat, the provisions actually increased, so that what remained filled twelve baskets!

"I was engaged by a society to visit Yorkshire last month, but it did not take place. I have had some thoughts, instead of it, of stepping over to Amsterdam, and taking a walk along its quays; but old trees

are not easily moved. I begin to feel little inclination to move from home, so that possibly I may go nowhere this season, notwithstanding the urgings of Mrs. C. (He did go to Amsterdam; found one of his old Haldanian pupils preaching there.)

"With love to the whole under your roof,

"I am, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Kingsland, London, Feb. 6th*, 1837.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not know how long it is since I sent you a few lines; and though I have taken up a pen to say something to my old friend, but what that something is to be I do not know any more than you do. A few days ago my mind took a wandering *fit* about Edinburgh, as if in the days of my youth; and among places which I mentally visited, was the yard in front of the old post-office, which was then occupied as an inn by Mr. Heron, who had lately come from Glasgow. I looked up to that pile of building connected with the Meal Market. [We have no such market in London, as meal is only to be obtained from the chemist or apothecary.] But when I surveyed that pile of building, what do you think did I see standing at a window but yourself, with a child in your arms, and some children at your side. Not far from your window I saw another, at which stood some of the Miss Herons, smiling and nodding to me. I thought of the dispensations of God to these two families. The whole of the one family are in eternity; the whole of the other, in time. Mr. and Mrs. Heron, three daughters, and one son, all gone! I went up the Cowgate, into the Grass Market, and viewed the premises of worthy Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, but both were gone. The names on the signs, which were once all as familiar to me as A B C, were all removed, except one or two. A new generation had arisen, who knew not Joseph. I stepped out to the Sheens, where I used to play when a boy, and where I knew every body, and every body knew me, but not one remained who was a resident when I left it. This walk reminded me of Nehemiah's walk among the ruins of Jerusalem in the night-time, Neh. ii. I recollected some of the jovial, drunken scenes that sometimes took place among the Sheens weavers, but all were now hushed. Youth and late years are mixed in this dream.

"I dare say you read of a boisterous hurricane of wind which we had in London on a Tuesday early in December. During it, I was within a hair-breadth of the eternal world. It happened on this wise. I had

been at a meeting of the Tract Committee, which meets at eight in the morning. I left the meeting about ten, intending to go home, round by Islington, which is a village about a mile from London, containing about 50,000 inhabitants. The wind did not attract my attention as uncommon, till a gentleman, whom I did not know, said, 'Mr. Campbell, you are not afraid to face the storm!' After calling upon two friends, I set off from Islington for Kingsland. On reaching an open part of the road, I found the fury of the wind was become tremendous; people were laying hold of rails to prevent their being blown away. On reaching a lane to the right, which I intended to turn down, a gentleman was dashed with violence against a house, and in a moment dashed against a paling on the other side, through mire. His hat was blown down the lane, and covered with dirt. I brought it back to him. I had houses on my left hand half way down the lane; then I came to a wall about nine feet high. Before turning the corner of that wall, I washed my hands in some clear water, then looked along the end wall, to be under the protection of it from the wind; but observing a part of the path slippery, I turned out to the middle of the road: but for that, I should have been under the wall, when it was blown down with a violence that shook the ground like an earthquake; and I should not have been discovered for several days, as there was no human being in sight. I was remarkably struck with this deliverance; I saw the hand of God evidently in it. I recollected I had engaged in prayer before setting out in the morning, and I dare say asked the protection of God. I recollected of a minister in our parish, being in great hurry, setting off with his son to town; in one of the streets a brick was blown down from a chimney, and killed his son, who was walking behind. He immediately recollected that he had left home without prayer.

"Many equally remarkable escapes were experienced that day. An old disciple, about eighty-five, is accustomed to lay himself down on his bed at a certain hour. He put off that day: a tall chimney was blown down into his bed at the time he should have been in it. His niece was in the room at the time, and escaped being under it, by being suddenly called to the window by the paling being blown down in front of the house. About sixty feet of my garden wall was blown down. Though chimneys, cans, bricks, walls, &c., were blown down all over London, it is thought not above twenty lost their lives, which was wonderful among a million and a half of people. Is it not noticeable, that all this damage should be effected by a thing we cannot see, and that that same invisible agent should be able in the ocean to raise waves fifty or sixty feet high? It is delightful to observe how obedient winds and waves were to the orders of Jesus: they made no resistance.

"I shall thank you to request your son Alexander to drop the enclosed, for Mr. Brown, of Haddington, into the post-office. Tell him I'm waiting an opportunity to send the money for newspapers. All the money I ever sent by sea for Edinburgh, which was twice, went to the bottom! If the North Sea be ever dried up, what a scrambling there will be for money, especially about Yarmouth Roads!

"Having no more room, I must request you to give my love to all under your roof, up and down stairs; and believe me to be,

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

1837

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I think I made you a kind of promise to write you now and then. No dictionary that I have states exactly how long time intervenes between the *now* and the *then*, whether a week, a month, or a year. I have been trying to recollect how long it is ago since I wrote you, but cannot. Be it as it may, I shall *now* endeavour to have a little familiar fire-side *crack* with you; and what do you think has started up in my mind as the first topic to talk about? A poem, I think in the Gospel Sonnets, which I read when a boy; the title was, *Contention in heaven;* or, Who were the greatest debtors to the Saviour's grace? Of late years there have been *novel* grounds of contention in that glorious and happy land. With the mind's eye I think I see a happy group assembled to contest that point. With sparkling eyes and vast vigour one springs forward, demanding a hearing from his happy co-heirs of eternal blessedness. 'None,' says he, 'can be a greater debtor to rich, free, and sovereign grace than myself. I was born on a small island in the Pacific Ocean. All my forefathers were ignorant idolaters; they never heard a word of the true God, or that blessed Jesus who now reigns in the midst of us. Till grey hairs covered my head I lived a brute's life, like all the rest of our islanders; but when symptoms of the near approach of dissolution were felt all over my frame, at that critical period God brought some Christian men from the very opposite side of the world, to preach unto us the unsearchable riches and glories of Jesus; and when I might be said to have had one foot in the grave and another out, the truth came with light and power to my soul, so that I died trusting in the Lord, my righteousness and strength.' On this another sprang forward, saying, 'My case will match yours! I was an ignorant Papist till the night I died, in a lonely farm-house in the south of Scotland, and after I had taken extreme unction from a

wicked priest; but about midnight a Mr. Guthrie, returning from the General Assembly, lost his way, laid the reins over the neck of his horse, leaving it to go where it pleased. A light in my kitchen, where I was dying, was noticed by the animal, which brought him to my house. Mr. Guthrie faithfully testified the truth to me, which I, through grace, received in the love of it, and died in peace. So wonderful did my case appear to him, that the first thing he said to his wife, on reaching home, was, 'My dear, I have witnessed a most wonderful scene to-night! I entered a house where I found a woman in a state of *nature*; I saw her in a state of *grace*, and I left her in a state of *glory*.' A third immediately pressed forward, with a charming aspect, claiming to be heard next, for he was certain that his case would more than equal either of the preceding; for though he had belonged to the greatest mass of human beings that ever were united as a kingdom or empire in the whole world, viz., *China*, where there never existed one pure church of Christ from the beginning of time. But in my day the word of God was translated into our language, a copy of which travelled from town to town, and afterwards from house to house, all despising it, till a neighbour brought it to me merely as a curiosity; but God inclined my heart to desire to read it. I read in it till he enabled me to discern the spiritual glories and riches it contained, which I embraced with unutterable joy; wherefore I am now before the throne; and *there*, before you all, I cast the crown of my salvation at my glorious Redeemer's feet, and there shall it remain for ever and ever!!' A fourth said, 'Let me tell my story, and you will see what abundant reason I have to exalt his name together with you. I was a member perhaps of one of the *deadest* churches then in the world. Our order accorded with the apostolic plan, of which we were very proud, and trusted merely to that for obtaining heaven; like many Jews, who expected salvation because they were the descendants of Abraham. But the year in which I died a letter came from Jesus, through the apostle John, who had it by revelation. The last time I was able to attend a meeting of that church, this letter was read by our pastor. It produced immediately in me alarm, repentance, and fleeing for refuge to Jesus Christ. Was not that amazing grace? Was not my case dangerous, satisfied with the form of religion, while indifferent about the power? The church was that of Laodicea!'

"If all this be a dream, it was a waking one, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim. We can only speak of that wondrous world like children. I once asked a little boy if London was a ship. He shook his head, saying, 'I don't know.'

"I am, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell*, *August*, 1837.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A letter from Mrs. Wallace! Shall I send it to the British Museum as a curiosity? I thank you for the family map which it contains, so that I can rightly conceive where you are all arranged, and how each would answer the common but important question, 'How do you do?' I remember the late Dr. Buchanan, just before he set off for India, was talking in my shop in the Grass Market, opposite the end of the Corn Market; [which, by the way, is now swept away;] worthy Mr. Aikman stepped in, whose hand Dr. B. shook, while he said, 'Well, brother, *how does your soul do?*' An important question, though the only time I ever heard it put. I believe both these individuals are at this moment very near the throne of God and the Lamb, and will be equally so while you are reading those lines, if they ever reach you.

"I hope something may be done or taken by Miss Margaret that will relieve her from the pain that has been teazing her so long; when she will say, 'What do you think, sirs? my pain has left me!' 'What has done it, Margaret?' 'I don't know, but I have never felt it since I drank that jugful of fine spring water!' 'Do you think water is medicine?' 'Yes, I do,' says Margaret, 'for it has often cured me of the painful feeling of thirst, which is a deadly disease in the deserts of Africa.' This water has brought to my recollection a fact which took place while the cholera was rampant in London. One of our first physicians, who is also a pious man, told it to a family I know well. He was sent for by a lady at Blackwall, who was extremely bad of cholera. In riding to the place, while thinking of the ignorance of medical men on this novel disease, it struck him that Providence might discover some remedy. He therefore asked the lady if there was any thing that she felt a particular desire to have. She said there was nothing she longed for so much as a good draught of water. Her case being almost desperate, her body being all discoloured, he allowed her to drink as much as she pleased. He went in his carriage next morning, hardly expecting to find her alive. To his surprise he found her sitting up in bed, doing something with her needle. I remember reading the life of a pious Irish minister, who lived more than a century ago. In noticing remarkable providences which happened to him in his infancy, one was, that when he had some internal disease, which no medicine could relieve, and death was expected, he showed a great desire to have a snail which he saw crawling, when they were giving him an airing. On putting it into his hand, he immediately clapped it to his mouth, and sucked it. From that hour he began to amend. I do not mean, by quoting these facts,

either to prescribe cold water or snails to your daughter, but to lead her to hope that Providence may bring something unexpectedly in her way that may remove the painful sensation. There is a pious person in our neighbourhood, upwards of fifty years of age, who has not been one day, from his earliest infancy, free from a severe headache, owing to some malformation in the head. Would it be wonderful to find such an one longing to remove to that land, the inhabitant of which shall no more say that he is sick, all its population being delivered from all their iniquities?

"I think I still feel the benefit of my short visit to Edinburgh, and not being overworked, having only preached four times, and two addresses. I remember when the Hon. Mr. Cadogan, rector of Chelsea, came to Edinburgh to get a little relaxation from his home labours, he was found out, and got to preach different times in Lady Glenorchy's chapel. Baillie Daniel Miller, of the Canongate, [who, by the by, was one of my mother's executors, along with Mr. Thomas Miller's father, who were both faithful to their trust,] told me he called upon him to request him to preach a collection sermon for the Canongate Charity Workhouse. 'Sir!' said Mr. C., 'I came to Edinburgh to get a little rest, but you folks will not permit me.' Mr. Miller, in his *pauky* way, said, 'Mr. C., in doing so you committed a great mistake; for, let me tell you, *Scotland is not the land of rest.*' He preached for them.

"I still remain, your old friend, &c.,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell, London, May 22nd*, 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received yours per Miss Blyth, I dare say, soon after her arrival here, from the lateness of the date; and was glad to find you were able and willing to perform such a task, as to speak to me, by means of paper, when 400 miles distant from you. Three thousand years ago you would have been obliged to send a messenger, a month's journey, to repeat to me exactly what you said to him, and probably before he got to York, which is only half way, he had forgotten the principal part of the message—but in these last times I can sit quietly at my desk, understanding every word you utter by, what may be called, your *paper lips*, and instead of your mind being a month in reaching me, it scampers up in forty-eight hours—and by land the rapidity of motion is still greater. The other day Mrs. Campbell and I went to dine and tea with a cousin of hers, 30 miles off, by the Birmingham rail-way—We were there in an hour and a half after leaving London, and came home still quicker; going sometimes 3 miles in 4 minutes.

"Notwithstanding all the trouble you have had by my visits, you express a willingness to receive me again. I have, at present, no expectation of enjoying that gratification to myself this summer. I do not feel as I grow older that I get fonder of travelling, rather the reverse. I remember once trying to persuade the late Mr. Newton, for the sake of health, to visit a friend of his only a few miles from London. He said, 'I shall never be over the stones of London; and you do not know what it is to be 80,' and I belive he was never, after saying so, outside the pavements of London, among green fields. Like Mrs. M'Clarty, we old folks *canna' be fasht*. However, I can still be fasht to get to the tract committee every Tuesday morning by eight o'clock, though three miles and a half, and on foot. How long I shall be able for this, I know not, for my times are not in my own hand, but in his who does all things well, and so are those of Miss Christian's, whose resignation and patience have long been under trial, though, according to the Bible way of speaking, they have been but momentary—they are one of the crooks in her lot, and what *God makes* crooked no man can make straight. Should they, if they could? If Dr. Abercombie could cure her, I believe the Lord would not be *angry* either at her or him—but she believes, by this time, that all the doctors on earth, and all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall could not relieve her, independent of God. She has a certain number of *aiks* to bear, and every one that passes lessens the number to be borne. This is a source of comfort on earth, but not in hell.

"I noticed your sister's removal in the newspaper, and I'm glad to hear from you that it was *peace!* O what that little word means! It means something more valuable than millions of mountains of gold and silver. Even Balaam wished his last end might be so.

"The first pair I ever married in England I married to-day in Kingsland Chapel, which is licensed for marrying in according to the new Marriage Act. The last pair I married was at a wild Bushman village. The parties were Hottentots. Many wild Bushmen attended it, and beheld it with astonishment, being the first marriage they had ever seen; for there is no ceremony at their unions—the men may be said to *catch* their wives and to *hold* them fast. I do not think I shall have much employment in this way; for I believe many would not think they were married unless the ceremony was performed amidst the stones and mortar of a parish church. A parish minister from Scotland, if he crossed the Tweed, that moment is disabled from performing the ceremony at a marriage; but you may tell your worthy Hawick son that if he has any friend in London who wishes him to officiate in that way, he shall have the loan of Kingsland Chapel, which is licensed for the purpose.

"Remember me also to all the other branches of your family tree; may they all bring forth the fruits of righteousness, and in God's good time be transplanted to a better soil, where they shall yield sweet and savoury fruit for ever and ever.

"I am, yours truly,
"JOHN CAMPBELL."

"*Shacklewell, London, April 22nd*, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The first thing I look to in the Scotch paper, (which, through the kind punctuality of your brother, always reaches me at noon on Monday) is the *list of deaths*, to see if any of my friends have been removed. I sometimes think that if a newspaper were published in heaven, none of its readers would ever think of looking for such a list in it, nor even for a chapter of accidents. It might contain lists of conversions to God on earth, and the exclamations of ecstatic joy, in every district of the metropolis of the universe, which succeeded the announcement; and lists of fresh arrivals in the haven of everlasting rest; and how these new comers expressed their wonder, astonishment, and triumphant transport, when they first beheld the blaze of the glory, and felt the blessedness of the New Jerusalem; and the rapture with which they cast their crowns of glory at the foot of the Lamb's throne; and how they were affected when Abraham whispered to them, 'You are to be here *for ever!!* to go no more out!' and when crowds of old fellow-pilgrims when on earth, flew to congratulate them on their arrival at the centre of glory; and how all were affected by the marvellous condescension and kindness of Jesus, when he invited them to sit with him on his throne. When on earth, Jesus said unto them, 'Look unto me and be ye saved,' they hesitated, and were slow of heart to believe that Christ meant what he said; *now*, upon his bare invitation even to sit with him on his throne, they would act as his willing people, by instant compliance.

"About a week before your letter came, I received the Edinburgh paper, and on looking to the list of deaths, I found that of Mrs. James Wallace mentioned, which struck Mrs. Campbell and me very much. The mind's eye immediately looked to Leith. I saw your brother feeling acutely the loss of such a partner, with whom, for years, he had enjoyed so much comfort, humbly submitting to the stroke, because the Lord had done it, and because there was hope in her death. I then turned to her mother, to whom I could not say, *weep not;* to whom it must have appeared as an astounding dream. It is like taking up her last anchor

but one; preparing to sail to another continent. She will now have less attraction to detain her here. I then travelled up to Pilrig-street, and saw your mother leaning her head upon her hand, and her elbow leaning upon the table, in silent grief, but wondering that the destroying angel had been so long prevented from touching any of so large a family, except in the case of her own sister; and then I thought how much I myself should miss her were I ever to visit Leith, though I do not, at present, think I ever shall.

"No man can tell which of you shall move next; but would there be any impropriety in each saying, like the apostles, on another occasion, *Lord, is it I?* To those who believe and bring forth the fruits of righteousness, death is a delightful subject to contemplate; but otherwise it is tremendously awful; let us therefore *think* for eternity, *hear* for eternity, *write* for eternity, *read* for eternity! and *speak* for eternity!

"Wherefore I subscribe myself, yours truly,

"JOHN CAMPBELL."

The simple tale of his last days will be best told in the words of his colleague and successor, the Rev. T. Aveling;—than whom, no one could be more fitted to wear his ministerial "mantle," or more inclined to breathe his pastoral "spirit."

"From 1821, up to the time of his removal from earth, he remained with his people, gathering around him a band of friends who loved him, and now mourn his departure from their midst. Their attachment towards him was evinced by the institution of an evening lecture, to relieve him from a third service, which continued until within the last two years. Some time before that, a proposition was made that permanent help should be afforded him by a co-pastor. To this he most cheerfully assented, desiring to see his people fixed with a successor before he died. Arrangements to that effect were made, and a co-pastor was obtained. When this had been done, he seemed to turn his thoughts more than ever towards his Father's home, and the language of his heart was, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' He saw a prosperous church and a united people; and was permitted to witness the accomplishment of an object which of late had much engaged his thoughts—the choice of three additional deacons, to assist the venerable and esteemed brethren who had grown grey in their Master's service.

"It now remains for me to give you a very brief account of the last few days of his life.

"For six months past he had been visibly declining, and his whole deportment evinced increasing spirituality of mind in an eminent degree. During that time he had been much engaged in writing the memorials of the chief events of his life; and the exercise often cheered him, as it carried him back in memory to the scenes of his childhood, and the friends of his youth and riper years.

"The declining state of his health, to which I have alluded as visible during the last six months, did not assume any alarming appearance until the second week in March. He was present at the united sacrament of the three churches, when he presided. This was his last public service. There was an unction about his address which struck most of his people, as did the last discourse he delivered on the first Sabbath evening in the month; but there were also indications of extreme debility, which were remarked by many, and a fear expressed that they should see his face no more.

"On Thursday, March 12th, he felt very ill, and wrote for advice to his medical friend, Dr. Conquest, who kindly and promptly attended to his request. He rallied a little before Sunday, and, although much pressed to remain at home, he attended public worship in the morning, fearing, he said, 'lest his flock should be alarmed about him.' That service was the last at which he was present.

"The following week his debility again returned, and gradually increased; and I believe he had then a kind of presentiment that he would not recover. I enjoyed many conversations with him during his illness, and noted down some of his expressions as he gave them utterance. They were indicative of extreme self-abasement, and humble reliance on the Saviour of sinners.

"I told him his people prayed very earnestly and affectionately for him. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'Oh, sir! I need it; I need it! I'm a *poor* creature.' He said his mind was much harassed by Satan, who told him he had not done *half* what he ought for his Master; and when I said, 'Depend upon it, sir, he would have been very glad if you had not done half what you have,' he replied, 'Ah! but I have not done what I *could*.' Such were the low views he entertained of his labours in the service of Christ. This harassment, however, which in a great measure was attributable to his infirm state of body, speedily ceased.

"On one occasion, speaking of the preciousness of the Saviour, he said, 'Oh! I love to be near the blood of sprinkling;' and talked in an

animated manner of the happiness drawn from the consideration of the unchangeableness of Christ. 'All I want,' said he, after we had been speaking of the Saviour's atonement, 'is to feel my arm *round* the cross.' I told him I doubted not it was, and asked him if his heart was not there. He smiled, and said, 'Yes.' I told him then, that I believed his *arm* was too, although a little benumbed with grasping hard. He smiled again, and then spoke of the wonderful love of God in saving sinners by such a sacrifice as that of his Son.

"On Wednesday, April 1st, he took to his bed; and on my saying to him, when I visited him, that I hoped he was happy, he turned to me, and said, 'The *debt* is all paid; the sufferings of Christ have discharged it, and therefore I am free, and have peace with God.' From this time not a cloud obscured his mind. He steadily declined towards the grave, but nothing hung around his setting sun, or cast a shadow upon his hopes for the future.

"On his death-bed he was not forgetful of his ministerial character; for, addressing a beloved friend who stood by his side, he said, calling her by name, 'Oh! mind your soul.'

"When asked if he believed he should go to heaven, he said, 'I have no doubt of it.' Broken sentences repeatedly fell from his lips, such as 'A full and free salvation;' 'How softly the waters flow;' most probably referring to his departure from earth, of which he was at intervals, during the last two days, quite conscious. When his mind a little wandered, he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and friends with whom he had been associated in them.

"April 3rd. When I stood by his bed, he recognised me, and said affectionately, alluding to our association in the ministry, 'We have served as a father and a son in the gospel. Now God will be a father to you.'

"The following day, on which he died, I saw him in the morning, and leaning over him, I heard him whisper, 'You see me in peace.' These were the *last* words I heard from his lips. During the day, while his beloved wife was standing by his side, for a short time consciousness returned, and recognizing her, he said, 'Don't grieve; there's nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory.'

"In the course of the day he was heard exclaiming, 'Let it fly! let the gospel fly!'—the spirit of the minister and the missionary of Christ remaining to the last. Among his last coherent sentences was a prayer for his people and their junior pastor. 'Lord, bless the church,' he exclaimed, 'and poor Mr. Aveling.'

"At a quarter past six in the evening of Saturday, it was evident that

life was ebbing fast, and his friends were summoned to his bed-side to witness his departure. It was a sacred scene; the spirit of a good and truly great man was about to bid farewell to its earthly abode, and return to the God who gave it. To all, such an hour must be one of deep solemnity and momentous interest: to him it was the hour of triumphant joy. The sun had just set, and the last gleams of light, struggling through the window, fell upon his bed. There was a sweet smile passing over his countenance as the curtain was removed; and as the attendant bent down over him, he drew two or three short and rapid breaths, and then lay motionless and silent. Again he breathed quickly and smiled; then heaved a gentle sigh, and all was still once more. It was the stillness of death. In the hush of evening his happy spirit had passed away. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

"And now, briefly summing up his character, I may observe, as a citizen of the world, he was a benefactor to his race; and if only his efforts for alleviating the temporal wants and distresses of his fellow-creatures were to be mentioned, he would be found to occupy no mean place in the list of philanthropists. He was remarkable for his kind and conciliatory spirit, as every one who knew him can testify. His prudence in all matters was very great. This appeared one of the most distinguishing features in his character. He had observed men narrowly, and his course of conduct was directed by an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and with the workings of men's minds. No doubt this, in a great measure, led the directors of the Missionary Society to select him to visit their stations in South Africa, for which embassy qualities of mind of no common order were absolutely required, and among these not the least in importance was prudence.

"As a friend he was much beloved; ever faithful, ever ready to perform the offices of friendship. He was of an unobtrusive disposition, and never pressed his opinions upon others; but when asked to give them, he did so frankly and openly; and those who have enjoyed intercourse with him know how valuable and wise were his counsels, and how safely they might rely upon his prudence and judgment. In the bosom of his own family, peace and happiness reigned, amid the mild radiance of Christian virtues. Those most dear to him know how great is their loss, how irreparable their bereavement. His domestics entertained the highest veneration for their master, and his unwillingness to add one burden to their duties, convinced them of the genuine kindness of his heart.

"As a writer he was remarkably useful. Hundreds, I doubt not, are

blessing God on his behalf. His productions are characterized by great simplicity and clearness of expression. His style was invariably simple. His earliest works having been written for the young, he had contracted a habit of writing suitable to that class, which he never laid aside, even in his larger works.

"As a minister he was greatly honoured by God in the conversion of many; of some remarkable for their former rejection of the gospel. His unblemished character, and unswerving consistency of conduct, together with the simplicity and fidelity of his preaching, made him to be greatly beloved by his people. Not his absence from them for more than *four* years could alienate, their hearts from him. The tie that bound them together was sacred and strong, and a temporary separation only made their reunion the more joyful.

"As a pastor, he was ever diligent in his attention to the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. The bedside of the sick and the dying was his resort, as soon as he heard of the illness of any of his people. The young received much of his notice, and with that interesting portion of society he was an especial favourite.

"As his colleague in the ministry, I may be forgiven if I give utterance to the genuine feeling of my heart. Ever since my association with him in pastoral duties, I have found in him a friend and a father. The very first letter I received from him when it was decided that I should be his fellow-labourer, breathed the spirit of *paternal* affection. At the outset, he took me by the hand, and his kindness won upon my heart. I cannot but adore that God, by whose gracious ordination I was associated with one whose character, experience, and prayers, proved of incalculable advantage to a young minister of Christ; and who was so admirably adapted to cheer, and encourage, and strengthen one who wa just setting out in an arduous career. I am persuaded that no union like that which has subsisted between us was ever formed, that was more auspicious and beneficial to the youthful pastor; and no separation which could make the loss greater than that I feel. I look back upon the last two years of my life with a melancholy pleasure, and now that the spirit of my venerated colleague has gone, like the bereft Elisha, my aching heart exclaims, 'My father! my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. May a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.'

"Finally. Let the church, and the friends and family of the departed, amid the gloom of sorrow, behold the rainbow of hope, and rejoice. It is true he has fallen in the midst of us, but honoured, beloved, and full of years. It is true he is absent from us, but he is present with the

Lord; he has entered upon the felicities of that high world to which he often longed to soar, and forgetting the cares and evils of this fallen state, amid the full blaze of living light, stands a beatified and perfect spirit. On earth he sought not his own, but the glory of Christ; and now that blessed Master has rewarded his servant by making him a sharer as well as a beholder of his glory. Oh! what an enrapturing scene has burst upon his view! The hands of angels who bore him from earth drew aside the veil of the eternal world, and he stood at once in the midst of that glorious company that gathers round the throne, from whom, as he entered, a joyful shout of welcome arose. And now his hand waves high the palm of victory, or sweeps the strings of his blood-bought harp, as he joins in the song of exulting triumph to the praise of the mighty Conquerer of death; and with the myriads of the redeemed, exclaims, 'Thanks be unto God, who hath given us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Mr. Campbell's funeral, as might be expected, was largely attended. The procession walked from his house to the chapel, through crowded streets, and amidst closed windows. The most touching part of the scene was, the long train of children from our day and Sunday schools. The funeral oration was delivered by his old friend, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, of Islington; and the funeral sermon addressed to the united churches in the neighbourhood, by the Rev. John Jefferson, of Stoke Newington. Both, like that of his successor, were worthy of the preachers, and of the solemn occasion.

MR. CAMPBELL'S WORKS.

Worlds Displayed.
History of Moses.
Travels of a Bible.
Walks of Usefulness.
Picture of Human Life.
Letters on Affliction.
Lives of Joseph and Jonah.
Travels in South Africa, 3 vols.
History of the Old World.
Bible Biography.
Journey of Julius.
Voyages to and from the Cape.
Newton's Letters.
Alfred and Galba.
African Light; besides many Tracts.

TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

An elegant marble tablet, with the following inscription by his successor, has been put up in Kingsland chapel:—

"In memory of the
REV. JOHN CAMPBELL,
for 37 years the faithful and devoted Minister of this Chapel;
who was born at Edinburgh, March, 1766, and died April 4th, 1840,
Aged 74 years.
He feared the Lord from his youth,
and was early engaged in the service of the Master he loved.
All classes and ages, but especially the young,
were the object of his solicitude and self-denying efforts.
He recommended religion by exhortation and example.
His piety was unostentatious and sincere.
His preaching was characterized by clearness and simplicity.
His publications, while they interested the mind, tended to affect the heart.
His whole life was spent in doing good either at home or abroad.
Twice he visited South Africa on behalf of the London Missionary Society.
His last years were passed in the bosom of his people.
His end was emphatically peace.
His works do follow him. He being dead yet speaketh.
His name is enshrined in the most sacred affections of his friends,
and the flock from which he has been removed,
who, as an humble token of their personal attachment,
and of the veneration with which they regarded his many excellences,
have caused this tablet to be erected to his memory.
"'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'"

W. Tylor, Printer, Bolt-court, London.